

## OUSFG PUNT PARTY PANTO 2010

# MADFEST 2010

Dramatis Personae:

(BH) *xkcd's* Black Hat

(VI) Hatted Velociraptor (Black Hat's deputy)

(EC) The Editor in Chief - Director of Orbit Books

(E) Host of Orbit Sub-editors

(PR) Orbit Head of PR

(OS) Orbit Bored-room Secretary

(HC) Head Cultist - Chief Minister - Church of the Fury of R'lyeh - Oxford Parish

(C) Smattering of Cultists - (mostly with names like 'Marjorie' - they're really nice people if you get to know them - try the scones, they're excellent)

(DS) Dark Sheep - Leader - Royal Society of Evil Doers *et al.*

(VM) Baroness Von Mift - Henchman - RSED *et al.*

(ZB) A group of Vampire Porn reading teenagers (zombified by their life choices)

(FG) A 'squeeness' (≥2) of teenage fangirls

(NPC) Random Henchman of Evil Aspect

(CTHULHU) The Harbinger of the Great Old Ones Himself whose name must not be spoken

Narrator, CGI technician, three sacrificial virgins and a mutant zombie

### Act I - *Undisclosed Location* - Meeting of Masterminds (and Baroness Von Mift) - Madfest 2010

(BH) [Evil Laugh] "MWAHAHAHAH!!! You have been summoned here as representatives of your respective spheres of disreputation. Evil is a goal unto itself, and to that end I have devised a contest to determine who is the most worthy among us."

(VM) [whispers to DS] "Worthy of what?"

(DS) [hisses] "Shh!...Don't show us up or they won't invite us back to Madfest 2014!"

(BH) [professionally stern] "Ahem! The rules are as follows: The First Rule of Madfest 2010 is that there are no rules. The Second Rule of Madfest 2010 is that there are no rules. The Third Rule of Madfest 2010 is you do not talk about Madfest 2010. The winner shall be whomsoever can shred and sear the very fabric of the largest number of mundane mortal minds..."

(EC) [mumbles to self - and audience] "I called a day off for *this*? That's Orbit's core business model!"

(HC) [mumbles to self - and audience] "We cancelled the Great Ones' Ceremony of Shadows for THAT? We had the sacrifices of sanity prepared and everything..."

(mumbling from assembled Masterminds [audience])

(BH) "I WILL HAVE SILENCE MINIO...MY FRIENDS! This isn't just peanuts from the college bar we are talking about! This is an all-you-can-eat extravaganza from the Pink Giraffe!"

(NPC) [heckle] "This isn't just madness; this is M&S madness!"

[sudden icy dead silence - NPC looks suddenly apprehensive]

(BH) [grinning sardonically] "This isn't just a raptor; this is a caffeine-fuelled, genetically engineered, Rubik's cube solving, *Velociraptor Imperator*."

[VI rushes on stage and proceeds to corpsify and loudly and messily nom NPC]

(BH) [to raptor] "Bon Appétit!" [to assembly] "You have 2,600,000 seconds starting from when you walked into this room. *Tempus Fugit!*"

[BH leaves stage muttering "minions..." - raptor continues nomming noisily]

## **Act II - Cultist Temple - Church of the Fury of R'lyeh - Oxford Parish**

(C1 - Archibald) "More milk with your Ichor of the Old Ones?"

(C2 - Margaret) "Not for me, thanks love, mine's decaf"

(C3 - Agatha) "Oh Beryl! Did you hear that the Miskatonic Emporium is closing down! Where are we going to stock up on candles and virgins?"

(C4 - Beryl) "Have you not heard about the Little Rare Bookshop in Jericho? Plus there is always Wicks and Wicca in the Covered Market; did you know they're doing a 3 for 2 offer on virgins at the moment *and* a free pre-dribbled candle on purchases over £15!"

(C3 - Agatha) "Oh that is nice dear...they're such thoughtful people there aren't they?"

(HC) "So! I'd like to call to order our special meeting to discuss sub-committee proposals for bringing about a global apocalypse of insanity of June 12<sup>th</sup>."

