

# FROM ACROSS THE GULF OF SPACE

## SCENE 1

### 10 DOWNING STREET

*FX:*                                *The Prime Minister is flicking through radio stations.*

Channel 1:                        ...relentless alien advance. Cardiff and Aberystwyth have fallen. Hundreds of thousands lie dead in the streets. The street cleaners are threatening strike action...

Channel 2:                        ...in the pub, having a quiet drink, when this alien burst in and started raygunning all my mates. Eric got a right going over...

Channel 3:                        ...Panic has gripped the nation. Motorways are clogged. Phone lines are down. Post Offices are closing earlier and earlier...

Prime Minister:                [*Switching off the radio.*] Oh for goodness sake, I'm so sick of these bloody aliens. All day at work it's just alien this, alien that. Can't a Prime Minister just come home, put up his feet and listen to something else?

Mrs Prime Minister: Well you can't blame people for wanting to hear the news, dear. The aliens are what everyone's talking about.

Prime Minister:                Oh, it's just a passing fad. This time next year they'll be talking about petunias or something.

Mrs Prime Minister: I don't think you can really call the aliens a fad, dear. Not like petunias were.

Prime Minister:                Oh, that reminds me! There's a very good show about petunias on on Wednesdays.

*FX:* *The Prime Minister switches the radio back on.*

Channel 4: ...aliens, aliens, aliens. Now, with the alien forecast here's Martin Charingate.

Martin: Thanks, Tony. Well, there's a large belt of aliens moving in from the West here, and that should be hitting Chester round about eight o'clock this evening...

Prime Minister: [*Switching off the radio.*] Oh blast and bugger it!

*FX:* *Smash! The aliens - Gorp and Wurgenstrasse - come crashing through the window.*

Gorp: We are the aliens!

Prime Minister: Oh for God's sake.

Mrs Prime Minister: Henry, I'm scared.

Prime Minister: Don't worry dear, I'll soon take care of this.

Wurgenstrasse: Are you the leader of the humans?

Prime Minister: Never mind that my lad. I've just about had it up to here with you lot. You can't just come barging in without the slightest bit of respect. My wife and I could have been doing anything in here. She's a very attractive woman after all. Do you want to burst in on us rummaging on the settee? Is that how you get your kicks?

*FX:* *Zap.*

Prime Minister: [*Shocked.*] You shot my wife.

Wurgenstrasse: Yes.

Prime Minister: With your ray gun.

Wurgenstrasse: Yes.

Prime Minister: Did you kill her or just stun her?

Beat.

Wurgenstrasse: Sure, stun her, why not? Now tell us, are you the leader of the humans?

Prime Minister: But she doesn't have a pulse.

Beat.

Wurgenstrasse: Uh, she's dead then. Sorry.

Prime Minister: You're not going to kill me, are you?

Gorp: That depends, are you the leader of the humans?

Prime Minister: That depends, are you going to kill me if I am?

Gorp: That depends, are you the leader of the humans?

Prime Minister: Well that depends, are you going to kill me if I am?

Gorp: Well that depends, are you the leader of the humans?

Prime Minister: Well that depends, are you going to kill me if I am?

Gorp: Well that depends, are you the leader of the humans?

Prime Minister: Well that depends...

Wurgenstrasse: Quiet!

*Quiet.*

Wurgenstrasse: Okay, less quiet but with just a yes or no answer this time. Are you the leader of the humans?

Prime Minister: Yes.

Wurgenstrasse: We are the aliens.

Prime Minister: Yes, I see.

Gorp: We are here to capture you.

Prime Minister: Right.

*FX:* *Zap.*

Wurgenstrasse: You shot him.

Gorp: He was making a move. I had to, he was making a move.

Wurgenstrasse: What did I say to you? What's the one thing I said to you?

Gorp: 'Don't shoot him.'

Wurgenstrasse: 'Don't shoot him.' And what do you do?

Gorp: I shot him.

Wurgenstrasse: You shot him.

Gorp: I had to, he was busting my balls.

Wurgenstrasse: Busting your...you're unbelievable, you know that? Did you kill him or just stun him?

Beat.

Gorp: Uh, sure, stun him, why not?

Wurgenstrasse: I'm going to check his pulse now. You better not be lying to me. Did you kill him?

