

WORST. MOVIE. EVER. PART II:
NAZI PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN
WITH ZOMBIES (AND A CHAINSAW)
by
AJ DEHANY

29 PLAYS LATER: DAY 27

1. L'HOMME A TETE DE CHOU wants to walk across the towers and is in love with the shampoo girl

L'HOMME: In the bronze age... no, before then. When there was no chip and pin. There was an idea. It was the spark of idea, then it grew. It spread and caught and was carried in all directions at once, expanding like a mushroom. There were diving bells full of water, there were living rooms full of the beans from beanbags but no bags. There were no bags. It was before there were talking dogs and everyone communicated by hand signals and pollination. The great waggle dance of progress. There were beautiful wines pressed from emotions: anger beaujolais, cabernet longing, valpolicella of uncertainty, contentment merlot. Noone was drunk because cars hadn't been invented yet. It was into this world that I, a humble carrot was born. As I grew, my stalks developed into long sinewy tendrils and fierce mandibles that at first I couldn't control. Under the sheets late at night I flexed my probosces, at first gingerly and at length with more confidence. Night was on the face of the waters. Noone could say at first, but there was a growing feeling that the universe has been made out all wrong. Time was going in the wrong direction, gravity and universal expansion and contraction. You couldn't get a decent cup of tea anywhere. Noone listened to CDs. The main source of Denver was office furniture. Do you see what I mean? My tender thorax expanded and as it did so my bones pinched and griped. I cleaved to an old photograph I had. She was beautiful. The beautiful shampoo girl. She had golden ringlets and scarlet tresses and her legs went all the way down to the ground and then wended around in beautiful spirals and occasional toenails. She flipped me out, but I knew I could never have her. She was too unworldly. An angelic creature from the realm of heaven. So I formulated a plan to win her. I would fire a tightrope and walk across it between the two towers of Freud and Jung. I had to work in secret. During the day I forged the details of my plan, finding the people who could help me and execute it. At night I dreamed of the shampoo girl. I still dream of her, the shampoo girl.

2. Developers meeting to discuss building project ideas.

SERGE is trying to get fired. JOANN is trying to get laid.
JULIETTE is trying to impress everyone.

JULIETTE: The structural design is based on the Colosseum
 in Rome, but algorithmically iterated to reflect
 contemporary architectural practice and really
 'freak with the frame' if you'll pardon my
 French.

SERGE: Well shit my pants. It's brilliant.

JOANN: I love the detail in the projections. The way
 you lifted your arms and drew lines with the
 laser pointer is pure poetry.

SERGE: Where are we going to put the gas chambers?

JULIETTE: The showers are in the enfolding bunker beneath
 the maisonette village. We can discuss the
 windmill at a later date.

JOANN: A date? Can we pencil that in now?

SERGE: The CIA invented bubonic plague to punish the
 godless. Handle the medieval truth, bitches.

JOANN: We can call it the Elizabeth II Working Title.

SERGE: Never unplug the kettle. Fucker. You're going to
 hell. A cold water hell for bastards that unplug
 the kettle.

JOANN: I looked in a kettle once and lost the game.

JULIETTE: Damn it Joann! Now I've lost the game.

3. L'HOMME and the shampoo girl. L'HOMME kills the shampoo girl

L'HOMME: The shampoo girl's band was playing in an old leaky cavern. There was demolition scheduled for all around it. The band played in a tin bathtub. Things disappear and other things rise up. The great circle of showbusiness. Noone is heavy in zero gravity. In the dark, nobody is ugly. In a vacuum there is no theme music from Aliens. Love is all we are. Why do complicated things happen to simple people? It as if we are damned, but without a creator or first mover to damn us. We are ourselves taxis on the ride back from a nightclub called 'Sinatras' - that is all we are. Different kinds of sugar - cubed, beet, white, demarara, lumpy, dissolved, partially dissolved, processed, refined, sweet granules in the cavities of existence. It's as if there is no tea. The band were playing a set of unplayable music, impossible music. The sweaty crowd thronged and thrilled to the nightly trauma. Dentists jumped across beds through smoky windows and there were spider holes through which sweethearts passed messages on the backs of trained arachnids. The messages got switched and desperation took hold. I felt alone in the universe, bereft of love. As if my travel insurance had expired the day before a great plane crash, and on the face of the mountain I had been forced to eat my own dirigible. Monkeys clamoured through the enfolding air, singing their monkey songs. Terrible fires blazed on the snowy isthmus and brightened the night, so fiercely that the moon was yellow as a lemon sun wedged in a great gin and tonic made of misery. I was drowning all right. The shampoo girl had gone, and I was alone. At night I covered yellow foolscap sheets with spidery thoughts in a badger's handwriting. Thoughts, dreams, all spinning around each other like dewy webs. I resolved to kill my beloved sweetheart. She must and had to die. German novelists visited me and we darkly ate cakes and talked of the great world that would come, knowing that such a world was impossible, and would never come. As the moon set on the silver sea, I took myself down

