

OUSFG Presents
A Sleep Deprivation/Caffeine Overdose co-production
OUSFG Punt Party Panto 2012:

Battlestar Puntacular

With apologies to Ronald D. Moore, H.P. Lovecraft, Charles Stross, Joss Whedon and the very concept of sanity.

Dramatis Personae

Admiral Obama: Commander of the Battlestar Puntacular
Lieutenant Gaeta: An FTL punter
Apollo: Puntacular's CAG
Gaius Baltar: Cylon-frakker
Six: Cylons in a red dress
Yoda: Inexplicably present in this universe
Cameraman: Operates the fourth wall
Doug and Entourage: Themselves
Cylon Commander (CC): With a strange influence over ducks
Ducks: With a suspicious red glint in their eyes
Chorus of Harriets: Cylon model number 1249
Toaster: This one actually toasts bread
Baroness von Mift: The very model of an evil-doing baroness
Brother Cavil: The very model of an evil-scheming Cylon
Centurion(s): Shiny
Chorus of Eldritch Velociraptors: Exactly what it says on the tin.
The Avengers:
 Captain Hammer: Filling in for Thor
 Captain Canada: Even nicer than Captain America
 Tony Stark: Has a cool suit
 Wheatley: Filling in for the suit's AI
 Hawkeye: Allegedly also a superhero
Cthulhu: A Great Old One
Space Core: Gotta go to spaaaace!
Steve Irwin: Australian crocodile-wrestler

Act I

Scene 1

Battlestar Puntacular CIC

Gaeta, Obama, a Six, Yoda, Apollo, a Cameraman, Baltar, Redshirt(s) are assembled

Song: Space Punter (to the tune of the Wild Punter Song)

Verse 1: (Gaeta and Obama)

I've been a space punter for many a year
And the Cylons have killed all the ones I hold dear
But now I'm returning to the Earth of our lore
And I never will play the space punter no more

Chorus 1: (of Colonial officers)
And it's no nay never (So say we all)
No, nay, never, no more
Will I play the space punter
No never, no more.

Verse 2: (Apollo and Baltar)
I've flown in a Viper, shot Raiders, the lot.
The first or the remake I've been in the plot.
Met a blonde pretty, she was gorgeous, drop dead;
Only later found out she made toast with her head

Chorus 2:
And it's no, nay, never (That's Cylon talk)
No, nay never, no more.
Will I fall for red dresses,
No, never, no more.

Gaeta: Jump complete, now I need to rest my pole.

Obama: You were amazing Gaeta.

Gaeta: You weren't so bad yourself sir.

Six: Your punting is so majestic, I wouldn't mind if you took me for a pole some time.

Gaeta rolls his eyes

Obama: Gaeta, have a break - we'll finish off later

Gaeta gets out a cigar, smokes it as he leaves the bridge

Obama: (to Yoda) What are you doing here? Get back to your own reality

Yoda: Forseen dark times, I have. My Help you will need.

Obama motions to security to arrest Yoda

Obama: Take him into custody, we need no extra crazies on board.

Yoda: Mistaken you are, if you think come quietly I will.

Yoda gets ready to draw the force - but nothing comes

Apollo: Wrong canon, the force does not work here.

Yoda is frog-marched off the bridge

Six: I'm sure I could teach him some things about this canon.

Six winks at the camera and follows Yoda

Cameraman dies

Cameraman: Help - flaming badgers

Baltar: I'm sure she could - I think I'll see if she needs any help.

Baltar leaves

Redshirt: Incoming message from Proctorial One.

Obama: Put it on speaker.

Redshirt does so

Obama: Doug, Entourage - sit rep?

Loud noises are heard, a table is knocked and a vase is heard smashing on the floor.

Obama motions for Redshirt to cut the communication

Redshirt does so, as Doug is heard saying -

Doug: Ahh, Englebert Humperdink

Obama: (to a Redshirt): Has the fleet all reported in?

Redshirt: Yes, we have a firm grip on the fleet.

Scene 2

Cylon Basestar bridge

The Cylon Commander, some Harriets and a Six stand around the water-interface thingies

Toaster: Would you like some toast?

CC: No, I do not want toast, waffles, bagels, capice?

Toaster: So, how about a toasted teacake?

CC: I do not want any type of toasted bread product.

Toaster: OK, but can I just ask you one quick question?

CC: Go on.

Toaster: Would you like some toast?

