

Waiting for Godot, *the Hollywood version* **(a screenplay by Shams Pirani)**

ideal cast: CHARLIE SHEEN as CAPTAIN WILLARD, DICK VAN DYKE as HIMSELF, DONALD TRUMP as PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK, BURT LANCASTER as LADY GAGA, RICHARD BRIERS as THE PROFESSOR, LENNY HENRY as MAN WITH GUN, TONY ROBINSON as BALDRICK, BOB MORTIMER as YODA, VIC REEVES as LUKE SKYWALKER, MEL BROOKS as KING TURNIP, STEVEN BERKOFF as HAN SOLO, RUBY WAX as PRINCESS LEIA, DUDLEY MOORE as C3PO, PETER COOK as R2D2, JOHN CLEESE as CHEWBACCA, WILL SELF as DARTH VADER, THE A TEAM as THEMSELVES (other than Amy Allen), SANDY TOKSVIG as AMY ALLEN, CHRISTOPHER WALKEN as RONALD MACDONALD, MICHAEL FOOT as HIMSELF, ERIC IDLE as SOMEONE.

INT. LOCAL LIBRARY IN SMALL ENGLISH TOWN CALLED STENCHFORD UPON STENCH. AN AGED PROFESSORIAL TYPE OF MAN, NEATLY DRESSED, CARRYING HIS UMBRELLA AND HAT, IS STANDING AT THE DESK. THE LIBRARIAN IS GOING THROUGH A LIST ON HER COMPUTER SCREEN, HER FACE LOOKS CONFUSED.

LIBRARIAN

I'm sorry, but I can't see any Samuel Beckett here. Are you sure that's a real person? Maybe you've spelled something wrong?

PROFESSOR

For crying out loud, woman, Samuel Beckett was a great writer. He must be in there.

LIBRARIAN

And the book's name was?

PROFESSOR

Godot. Waiting for Godot.

LIBRARIAN

Oh yes, you said. Waiting for the Godot.

PROFESSOR

No no no. Just Godot, not The Godot, just Godot.

LIBRARIAN

Waiting for Godot, not the Godot, just Godot?

PROFESSOR'S FACE SHOWS INCREASING LEVELS OF STRESS. LIBRARIAN'S FACE LIGHTS UP - AND FOR A MOMENT THE PROFESSOR APPEARS HOPEFUL.

LIBRARIAN

What about Captain America? We've got that. In novel form, especially produced for intelligent readers like you.

PROFESSOR

WHAT?

LIBRARIAN

Or we have a 3D dvd box set of the Smurfs.

PROFESSOR

I want a play by Samuel Beckett called 'Waiting for Godot'.

LIBRARIAN

Spiderman? It's starring a really fine Hollywood actor - he cuts a fine figure. Everyone wants to have sex with him. You're bound to love it.

PROFESSOR

This is absurd. I'm leaving.

LIBRARIAN

Well, reading isn't for everyone. Perhaps you'll find your Godot if you get a subscription from Netflix. They're pretty comprehensive.

PROFESSOR

(exasperated)

Yes, perhaps I'll try Netflix.

PROFESSOR LEAVES. LIBRARIAN PICKS UP THE BOOK SHE WAS READING AND GRINS WITH ENJOYMENT AS SHE TUCKS INTO IT. WE SEE THE COVER: IT IS TONY BLAIR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, ENTITLED "THEY WOULD HAVE DIED ANYWAY - TONY BLAIR REVEALS WHY HE TOOK PART IN THE KILLING OF MILLIONS".

CUT TO...

INT. A TYPICAL ENGLISH HOUSEHOLD IN THE TOWN OF STENCHFORD UPON STENCH. MOTHER, FATHER, THREE CHILDREN (TWO BOYS AND ONE GIRL) SIT AROUND THE TABLE HAVING BREAKFAST. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TABLE IS A HUGE BOWL OF PRINGLES WITH A LADLE SITTING IN IT. EACH MEMBER

OF THE FAMILY HAS A CAN OF RED BULL AND AN ELECTRONIC CIGARETTE IN FRONT OF THEM. THE MOTHER STARTS PUTTING PRINGLES ON ALL THEIR PLATES. THE CHILDREN'S NAMES ARE: GANDALF, HARRY POTTER AND LADY GAGA.

MOTHER
(PUTTING MANY PRINGLES ONTO GANDALF'S PLATE)
Now there's an extra helping for you today, Gandalf.