to the cavern for one last interview with the shampoo girl. I told her my dark and terrible secret, she blushed and shed a tear from her eye. I said goodbye to her, and then I softly smothered her with a beanbag. There was no pain.

4. Terrorists meeting to discuss terrorism ideas.

ALBERT is trying to get out of suicide. MOH is trying to kill himself. AOIFE is trying to impress everyone.

ALBERT: What about a massive rabbit that has rotating knives?

MOH: And flies a plane?

ALBERT: A plane-flying rotating knife rabbit. We could get the materials off the dark web via the splinter cells network.

AOIFE: I don't really want to hurt anyone.

MOH: We don't have to hurt anyone. We're terrorists not politicians. We have only ourselves to hurt.

AOIFE: I know right! Every time I go to the supermarket I forget to buy the one single thing I'd specifically and expressly gone down to buy. Every time!

MOH: It's pretty sixties. Nineteen twenties sixties.

ALBERT: The man in the black veil just drove past again.

MOH: I'll stop him!

ALBERT: I haven't flown in sixteen years!

AOIFE: What have we got so far? We need some slogans!

ALBERT: How to win an arms race: Don't race.

AOIFE: How about "Winning is a mystery. The murderer did it in the alcove."

MOH: I'll be the murderer! We can have a wake and drive horses through it!

ALBERT: We're not murderers!

AOIFE: We are murderers, that's the whole point!

MOH: Is it?

ALBERT: Can't we just send out some leaflets?

AOIFE: Great idea, Albert. We'll definitely send out some leaflets.

MOH: Explosive leaflets?

ALBERT: I'm not big on explosions.

AOIFE: We'll train an elephant to carry sugar cane.

MOH: I can train it!

ALBERT: Moh, you've no experience with elephants.

MOH: Damn. What about giraffes? I'm great with giraffes!

AOIFE: You can be on giraffe detail, we'll get the monks to sort out the candle sticks, and the nose will grow itself.

ALBERT: Do I still have to do anything?

MOH: I'll do it. I'm rough and ready!

AOIFE: My mind is a monastery in which I am its monk.

MOH: JIHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAD!

5. L'HOMME and the lunatic asylum.

L'HOMME: I was raving when they found me. My senses had peeled off from my psyche and left little silver casings scattered along the gutter. A pounding in my head. The noise was unbearable. There were sparkles of dragonflies in the underbrush and rough sailors cavorting along the docks. Night's secret treasure. Desperately I cried out to the ghastly crowd: "Take me now! I'm not worthy to live! There are beetroots and snowferns and tobacco worms. What a scrap heap this life is. You can keep it! Keep your fridge freezers and

amateur toasters, I have no need of them! Take me! I freely confess! Look at the blood that glistens on my hands in dark spots. I didn't mean to fall in love. I hate my love. It is a scarab beetle bearing a ball of dung made of cheese. There are cheeses that can cut themselves and arrange themselves into thimbles, but I've never been one of those. Such a life was not for me. My friends, my poor friends, how do you see me? Through a glass darkly, or through a blender? Let's have some more! More of it! More of life and death and desire and heartbreak, let's annihilate ourselves with our sensibilities and drives! Free colonics for everyone! Live and die!" My arms were bound and my teeth capped and my shoes spatzed. Throwing myself repeatedly against the walls, beanbags without bags, I laughed, and exhausted myself. My friends, what does it mean to be a man without content? Is there a blank content page at the fore of the main text, a text that is blank and unending? What is the dangling participle? My death will be the joy of my poor soul, I thought. Hope is a noose. The scaffold of desire. My poor Shampoo Girl, what had I done? Regret clouded and swelled, oceans of regret, continents of despair. Nothing and noone could save me. In the asylum I started to work. I revised my scheme, to walk across a tightrope stretched between the two towers, Jung and Freud. I would do it, and it would be purple and mustard. No tartan thread in the rock slice of undergarments. Rough weather stirred outside, flashes of cold fire in the sky. Delight mounted in my abused soul. I would escape and fulfil my plan. Finally fulfil my secret destiny. If I could not have the shampoo girl, I would have the world! To nothing!