CC commands a Harriet to commit first degree Toastercide

Six: We have an update on the human fleet's position.

Harriet: Give us what you've got.

Six winks seductively and motions to the bed she keeps on the bridge for just such an occasion

Harriet: I mean - where the frak are the humans?

Six: I was hoping for some frakking.

She interfaces with the basestar's computers

Six: They're at 51.760246° N, 1.246608° W

Harriet: Shall we?

CC: When you're ready?

Harriet: Do it. Launch the attack!

Interlude:

Baroness von Mift and Brother Cavil lurk in a corner of the basestar bridge, completely unaware of the action around them

Mift: Muhahahaaa!

Minions! To me!

Cavil enters, flanked by two centurions, with much clanking and sweeping of eye bulbs

Mift: (approvingly) Hmmm; well you're certainly a cut above the usual cannon-fodder! And I like the look...

Cavil: I'm afraid they're with me Six, but I have to hand it to you, you're really getting to grips with changing your appearance...

Scene 3

Puntacular CIC

Obama, Redshirts stand at consoles

Redshirt: New DRADIS contacts! 10 ... 20 ... no 30 raiders and a baseship!

Obama: Set Condition 1 throughout the fleet, man the harpoons ...

Redshirt: Already have sir!

Obama: and launch the alert vipers

Basestar bridge
A chorus of Harriets

Song: Cylon Ducks (to the tune of Sinister Ducks)
Sung by the Harriet Chorus

Everyone thinks they're such sweet little things
Ducks, Ducks! Quack, Quack! Quack, Quack!
Soft downy feathers and nice little wings
Ducks, Ducks! Quack, Quack! Quack, Quack!
But there's a poison I'd like to administer,
You think they're cuddly but I think they're sinister.
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Why are they jumping right into our midst?
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Many new contacts appear on DRADIS.
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Dodging and weaving and right on your tail,
Shooting at vipers, their systems won't fail.
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Toasting your bread only got them so far.
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Now they blow up transports and sleep with Baltar.
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Wearing red dresses or nothing at all,
Frakkin' your officers, they're all in thrall
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
As you root around for your last scraps of bread,
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
We rather think you'd be better off dead.
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Look closer and you may recoil in surprise,
At shiny chrome toasters with glowing red eyes.
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!
Ducks, Ducks! Vwommm, Vwommm!

Puntacular CIC

Obama: Get Gaeta back here now
Redshirt: (*On the horn*) Obama commands you to come now!

Gaeta bursts in

Obama: Get us out of here now!

Gaeta: We don't have time, we'll be destroyed. We need to hook up with the computers...

Obama: What?

Gaeta: Network them.

Obama: Do it, we need to get out of here now.

Gaeta jumps to his console and starts bashing random buttons

Gaeta: It's not working!

Redshirt: Have you tried turning it off and on again?

Gaeta looks behind the desk, and plugs it in.

Gaeta: Sorry sir, I'm ready now.

Obama: Get our vipers back, combat landings.

Vipers return to base

Obama: Jump

Everyone jumps

Obama: I mean get us out of here

Gaeta: Just warming it up, and hit it.

Puntacular jumps

[*Who let Peter loose on the script? -Ed*]

Act II

Enter Eldritch Raptors:

"Through space they travelled, destination unknown
But when they stopped, they were not ready for the sight!
For beyond the porthole the stars shone bright,
In a line they formed, the time was right!
The advent of the dark lord was at hand,
Lord Cthulhu! Come forth to consume this petty band!

Puntacular:

Gaeta, Obama and Redshirts are gathered

Gaeta and Obama look out of a porthole

Obama: We survived! Told you we could make it! Your skills with a long pole remain unsurpassed!

Gaeta: Why thank you... Just a shame it went so quickly!

Redshirt 1: Admiral! A question about biology.

Obama: Don't bother me with your personal problems!

Redshirt 1: I dreamed I was enamoured of a squid! (*gestures to head, mimes tentacles*)

Redshirt 2: And that base ship seems to have far too many legs.

Gaeta: Sensors detect high degrees of squamosity in the region.

Eldritch Raptors:

It is our lord! Come to consume!
In his presence, your madness will bloom.
No force can stop it, save but for one.
For if they appear, it heralds the end to our fun!