Gorp: I didn't kill him, I stunned him, I stunned him.

Wurgenstrasse: Alright, he's got a pulse. Well, I'm not carrying him. Pick him up and let's go.

## SCENE 2

### SEEBORN'S OFFICE

*FX:* *We hear the sound of typing on an old style typewriter for a couple of seconds. Then the sound of the carriage return followed by the customary ping*

*and then the honk of a horn. This repeats.*

Seeborn: Lieutenant Chalmers!

*FX: The typing stops and footsteps approach.*

Chalmers: Yes Colonel Seeborn, sir.

Seeborn: Lieutenant, get me the number of General Shorthouse's office, will you?

Chalmers: You never gave it to me, I don't have it, I never even saw it, I didn't touch it, I think I saw Major Willis with it earlier he was saying he was going to take it and throw it in the lake.

Seeborn: No, I want you to look it up.

Chalmers: Oh right. Sorry. I didn't understand what you were saying. I'm dyslexic.

Seeborn: You're not dyslexic Chalmers.

Chalmers: Yes I am. Sponge...tulip...battery...

Seeborn: That's not what dyslexia is...look, just get me the number will you?

Chalmers: Yes I have it here sir, it's double one, treble one, one, one...one.

Seeborn: So you're telling me it's just eight ones?

Chalmers: Now you weren't really listening, it's double one...

Seeborn: Yes, that's okay Lieutenant I think I've got it. And that's supposed to be the number is it?

Chalmers: Yeah, that's the number of...the thing you just said.

Seeborn: Right, well I'll just dial it then and we'll see if you're right will we?

*FX: Dials the phone number.*

Secretary: [Sounds like Chalmers.] Eight ones?

Seeborn: Is that General Shorthouse's office?

Secretary: Hello. General Shortlehoffachomp, how may I help you?

Seeborn: Sorry, where?

Secretary: Uh, the thing you just said.

Seeborn: Lieutenant Chalmers, that isn't you on the other line is it?

Chalmers: No, I'm still standing beside you.

Seeborn: Oh yes, so you are. Uh, hello. This is Colonel Seeborn returning General Shorthouse's call.

Secretary: One second please.

Shorthouse: Ah, Seeborn, I'm glad you called. I have something important to tell you. You're a loose cannon.

Seeborn: I'm sorry sir?

Shorthouse: You're a loose cannon.

Seeborn: I'm sorry sir, I don't understand, how am I a loose cannon?

Shorthouse: *How* are you a loose cannon? You disobey orders for a start. Like that time I told you to conflagrate that hotel and you burned it to the ground!

Seeborn: Um, that's what conflagrate means sir.

Shorthouse: It does?

Seeborn: Yes sir.

Shorthouse: Just one second Colonel.  
[Away from phone.] Lieutenant, tell Sergeant Metcalf to call off the conflagration of the barracks...Apparently it means to burn it down...I know...Well I'm as shocked as you are...Just tell him to get the troops to copulate with the target range instead.

Now Seeborn, despite your poor record we're going to give you one last attempt to redeem yourself.

Seeborn: Yes sir.

Shorthouse: Seeborn, we need some good men to do a job. No wait I mean bad. Bad men not a bad job. Well, it *is* a bad job. Bad as in tough. Not in a sexual way. I get them somewhere else...I mean...I've never...they were a present from a farmer he's a good friend mine...I don't know what that means...so to recap, we need some good bad men to do a bad job well and I don't need to tell you we need them badly. Okay?

Seeborn: Uh...

Shorthouse: Good.

Seeborn: I'm afraid I don't follow you sir.

Shorthouse: What's not to follow? The Prime Minister has been kidnapped. We're sending you and your platoon into the alien stronghold to try and rescue him.

Seeborn: Oh. Right. But, sir, a mission into the alien stronghold wouldn't stand a chance.

Shorthouse: That's why I'm sending you, Seeborn. You're a loose cannon. For this mission we need someone who isn't afraid to improvise, someone who isn't afraid to play by their own rules. And that's what makes you right for the job. And you slept with my wife.

Seeborn: What? But I've never even met your wife.

Shorthouse: And you never will! Goodbye Seeborn. You foul cad!