6. Politicians meeting to discuss politics ideas.

DAVID is trying to get fired. JEREMY is trying to get laid.
NADINE is trying to impress everyone.

NADINE: Let's conversate.

DAVID: The basic idea is that everyone has their own

shovel.

JEREMY: Brilliant!

DAVID: A man digs his or her own grave. Fills it on on top of him or herself. There are no doors.

NADINE: We can make them pay for their own shovels too, and then extract tax on top of that too!

JEREMY: Tax is good!

DAVID: Cups and saucers, or just saucers?

JEREMY: My coffee tastes like coffee flavour Quality Street.

NADINE: I'm in great pain.

DAVID: "Whatever happened to white dog shit?"

JEREMY: "He's prime minister now."

NADINE: Hahahaha megalols.

DAVID: What is Brexit? Brexit is a shit portmanteau word made up by people who are SGT at making up portmanteau words. Watch my webinar.

JEREMY: I am a duck basically. A creative duck, an egg layer. Do you like eggs, Nadine?

NADINE: How do you spell 'formula'?

JEREMY: F - O - R - E - V - E - R

DAVID: I've got uncontrollable flatulence. There is a bacon sandwich in Winsford I've got for my three o'clock and when it gets in there's going to be fireworks.

NADINE: You'll be made up for life!

JEREMY: A true hero of the people!

DAVID: This is the greatest thing to have ever happened to anyone. I'm so proud.

NADINE: We're all proud.

NADINE: Before it was outlawed in 1878 -

JEREMY: The bastards!

NADINE: - children from the age of six provided cheap labour for the mills working from 6am to 7pm with a half hour break.

DAVID: How can we sell this?

NADINE: Call me Naughty Lola.

JEREMY: Brilliant!

DAVID: Let's sing the bastard.

THEY PERFORM CALL ME NAUGHTY LOLA,
STRIPPING AWAY THEIR SUITS TO REVEAL
SCARLET CABARET GARB AND

7. L'HOMME escapes and walks across the towers

L'HOMME: Tragedy always strikes in the midst of irony. There are men who walk their whole lives across the zebra lines on innumerable roads without ever seeing the giraffe of the real. There are women who push wheelchairs. There are children who have Buddha-like intuitions and can make spoons turn into hair gel. What is this poor roundel that we deserve? It is a trumpet. A silent trumpet blown by the eructations of people who are late for meetings because they can't find the right room and didn't check beforehand or write it down. There is never a good second cup of coffee. Never a good omelette. Manichean logic, dialectical logic. But in the dark yin and yang of candlewax fire there are ballads with verses and verses and verses and never a tune, never a continuing thread. We ride in the chariot of hope in the stadium of mug. My friends, I am not what I am. I walked for one night through the wall, and pulled aside the veil and torquay. Jump, they said. I didn't want to jump. I wouldn't jump. Yet every step I took was another jump. Each shuffling movement along the tightrope another bullet in the coffin of my dismal betrayer. I would triumph. Elephants would gain my trust and I would sharpen spears and eat chopsticks. As if you could eat your teeth, you might say, but to me at that moment I was literally on top of the world. The world to nothing! Between the two

peaks, those mighty monuments. A Christmas hat on a snowman. People who are called George. I saw before me as I crossed the tightrope not just the whole expanse of the city and country and the vastness of the milk way, but the horrifying expanse of all thought. All reason, all memory, in the battered shell of consciousness. What reason for our vegetable form? What method for this declining head? I'm walking now! I'm flying now! Mother, I'm flying! I'm rising and expanding into the universe! Soap girl, I will draw soap bubbles into your armoire! There will be no light! There will be no mise en scene, no encore, no coup de grace. There is only plot development and the vicissitudes of character arcs! It's your choice.

CURTAIN