(C5 - Henry D'Asquith) "We have a proposal to bring to the temple. We believe we can create a strobe-effect stereographic image which will induce an increasing residual rate of neuro-synaptic desynchronisation within the higher-order thought processing centres of the human cerebral cortex leading to gradual loss of connection with the outside world."

(C1) "Yes. We propose that the distribution of this technology in the form of a viral internet advertising campaign, supported by direct viral email distribution will produce an effective..."

(HC) [interrupting] "Yes that's a very interesting idea...or we could just do what we do every night and try to raise the Great Old ones?"

(C5) [enthusiastically] "Ah yes! I can't believe we didn't think of that - that will work much better!"

(HC) [mutters] "Damnable committees!"

## **Act III - Orbit Publishing HQ - Solar dome on a platform in space ('cause it's going to be the future soon)**

(Narrator) "Despite this scene being set in space, this is a low-budget production so the space vistas may not be immediately apparent." [CGI tech displays 'card 1' and may wish to hum space-y music]

(OS) "The minutes of the previous meeting of the 11<sup>th</sup> of June (chaired by the Editor in Chief - with the three senior sub-editors present as today, [apologies for unavoidable absence from the head of PR]) concluded with the summary of the company's short-term objectives which are as follows: 1 - Make everyone mad."

(PR) "Ah - our ongoing programme of strategic and focussed mental destabilisation of specific favoured readership demographics.

(OS) "2 - Win the competition."

(PR) "Please! 2 - Succeed in our present cooperative venture, with the goal of building proactive working relationships with our client-base."

(OS) "3 - Usurp Black Hat."

(RP) "By which you are presumably referring to our plans to actualise a positive process of leadership restructuring going-forward."

(OS) "Get hammered?"

(PR) "Er...A process of...er...leadership incentivisation via a course of self-applied Birmingham screwdriver treatment?"

(E1) "How are we to achieve these goals?"

(EC) "We'll do what we always do, your department will flood the market with your paranormal romance novels."

(PR) "Vampire Porn?"

(E2) "Can I suggest this be done in collaboration with my staff at the haemophagic adult literature department?"

(PR) "Vampire Porn..."

(E3) "I feel that we at the lycanthophilic fiction department can be provide an important degree of synergistic assistance to this strategy."

(PR) "More vamp...oh, werewolf porn!"

(E1) "Are you sure our bionic eyes can continue to provide sufficient protection against such an onslaught?"

(PR) "You mean sanity deprecation."

(EC) "Our bionic eyes are capable of filtering out the serious adverse effects up to 0.2 Kilo-Meyers of concentrated nocturnal relationship dramatic..."

(PR) "You mean Vampire Porn?"

(EC) "Any other business anyone?"

(E2) "We've run out of tea bags in the canteen?"

(PR) "He means that the firm is suffering a short-term temporary supply deficiency in its caffeinated delivery solutions for the staff revitalisation locale."

(OS) "Duly noted."

(EC) "Excellent. I'm glad we are agreed on our preferred option for achieving widespread cerebral liquidation."

(OS) "Excuse me - how do you spell that?"

(PR) "M.A.D."

#### **Act IV - Parson's Pleasure - Oxford - UK - Terra - Sol**

(Narrator) "The production team would like to express their pride at this point in the quality of the scenery used in this act."

[enter zombified VP-reading teenagers wandering aimlessly, eyes glued to books - one should fall in the river while being distracted by a particularly bity scene]

(ZB1-3) 1)"...Sparkly..." 2)"...Fangs..." 3)"...emo..." 2)"...black clothing..." 3)"...decadence..."  
2)"...So pretty..." 1)"...dark emotions...so sexually charged..."

[Enter VI (hat-raptor) stage left/right/front/back/top - mass nommage ensues - NOM!]

(VI) "NOM...NOM...NOM! Tasty treats!...eugh, not so tasty! What's with these humans? They used to be so yummy. Now they taste of..."[spit]"glitter? What are these things they are all reading?" [picks up book and speed reads] "Lots of references to fluids and internal organs, although I don't see any of the tasty ones...[dreamily]...ah, liver..."