*FX: Shorthouse hangs up.*

Seeborn: Chalmers, call the men. We'll have a briefing in ten minutes.

SCENE 3

THE BRIEFING ROOM

Gillespie: What's this briefing about?

Winterz: Don't know. Probably going to send us on an impossible mission again.

Gillespie: Why do we always get sent on the impossible missions?

Simmons: It's 'cause Seeborn slept with the General's wife.

Seeborn: Right quiet down men. Listen up. We've got another mission from General Shorthouse. The Prime Minister has been kidnapped by the aliens. We're being sent in to bring him back. I know this sounds like a tough mission. But General Shorthouse chose us because we're the best.

Simmons: [*Calling.*] And 'cause you slept with his wife.

Seeborn: I didn't sleep with his wife.

Winterz: [*Calling.*] Why can't you just admit it?

Seeborn: He doesn't even have a wife.

Gillespie: [*Calling.*] Not any more. You bloody animal.

Seeborn: Look, we've been given our mission and that's the end of it. Now, we've got a job to do and we're bloody well going to do it. There's a war on – in case you hadn't noticed. One hell of a war. And this war is like a jungle. And in that jungle is a wall. A jungle wall. And we've got to get through that wall. And there's a door in the wall, which we've got to open. But the knob...our hands are slippery...with sweat or grease or rapeseed oil or something...and when you grab it...it's a kind of a, a roundy knob, y'know with the...We need a key.

Gillespie: Why is this door in the jungle?



Seeborn: Uh, the aliens put it there.

Simmons: My hands don't sweat.

Gillespie: Yes, you could just use your sleeve or get a hanky...

Winterz: Yeah, but hang on. Is this a hinge door or is it slidey?

Seeborn: Look forget the door. It's just a metaphor.

Gillespie: Oh. It's a French door.

Seeborn: Forget the door! Look. Wait. Chalmers, bring in Mrs Wilkes.

Chalmers: I'm sorry sir, I can't.

Seeborn: Why not?

Chalmers: She died.

Seeborn: She didn't die, she's standing outside. I can see her from here.

Chalmers: Oh I see what you're saying now. Sorry I couldn't hear properly. I've got rabies, so my hearing is...

Seeborn: You haven't got rabies, Chalmers. Now go out and get Mrs Wilkes.

Chalmers: Yes, sir.

*FX: Chalmers leaves the room making dog noises.*

Seeborn: Good boy. Men, this mission will bring you face to face for the first time with the aliens. So to give you some idea what to expect, I've asked Mrs Georgina Wilkes to speak with us. She was in Cornwall when the aliens attacked it, and was one of the few survivors. Mrs Wilkes.

Wilkes: I was in the woods by our house, picking blackberries when I felt the ground tremble beneath my feet. I looked up and saw a giant walking machine coming down the road. It came to a halt by Mrs Gibbs' house. Mrs Gibbs must have thought it was her grandson

arriving in his new car because she came out of her door with open arms. "Mrs Gibbs! Get back," I cried. But it was too late. The heat ray blasted right through her, and her house, and her grandson, who had just arrived and was trying to parallel park beside one of the machine's legs.

I quickly ate as many blackberries as I could, to build up some energy, but it was already too late. The heat ray had blasted through the east wall of our house destroying our bedroom, the bathroom and the hot press. I looked at my watch. "George!", I cried and raced into the house. I knew he would have been in the bathroom, as he takes his daily movement at a quarter to twelve.

The porcelain toilet was all that was left in the room. A single turd floating in the steaming water. That turd was all that was left of my husband, his last act in this mortal world. I made it into a brooch. Would you like to see?

Seeborn: Yes, we would. Pass it around men. Take a long hard look at it. This is what we're up against.

Wilkes: You think you can fight them? You can't fight them! You can't fight these machines. They're unstoppable.

Winterz: What should we do?

Wilkes: Eat these. I've been living on these blackberries ever since they attacked. I have severe pains in my bowels but I'm still alive. I'm still alive.

Seeborn: Thank you Mrs Wilkes.

Wilkes: Uh, where did my brooch go?