Song: Laundryverse (to the tune of Laundry Day):
Sung by the Raptor Chorus

Laundryverse:
Save the day
from elder things'
tentacles.
Techniques diverse
with PDA
massive guns and
pentacles.
With their magics they will save the world
With their magics they will
find a way to find the ones to
change the stars
stop the end
UPPER CASE
NIGHTMARE GREEN.
Need heroes,
one as guard. [/Asgard]
Sure you know
what I mean.
With their magics they will sum- mon help
It's not the Batman or Green Lantern
That's so DC 'verse.
A Marvel's what will break this curse.
These guys saved the world a lot
Can't help but feel that's just for plot.
But this time there is more to fear
Cause I'm not sure one's here.
That's the plan
Save the world
yet again.
Or if not
They'll avenge.

Enter The Avengers: Captain Hammer, Captain Canada, Tony Stark and Hawkeye

Captain Hammer: Follow me, let's get this Cthulhu chump.

Captain Canada: Don't mean to be rude, but what happened to your hammer? And don't you say 'verily' a lot more?

Captain Hammer: Oh I can hammer just fine without one, baby.

Tony Stark: As the richest and more importantly the smartest man here, I have to draw your attention to the wet piece of calamari outside the window.

Hawkeye: Derp derp... Hawkeye!

Tony Stark: Very astute. Does anyone have any real idea about what that thing is and how do we kill it?

Captain Canada: We could ask it politely to go away.

Wheatley: Tony, may I suggest I attempt to access the base ship's systems. They're actually...touching...it and everything.

Tony Stark: Sorry, folks. Jarvis had some vacation time coming. He was the best I could get on short notice.

Hawkeye: H..ow....a...b....bou..b.b.b...Hawkeye!

Gaeta: It's right, if we can access the basestar's systems, we may be able to gain some assistance from the Cylons to deal with this...thing...

Eldritch Raptors:

They have no hope! For we have been born.
To their ship we will spring.
For our masters tidings we will squamously bring.

Captain Hammer: So we just need to put that hard thing (points at Tony/Wheatley) into something wet? Sounds like something I can handle... Sorry, baby doll (nudges Captain Canada), duty calls. (Begins to drag Tony/Wheatley towards exit/airlock)

Tony Stark: Hey buddy, watch the threads...

Captain Canada: Excuse me...I can't breathe in space.

Captain Hammer: (*grabs Hawkeye and drags him too*) Come on Birdseye. It's spacey time!

Hawkeye: (*excitedly*) HAWKEYE!

Captain Canada knocks on the door of the base star. Politely.

Captain Canada: "Could you open the door, please?"

Captain Hammer waits, becomes rapidly impatient. Kicks down door.

Captain Hammer: "Looks like nobody's home. Guess they heard I was coming."

Hawkeye: (*peers around the door into the base ship*) Haaawwwk...eye?

Tony Stark: We need to get to the mainframe and get....(*gestures, trying to remember*) Weetabix to find out what's going on.

Wheatley: Wheatley.

Tony Stark: Weepy...? That's a terrible name... This way... (*marches on into the core of the base star*)

Eldritch Raptors:

This ship we have found, it's people are bound.
These heroes know not, the fate they have wrought.

Enter the Harriets:

Who be these pretenders, claiming the throne.
For this is place is ours. Our ship, our home.
Besides, there is room, for only one voice,
one chorus, that's us, leave now, your choice.

Harriets charge the Raptors

Raptors win... somehow... probably with eldritch claws

Eldritch Raptors:

All your base stars are belong to us.
Give up now. With minimum fuss.

Interlude

Cavil and von Mift haven't noticed any of the above

Cavil: Six, I tired of you questioning my primacy here quite some time ago...

Mift: (indignantly) I am Baroness von Mift, feared by all mankind!

Cavil: And that would explain why I'm merely mildly bemused...

Mift: I am a malicious intellect of nightmare!

Cavil: I don't sleep Six. Nightmares are of no more concern to me than your ravings.

Mift steals Cavil's hat and makes a short circle of the room with Cavil in half-hearted pursuit

Cavil: Hey! My hat! Of all the indignities!

Mift places hat on centurion from behind, which turns around then begins looking all over the place in confusion

Mift: I am the Baroness! and mankind will fall to its knees before me!

Cavil: Then you are finally begin to recognise the need to destroy them? Maybe there is...redemption...for you after all Six...

Act III

Scene 1

Basestar corridor

Avengers and Baltar pose dramatically

Hawkeye: Hey guys.

Silence

Hawkeye: Guys.

Silence, Tony Stark sees tentacles growing

Stark: This does not look good.