### **Raptor in 2010 - Parody: *Englishman in New York***

***Sung by VI and chorus of Velociraptors [anyone from audience who wants to join in (and can sing)]***

*I don't drink coffee I eat flesh my dear.  
I like my meat still on the bone.  
And evolution has provided me with men..  
I'm a raptor in 2010.*

*See me stalking down fifth avenue.  
All the people flee in fear.  
It's a massacre again..  
I'm a raptor in 2010.*

*I'm a dinosaur. I'm a living dinosaur.  
I'm a raptor in 2010.  
I'm a dinosaur. I'm a living dinosaur.  
I'm a raptor in 2010.*

*If monkeys led to man as someone said  
The world gets better day by day  
These organic free-range meat-bags span the globe  
Help myself, no matter what they say.*

*I'm a dinosaur. I'm a living dinosaur.  
I'm a raptor in 2010.  
I'm a dinosaur. I'm a living dinosaur.  
I'm a raptor in 2010.*

*Bloodthirsty impropriety can lead to notoriety  
One day they will all run from my kind.  
Terror and anxiety are rife in this society  
And I just love when I'm the major cause.*

*Takes more than combat gear to save a life  
Takes more than a tranquillizer gun  
I'll not be slowed up by a bayonet or knife*

*I'm a slaughterer on the run.*

*If monkeys led to man as someone said  
The world gets better day by day  
These organic free-range meat-bags span the globe  
Help myself, no matter what they say.*

*I'm a dinosaur. I'm a living dinosaur.  
I'm a raptor in 2010.  
I'm a dinosaur. I'm a living dinosaur.  
I'm a raptor in 2010.*

### **Act V - Teenage Fangirl's Bedroom**

(FG1) [nauseating enthusiasm] "You know what'd be really, like, awesome! Totally awesome! Writing, like, the best fic EVER and sending it to Orbit. Then, like, it HAS to be published!"

(FG2) "Yeah, right, listen, we can slash, like, everything, all at once in one giant gang-bang of a crossover from, like every fandom EVER!"

**Fangirl Squee Song - Parody *Three little maids (shortened)* - *The Mikado* - Gilbert and Sullivan  
Sung by - Fangirls for first two sections (solos on the three lines marked) + willing members of audience for the last section**

*Three little young fangirls are we  
Busy re-writing all we see  
Filled to the brim with girlish squee  
Three little young fangirls*

*Everything is there to slash (FG1)  
Plot and story all are ash (FG2)  
Anything good we turn to trash (FG1 or 3 if present)  
Three little young fangirls  
Three little young fangirls*

*Three fangirls who not unwary  
Seek to make everyone be pairy  
Straight 'n' bi 'n' les 'n' fairy  
Three little young fangirls  
Three little young fangirls!*

*[the last line should be sung as per the end of the original song]*

### **Act VI - Orbit Publishing HQ - Space**

*Present are all as before minus the Head of PR - Secretary enters with huge tome.*

(OS) "I've received this submission. It claims to be hot vampire trash. Here are the testing results and death rates from R&D."

(E1) [skims R&D coverslip] [eagerly] "Ooh let's take a look at this..." [reads, before quaking and gibbering, before retreating to corner to mummer nervously while studiously examining own navel]

(E2) "Let's take a look at that..." [E2&3 read and process repeats] [EC proceeds to read]

(EC) "I can handle this...yeah, that's right, I'm fine!...no absolutely" [starts to shake] "I can cope, I can cope perfectly..." [turns to other editors] [despairingly] "...please take me with you!" [drops dead]

*Orbit space station inexplicably blows up. CGI cards should be displayed slowly in numerical order by technician.*