LADY GAGA
Why? That's just sexist of you mother. Why does he get extra pringles? If I don't get as many pringles as him I'm going to expose my chest to Vladimir Putin in protest.

MOTHER
It's nothing to do with his sex organs, Lady Gaga, it's because he's doing his a-level today.

FATHER
Just the one?

MOTHER
Yes dear, kids these days can't be expected to do as much work as we did in the old days. They have a lot of responsibility. Gandalf has to spend half his week on twitter and facebook in order to help large corporations hoard enough money to hire him when he's older.

FATHER
So what's your a-level in, son?

GANDALF
Spreadsheets.

HARRY POTTER
Spreadsheets are for losers. I'm going to get an a-level in watching X Factor.

MOTHER
Come now Harry Potter, not everyone has your ambition. And an a-level in spreadsheets is very respectable. Gandalf will be able to work for any number of transnationals, handling sales data or marketing data, maybe even profit and loss figures.

GANDALF
Yeah well I'm also going to apply to Oxford to get a degree in telling and hearing fart jokes.

HIS PARENTS BOTH LOOK PLEASED AS PUNCH. HARRY POTTER'S JAW DROPS.

HARRY POTTER
You'll never get in. You haven't read enough joke books. You'll fail the entry exam.

They'll laugh you out of the interview.

GANDALF

On the contrary, Harry Potter, I have been on the dark web, downloading thousands and thousands of fart jokes. I've memorised about three hundred of them already.

LADY GAGA

You're all sexist and regressed. I'm through with you. I'm going to join the United States Army. There is no gender barrier to my right to commit racist, materialism-driven genocide. That's what I call equality and freedom.

EVERYONE IS SILENT. FINALLY MOTHER BREAKS THE SILENCE.

MOTHER

But darling, you have to be accepted as an American citizen first. The path is long and arduous. And you will have to memorise dozens of Yoda quotes.

LADY GAGA

Do or do not. There is no try.

CUT TO...

INT. MESSY OFFICE OF AN AMERICAN GENERAL CALLED GENERAL HEADCASE. VARIOUS OFFICERS ARE SITTING AROUND, SMOKING AND EATING, WHILST GENERAL HEADCASE BRIEFS CAPTAIN WILLARD ON HIS MISSION TO FIND AND KILL GODOT. HEADCASE HAS JUST FINISHED SPEAKING, WHILST POINTING AT VARIOUS MAPS OF DOZENS OF COUNTRIES WHILST HE AND WILLARD EAT PRAWN SANDWICHES FROM ASDA WHICH ARE, FURTHERMORE, FOUR DAYS PAST THEIR USE BY DATE. OTHER OFFICERS WITH SPEAKING PARTS: CAPTAIN PSYCHO, CAPTAIN LACKEY.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Who the fuck is Godot? I never heard of him.

CAPTAIN LACKEY

Godot is a great warrior. A true genius. He was at West Point.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

And you say he's gone nuts and needs to be killed.

GENERAL HEADCASE

I'm not saying that. Not officially. This is a matter the U.S. army wants to be extremely melodramatic about. We're going to put it down on paper as something trivial, when in reality you are battling with an evil demon in the name of Christ! This is the anti-christ, Satan, all the evil in the world combined into one man.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

A great warrior turned into Satan? I'm not sure I really understand why I am

supposed to kill him.

CAPTAIN PSYCHO

You will be. You must follow the trail of the beast Godot. In his shadows you will discover all there is to know about truth. If you can handle it.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

I don't know. I think you guys are just mistaking the plot of Apocalypse Now, based on Heart of Darkness, for reality.

GENERAL HEADCASE

No this is very real. That's just a film. The President of the USA and the Prime Minister of Great Britain and her assistant Dick Van Dyke are in the war room right now, because this is a very serious matter. Godot is a threat to us all, to the whole world, probably the whole universe. Even Spock isn't capable of thwarting Godot.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Spock is a fictional character.

LEONARD NIMOY (arriving swiftly on the scene)

Spock was a character I created. I am Leonard Nimoy. I'm through with Star Trek and Shakespeare, I want to be in Godot.

IAN HISLOP (arriving swiftly on the scene)

That's plagiarism.

(CAPTAIN PSYCHO SHOOTS NIMOY AND HISLOP DEAD AND IMMEDIATELY SOME FURTHER LACKEYS RUSH IN AND CART THE BODIES OFF. WILLARD TAKES ANOTHER BITE OUT OF HIS PRAWN SANDWICH BEFORE SUDDENLY RUSHING TO THE WINDOW AND VOMITING OUT OF IT REPEATEDLY).