*FX: There is the sound of someone coughing violently.*

SCENE 4

ALIEN STRONGHOLD

*FX:* *There is the shush of automatic doors opening and closing. Something heavy is dumped on the floor.*

Gorp: Oh. That guy weighs a ton. I can't believe I had to carry him all the way from Human Capital. It better have been worth it.

Wurgenstrasse: It will be. I've told you Gorp, this plan can't fail to succeed.

Gorp: So what do we do now?

Wurgenstrasse: You ring the humans and tell them to surrender or else we'll kill their leader.

Gorp: Okay then, what's the number?

Wurgenstrasse: One eight.

Gorp: So, it's one then eight.

Wurgenstrasse: One eight.

Gorp: But is it one then eight or a single eight?

Wurgenstrasse: One eight.

Gorp: Eight?

Wurgenstrasse: One eight.

Gorp: Eighteen?

Wurgenstrasse: One eight.

Gorp: Yes, I think it'll save time if I just try both.

Wurgenstrasse: Both what?

*FX:* *Gorp dials the number.*

Chalmers: Hello. Single eight.

Gorp: Hello. I am Gorp of the aliens. We have your leader if you want him back you must surrender to us.

Chalmers: Uh, do you want to speak to Colonel Seeborn?  
Gorp: Uh, sure.  
Chalmers: Okay. I'm going to try and transfer you. If you get cut off, that means I've done it wrong. Okay?  
Gorp: Yeah.

*FX: Beep. Click. Pause.*

Chalmers: Are you still there?  
Gorp: Yes, I'm still here.  
Chalmers: Okay. Still transferring.

*FX: Click. Beep. Pause.  
Hammer, hammer, hammer. Honk.*

Chalmers: Colonel Seeborn?  
Gorp: No, it's still me.  
Chalmers: Okay. And you're calling for?  
Gorp: Colonel Seeborn.  
Chalmers: Okay. I'll just transfer you now, one second please caller.  
Gorp: No, wait, wait. Couldn't you just go and get him?  
Chalmers: No, I'm afraid I can't do that sir.  
Gorp: Why not?  
Chalmers: I've glued my hand to my phone.  
Gorp: Why did you do that?  
Chalmers: As a practical joke.  
Gorp: So...  
Chalmers: Maybe you should just call back later.  
Gorp: Yeah, I think I will.

*FX: Hangs up,*

Wurgenstrasse: So what did they say? Are they going to surrender?

Gorp: I'm going to call back later.

## SCENE 5

### AIRFIELD

*FX: The sound of planes' propellers preparing to take off.*

Seeborn: Right men, all aboard.

Chalmers: [*Approaching.*] Colonel Seeborn, Colonel Seeborn!

Seeborn: What is it Chalmers? Why do you have a phone attached to your hand?

Chalmers: There's a phone call for you.

Seeborn: Chalmers, didn't I tell you never to answer the phone? Wait a minute, where's your parachute? We're about to leave.

Chalmers: Oh yes. Uh, something's come up I'm afraid sir. I've taken ill.

Seeborn: Well, what's wrong with you?

Chalmers: I...have...no...legs.

Seeborn: I don't want to hear it Chalmers, get your parachute and get on board that plane.

Chalmers: Yes sir.

*FX: Sound of planes taking off.*

## SCENE 6

### IN A PLANE EN ROUTE

*FX: Noisy interior of military plane.*

Seeborn: Listen men, I know a lot of you are pretty scared right now...

Simmons: I'm bored.

Seeborn: You're bored?

Gillespie: Could we play a game?

Seeborn: Well, I don't know...

Winterz: Let's play kiss chasing.

Seeborn: No, we're not going to play kiss chasing again.

Chalmers: What about charades then?

Seeborn: Well alright, Chalmers. You go first.

Chalmers: Matthew Modine.

Seeborn: No. You're not supposed to say what you're doing first. Think up another one.

Chalmers: Okay.

Seeborn: Okay, you've got one?

Chalmers: Yes.

Seeborn: Alright, carry on then. Okay, a person, a man. 2 words. 1<sup>st</sup> word. 2 syllables. 1<sup>st</sup> syllable. Uh, floor, ground, carpet, rug, mat, mat, mat. Matthew Modine. Sit down Chalmers.

Chalmers: I've got another one.

Seeborn: Sit down Chalmers.