Captain Canada looks around

Canada: I'm sure ships shouldn't have tentacles

Captain Hammer eyeing up Captain Canada

Hammer: Everything looks just fine for me.

Stark: Focus Hammer, we need to be up for this.

Hammer: Don't worry, I'm up.

Wheatley: Sir, if I might suggest, how about some toast?

Stark: The little stoner's got a point.

They eat some Toast, then some ducks enter the room

Ducks: Ia ia Cthulhu ftagn/Quack/Vwommm Vwommm

Stark: Stand back, guys!

Avengers back, Captain Canada bumps into Stark as he passes

Canada: Sorry!

Stark launches a barrage and destroys the ducks

Wheatley: Sir, how about some more toast?

Stark: Shut up Wheatley, I can't wait for Jarvis to finish his holiday.

Baltar: Wheatley, you are such a waste of technology!

Stark: If only the ducks were as useless.

Baltar: Maybe they could be, we could patch Wheatley...

Stark: ... into the Cylon mainframe, and hopefully his ineptitude will infect all our foes. That just might work! Damn, I'm good!

Scene 2

Cthulhu-ified Basestar bridge

The Avengers walk towards the main console

Stark: Hammer, distract Cthulhu - I need time. Hawkeye, Captain keep an eye out for ducks

Hammer: Well hello there, how you doin'?

Stark gets to work on Cthulhu

Hammer: Hey Cthulhu, look at my machinery! Wanna go aft? I bet you do the weird stuff!

Raptors: *(singing)* We do the weird stuff.

Stark starts bashing away at the keyboard

Hammer: These are not the hammer.

Stark: done, Wheatley is uploading.

As Cthulhu is thrown from the command bathtub, the Space Core somehow attaches itself to Cthulhu's head

Hammer: *(to no-one in particular)* The hammer is my penis.

Cthulhu/Space Core: Space, space, gotta go to spaaaaaace.

Cthulhu runs to space

Steve Irwin appears, and rugby tackles Cthulhu

Irwin: Crikey, you're a grumpy one!

Cthulhu/Space Core: Dad, are you space?

Irwin: Bloody hell!

Irwin and Cthulhu drift off into space, struggling.

Interlude

Cavil and von Mift still haven't noticed anything

Mift: ...and of course I will need minions!

Cavil: Well, Eights are relatively ruthless and certainly have their ... uses ... but I would stick to centurions. Besides, I've always felt that heavy machinegun fire gives a certain ... ambience that you just don't get with the ... newer models...

Mift: Still I will miss the screams of my own pawns dying...

Cavil: Are you quite sure you are human?

Mift: Do I look like a paperclip?

Cavil: Maybe I was ... hasty ... in passing my judgement on humanity. Perhaps some of you do have some ... potential ... after all. Could it be that there is a grain of wisdom in the madness of the Sixes? Ah what I could do if one of the lines were like this...

Scene 3

Puntacular airlock.

Enter the Avengers, returning from the basestar

Redshirt marine: *(to Hawkeye)* I used to be a viper pilot, but then I took an arrow to the knee.

Hawkeye: Derp.

A loud bang is heard, velciraptors and miscellaneous debris fly from the basestar, and a shower of debris hits the Puntacular

Loud cheering, com static is heard

Redshirt: *(to Apollo)* Sir, a raptor from the wreckage has penetrated our hull!

Apollo: No worries, I'm trained in controlling raptors.

Song: Still Alive (sung by the population of the human fleet):

This was a triumph.
The sinister ducks have gone asplode,
and no one has gone incurably insane.
Cthulhu, we beat him.
Avengers Assembled, and then he left,
with possibly some intrigue happening between all of that.
But you can't go punting without sinister ducks,
and you can't fight ducks without poisoned bread crumbs.
The science students are smug,
'cause the artists are dumb.
And the rivalry is still alive.

The drama is over,
and it looks like rain.
Let's go inside.
Maybe you'll find another time filler,
like maybe slash fiction.
That was a joke. Haha. Please don't.
Even if that slash is great; it's so delicious and moist.
Now we're done with filking,
and we're breaking fourth walls,
and we don't much care because, ugh, sleep deprivation.
But we're trying our best, even if it don't rhyme
And at least we are all still alive!
The panto's over and we're still alive.
Almost unconscious but we're still alive.
We're doing science and we're still alive.
Except the artist who are, well, who cares?
The important people are all still alive.
Still alive.
Still alive.

END