## **Act VII - Cult temple**

**Cultist chant - Hark the loathsome Old One's rise - Parody: *Hark the Herald Angels Sing***

**To be sung by all five cultists led by HC and backing of nameless human minions of the Star-Spawn (audience members)**

*Hark the loathsome Old One's rise*

*At his feet the whole world dies*

*Death on Earth and chaos wild (with)*

*Wrath and terror Earth's defiled*

*All's aligned, the stars are right*

*And our ritual tonight*

*Ends his slumber in the sea*

*With this death HE WILL BE FREE!*

*HARK THE LOATHSOME OLD ONE'S RISE*

*AT HIS FEET THE WHOLE WORLD DIES!*

[Named 5 cultists lead the three sacrificial virgins into the centre of the stage - one is lead by HC (carrying sword) to the centre of the group of 5 who form a pentagram C1 and C5 should be adjacent for convenience - the other two sacrifices should stand numbly a few feet from the pentagram]

(C4) [to sacrifice in circle] "Now dear; just lie down here in the middle. Would you like a biscuit? Something to drink? I'm afraid we're all out of strychnine, will some lemon tea do? Just hold still now and close your eyes, we'll be done in just a minute."

(HC) [chant] "R'lyeh fhtagn"

(5 cultists) [chant in response] "R'lyeh fhtagn!"

[C1 and C5 begin muttering quietly to each other]

[HC stands in centre facing toward C1 and 5 - raises sword above head ready (two hands on hilt, and do it properly - keep the hilt vertically above the blade at all times please) to bring down on sacrifice]

[as this is done, 1 and 5 should be arguing with increasing volume their lines below to end with them walking away as HC finishes chant]

(HC) [slow chant] "*Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fh...* Hey, where are you going?  
[sarcastic] Hello!? We're only trying to raise the Great Old Ones here! Sorry if we are boring you!"  
[simultaneous]

(C1) "[inaudible] ...It's shaped like a star with a little flame inside it!"

(C5) [both start to walk away] "No, it's shaped like a tree! It's got branches coming off it!"

(C1) "I'm telling you it's a star!"

(C5) "If they use the star one, they'll be fighting off the Great Old Ones with their bare hands! It's a tree!"

[exit C1 & 5] [furious HC looks around exasperated - turns to C4 and points to sacrificial virgins]

(C4) "Come on dears! We've got a bit of a problem here, would you be so kind as to help us out?"

[leads them to vacated points] "that's right dear, just stand there and join in with the nice songs, alright?"

[HC repeats chant and performs sacrifice (from beginning please) [ends *wgah'nagl fhtagn* obviously]  
- much thunder and rending of the earth - CTHULHU rises from the depths]

[all cultist present and all three sacrifices die in thralls of madness - HC should shout some words of ecstasy while in the jaws [tentacles?] of death] (HC) "He is Risen!"

[enter hatted raptor - proceeds to nom corpses while totally ignoring CTHULHU]

(CTHULHU) [very much non-plussed] "WHY ISN'T THIS PATHETIC CREATURE FALLING FLAILING BEFORE ME, AS ALL OTHERS DO? I MUST PENETRATE HIS MIND AND ENSURE....AGGHHH...OH THE HORROR. THEY WANT TO DO THAT? THEY DO WHAT?" [suddenly relaxed and sounding almost dreamy] "\*SPARKLLYYYYY!\*"

### **Chorus of audience members initiated in Shoggoth on the Roof - From *To Life***

*Even life eternal is not time enough to see!*

*All the folly and despair of all humanity!*

[CTHULHU DIES] [raptor moves to nom corpse]

(VI) [mutter] "I'm going to need bigger teeth..."

[C1&5 return with biscuits - look bewildered - proffer biscuits to raptor]

(C1) "Er...Garibaldi anyone?"

[exultant onmes]

(BH) "And so ends our tale and Madfest 2010. I have tricked my foolish foes into their demise. Furthermore 10% of the world population has been driven insane."

(PR) "You mean 'looney'"

[BH whistles to raptor who runs over]

(BH) [smiles sardonically at PR] "I mean insane..."

[curtain close - audience applause]

(mutant zombie) "GRRRR!...ARRRGG!"

(All present should attempt the 20<sup>th</sup> Century Fox theme) [insert Oscar acceptance speeches here]