## SCENE 7

### THE ALIEN STRONGHOLD

*FX:* *Sound of phone ringing.*

Gorp: They're not answering. I give up.

Wurgenstrasse: Well what are we going to do with their leader then?

Gorp: I don't know, we could probe him some more.

Wurgenstrasse: Oh, I'm bored of probing him.

Gorp: Could we use the Truth Ray on him?

Wurgenstrasse: Yeah, that could be a bit of a laugh.

## SCENE 8

### IN A PLANE EN ROUTE

*FX: Noisy interior of military plane.*

Seeborn: Right, we're almost ready to jump. Don't forget on impact with the ground you'll break both your legs unless you remember to...

*FX: Buzzer sounds.*

Seeborn: Right. There's the green light we're above the drop zone. Go! Go! Go!

Chalmers: Wait, what was that you said about breaking our legs?

Seeborn: There's no time Chalmers! Go! Go! Go!

*FX: There is the sound of rushing air as Chalmers falls through the air.*

Chalmers: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

*FX: Snap.*

## SCENE 9

### INSIDE THE ALIEN STRONGHOLD

*FX: Zap.*

Gorp: Right, I've shot him with the Truth Ray.

Wurgenstrasse: Okay, what will we ask him?  
Gorp: Ask him if he's ever seen a ghost.  
Wurgenstrasse: Have you ever seen a ghost?  
Prime Minister: No.  
Gorp: Uh, ask him if he fancies either of us.  
Wurgenstrasse: Good one. So human, do you fancy either of us?  
Prime Minister: Not really.  
Gorp: But if you had to choose one of us which one do you fancy more?  
Prime Minister: Wurgenstrasse.  
Wurgenstrasse: Yes!

SCENE 10  
A FOREST, NIGHT

Gillespie: I can't believe he slept with Shorthouse's wife. Lucky bastard.  
Winterz: Well, I had sex with her too actually.  
Simmons: Yes, so did I.  
Gillespie: Yeah, I suppose I did too, a couple of times.

*FX:* *There is a rustling of bushes.*

Seeborn: Ah, men. I'm glad to see you all landed in one piece. Have any of you seen Chalmers?  
Chalmers: I'm down here.  
Seeborn: Chalmers, what are you doing lying down?  
Chalmers: I broke both my legs when I landed. I've just been lying here since then. I thought I was going to die. Oh, it's been horrible. I made a tent out of some



leaves, I've been eating grubs that I trapped with some twigs and I had to drink my own urine.

Seeborn: But you've only been here for five minutes.

Chalmers: [*Insistent.*] I had to drink my own urine.

Winterz: What are we going to do with him sir, he's broken both his legs?

Seeborn: Well, can you walk on them Chalmers?

Chalmers: Yeah, I suppose so.

Seeborn: Good, then we'll find the rest of the men and head towards the compound. Follow me.

#### SCENE 11

#### INSIDE THE ALIEN STRONGHOLD

Prime Minister: ...finishing with the cheese sauce, pop it into the preheated oven and cook for about 40 minutes until golden brown.

Wurgenstrasse: Ye-es. Somehow I feel like we're wasting the Truth Ray. Maybe we should be asking him better questions.

Gorp: Oh, I've got a question we could ask him.

Wurgenstrasse: I've told you we're not going to ask him about his first kiss.

Gorp: No, it's a different question this time.

Wurgenstrasse: What?

Gorp: We could ask him how to defeat the humans.

Wurgenstrasse: That is a good question. Ask him then.

Gorp: No. I don't want to. You can ask him, since he obviously prefers you.

Wurgenstrasse: Oh don't be so childish, so I'm more attractive than you, so what?

Gorp: You are not more attractive than me.

Wurgenstrasse: Well, the human certainly thinks so.

Gorp: He just hasn't got to know me yet.  
Wurgenstrasse: Just ask him the question.  
Gorp: Okay, okay. So human, how can we defeat the humans?  
Prime Minister: Well, I'll tell you...  
Seeborn: Stop right there!  
Wurgenstrasse: Who are you?  
Seeborn: Colonel Seeborn, British Armed Forces. I'm here to take back our Prime Minister.  
Prime Minister: Well it's about time!  
Wurgenstrasse: Wait. How did you get past all the guards?  
Seeborn: There's no time for that now. If you don't hand over the Prime Minister, I'll be forced to open fire.  
Wurgenstrasse: No, please don't shoot us. Especially not Gorp. He has so much love to give.

*FX: The doors whoosh open and closed as Chalmers enters.*

Chalmers: Sorry, I'm late sir, I had a little difficulty walking on my two broken legs. Luckily I managed to fashion these splints out of two cats that I found.

*FX: The cats miaow.*

Seeborn: Chalmers. How the devil did you get here? Where are the rest of the men?

Chalmers: They're still fighting the cyber dogs, sir. And the exploding cabbages.

Seeborn: Right. Well. It looks like I have everything under control here. Chalmers, cover these aliens while I release the Prime Minister.

Chalmers: Right you are sir.

*FX: Bang. Chalmers shoots the Prime Minister.*

Seeborn: Chalmers! What have you done? You shot the Prime Minister!

Chalmers: I'm sorry?

Seeborn: I told you to cover the aliens not shoot the Prime Minister!

Chalmers: Oh, I see what you're saying now sir. Sorry, can we go again?

Seeborn: No we can't go again. You've killed him.

Chalmers: Okay, just once more then, I'll get it right this time.

Seeborn: No, no more times! How many Prime Ministers do you think we've got?

Chalmers: Well, we must have a few spares, don't we? Just in case somebody accidentally shoots one of them.

Seeborn: No, of course we don't have any spares! Chalmers, what is wrong with you man?

Chalmers: Um, I think I've got the bends ...and stigmata ...and I'm pregnant.

Seeborn: You don't actually have any of those things, do you Chalmers?

Chalmers: No. I don't. I just panicked and shot him.

Seeborn: Well, at least you're being honest for once.

Chalmers: Can we go home now sir?

Seeborn: Yes, yes, we can go home now.

Chalmers: Can I hold your hand?

Seeborn: Yes. You can hold my hand.

Chalmers: You were always like a father to me sir.

Seeborn: Yes, well.

*FX: The doors whoosh open and closed as Seeborn and Chalmers exit.*

Gorp: Well, I guess that's the end of that. So much for your stupid "Let's Kidnap the Prime Minister" plan.

Wurgenstrasse: Well, can you come up with a better plan?

Gorp: Um, okay. Could we use hand gliders?

Wurgenstrasse: No, that's stupid.

Gorp: Magnets.

Wurgenstrasse: No.

Gorp: Big ones.

Wurgenstrasse: No.

Gorp: Baboons, trained baboons.

Wurgenstrasse: No. Where are we going to get baboons? It would take years to train them. And train them to do what anyway?

Gorp: I don't know. Use the magnets.

Wurgenstrasse: No.

Gorp: No wait, think about it.

Wurgenstrasse: No, you think about it, a baboon with a magnet, what's that?

Gorp: Babagnets. A whole army of babagnets. We could use them to kidnap the Prime Minister.

Wurgenstrasse: What? That's what we just did, you idiot.

Gorp: Oh yeah.

Wurgenstrasse: I'm going to bed.

*FX: Music starts fading up.*

Gorp: I'll be up in a minute, I gotta write this down.

Wurgenstrasse: You're nuts.

Gorp: [To himself, writing.] Hand glider. Babagnet.  
[Calling.] Hey, how do you spell babagnet?

THE END.

I can't really remember why but we came up with two alternate endings. I think that one was the last one we came up with. Here's the other two.

ENDING 2:

Gorp: Okay, okay. So human, how can we defeat the humans?

Prime Minister: Well, I'll tell you...

Seeborn: Stop right there!

Wurgenstrasse: Who are you?

Seeborn: Colonel Seeborn, British Armed Forces. I'm here to take back our Prime Minister.

Prime Minister: Well it's about time!

Wurgenstrasse: Wait. How did you get past all the guards?

Seeborn: There's no time for that now. Hand over the Prime Minister.

Wurgenstrasse: No, wait. There were fifty guards outside.

Gorp: With ray guns.

Wurgenstrasse: That's right. With ray guns. And the metal gates. With the cyber-dogs and the mine field and the exploding cats.

Seeborn: Look. We really don't have time for any of that now.

*FX: The doors whoosh open and closed as Chalmers enters.*

Chalmers: Sorry, I'm late sir, I had a little difficulty walking on my two broken legs. Luckily I managed to fashion these splints out of two cats that I found.

*FX: The cats miaow.*

Seeborn: Chalmers, be quiet.

Wurgenstrasse: Oh no, those are exploding cats!

Chalmers: What do they do?

Gorp: They explode!

Wurgenstrasse: Those cats are set to go off at any second.

Seeborn: Run Chalmers, run! Run away from your legs.

*FX: Chalmers starts running around the room, telephone clattering on the floor, cats miaowing, Chalmers screaming.*

Wurgenstrasse: Hey Gorp! Let's get the hell out of here! Quick, get on board the Escape Pigs!

*FX: Oink, oink, oink. The aliens escape on pig-back.*

Seeborn: Quick men, grab the Prime Minister and get the hell out of here!

Prime Minister: You're a brave man, Lieutenant Chalmers! I'll remember you, my boy!

Chalmers [*Screaming.*]: Thank you very much sir.

*FX: Sound of feet running out of the room.*

Seeborn: Chalmers, there is no greater honour than to die for your country. And as I watch you now, running

screaming round the room with a telephone glued to your hand and two exploding cats tied to your legs, I salute you sir. Fare well.

*FX: Chalmers runs round the room slowly running out of energy. He stops, sighs, and the cats explode.*

THE END

And the one we actually used:

ENDING 3

Chalmers: Sorry, I'm late sir, I had a little difficulty walking on my two broken legs. Luckily I managed to fashion these splints out of two cats that I found.

*FX: The cats miaow.*

Wurgenstrasse: [*Quietly.*] Look at that man, Gorp. He has cats for legs and a telephone for hands.

Gorp: [*Quietly.*] Any creature as deadly as that would surely be a great weapon. I have an idea, follow my lead. [*To Seeborn.*] Hey, you know, maybe we can do a deal here.

Seeborn: What are you suggesting?

Gorp: How about a hostage exchange? We'll give you back your Prime Minister if you give us that guy with the telephone hands.

Chalmers: Me?

Gorp: Yes. Cyber-phone man join us and together we shall rule over these mere mortals.

Seeborn: Wait a second, you want to take Chalmers in exchange for the Prime Minister?

Wurgenstrasse: Yes, that is correct.

Seeborn: [*Being sly.*] Right. I see.

Wurgenstrasse: [*Being sly.*] Okay then.

Seeborn: You drive a hard bargain, Mr. Alien.

Wurgenstrasse: Yes. You too are a keen negotiator.

Seeborn: Yes.

Wurgenstrasse: Well that's settled then.

Chalmers: You wouldn't make me go with them would you Colonel?

Seeborn: Chalmers, take a knee.

*FX:* *The cats miaow in pain.*

Seeborn: Lieutenant, there's no greater honour than to serve your country. And no greater country to serve than Britain. The greatest country of them all. But it's never easy for a commanding officer to order a man into almost certain death. Except for this time. Goodbye, Chalmers.

Chalmers: You were always like a father to me, sir.

Seeborn: Yes, well.

Chalmers: Please don't leave me sir.

Gorp: Well, it's been lovely day. It's been great having you round. But it's getting kind of late, you know?

Chalmers: But...

Seeborn: Yes, we must be getting off actually. So I'll just take our Prime Minister.

Wurgenstrasse: Yes, and I will take this cyber-cat-man.



Seeborn: Well, goodbye then, thanks for having us.

Chalmers: But sir...

Wurgenstrasse: Not at all, any time.

*FX: The doors whoosh open and closed as the men all leave.*

Gorp: So, Cat-Man, show us your amazing telephonic feline powers.

Chalmers: Em...I can do a jig.

*FX: Sound of Chalmers trying to dance. Phone jangling, cats miaowing.*

Wurgenstrasse: You know, maybe we should have kept the Prime Minister.

Gorp: No, I like this guy. [*Starts clapping his hands in time.*] Dance Cat-Man, dance!

Wurgenstrasse: I'm going to bed.

Gorp: I'll be up in a minute.

*FX: Credits read over the sound of Chalmers dancing a jig..*

Chalmers: Can I stop now?

Gorp: Em...No.

THE END