CUT TO...

INT. U.S. GOVERNMENT'S "WAR ROOM" IN WASHINGTON.

MARY LAMBKEEPER (PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN), DONALD QUACKQUACK (PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES), GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL (HEAD OF THE U.S. ARMY), DICK VAN DYKE AND OTHERS ARE ALL SITTING AT THE BIG TABLE. THE PRESIDENT CLEARS HIS THROAT AND ADDRESSES THOSE GATHERED.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

Ladies and gentlemen, we are joined today by the Prime Minister of Great Britain and her assistant. I believe they have what we need to help us defeat Godot. As usual it is only with strong, sane allies like Great Britain at our side that we will achieve those goals which make America so great and are the reason why the founding fathers named this country Great America.

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE (speaking off microphone to the president)
Sir, Great America is a theme park.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK (ignoring his aide)
And so without further ado, ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Prime Minister of Great Britain. What have you got for us Mary?

THE PRIME MINISTER, MARY LAMBKEEPER, SPEAKS INTO HER MICROPHONE.

MARY LAMBKEEPER

As many of you may know, before I married one of Britain's most accomplished butchers and his many walk-in-freezers full of slaughtered lambs, I was in fact known as Mary Poppins - and was gifted with certain skills, as my sidekick Dick Van Dyke here can confirm.

DICK VAN DYKE

Chim chimminy, chim chimminy, chim chim cheroo.

MARY LAMBKEEPER

And in my youth I was known as Little Bo Peep and was also involved in tending to lost flocks. Thus when it comes to locating, and indeed relocating Godot, I am the woman for the job. And I have a plan. If you watched the famous film about me you'll know that I am able, with my friend Dick Van Dyke here, to enter the reality of a work of art, for example a painting, and to take others into such works with me. It is my belief that the surest way to put an end to Godot's barbaric reign of terror is to trap him inside a painting of the doors opening at a huge sale at an American department store and crowds rushing in to fight, if necessary to the death, over the right to possess consumer goods.

DICK VAN DYKE

Chim chimminy, chim chimminy, chim chim cheroo.

MARY LAMBKEEPER

What my learned friend is trying to say to you in his South London cockney dialect is that Godot will stand little chance against a crowd of furious shoppers desperate to get their hands on the last stocks of the latest computer game, digital device or shoes for themselves or loved ones. There is no way Godot can escape from such a painting. Once inside, there he will remain for ever and ever amen.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

Amen.

EVERYONE ELSE FOLLOWS THE PRESIDENT'S LEAD AND SAYS AMEN, AS THOUGH IT IS A PRAYER AT SOME SORT OF RELIGIOUS MEETING. THERE IS A MOMENTARY SILENCE AND THEN GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL COUGHS, MEANINGFULLY.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK
Is something troubling you general?

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL
Just one thing sir.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK
Well spit it out man. What's your objection?

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL
Sir I believe that if we want to deter the enemy more effectively we'll need a higher casualty rate. This idea of putting Godot in a - er - picture, you say, and letting him fight it out with half a dozen mothers from the Bronx could go very wrong. What if he joins Black Lives Matter or some such dissident group? It could really backfire. I say we just nuke him.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK
That's all very well, General, and when we have a precise fix on Godot's location we'll need to debate your sound suggestion, but for now we don't even know where he is. I understand you have a man on the trail.

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL
Yes sir, a Captain Willard. He was discharged from a psychiatric hospital three years ago after doctors confirmed that he was so insane that he had gone full circle and become sane again - but only as an extreme manifestation of his insanity. He seemed to be the perfect choice for hunting down Godot. I believe he's due to land in Guam in a few seconds. He'll pick up Godot's last known movements there and follow the trail. I suggest that the moment Willard confirms the whereabouts of Godot, we nuke the entire area, and a few others in totally different places, as a decoy, just in case there are any other Godot impersonators out there - it'll confuse them.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK
Yes, even I'm confused and I'm the president. Excellent plan, General. We'll have to weigh it up once we know the location. After all, he may pop up in my bathroom and we wouldn't want to nuke that, would we?

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL
Sir, you could always get another bathroom. I say we nuke him no matter what.

CUT TO...

EXT. A ROAD IN STENCHFORD. AT A BUS STOP THE PROFESSOR HAS BEEN WAITING FOR A BUS WHICH HAS JUST ARRIVED AND HE GETS ON, SWIPES HIS OYSTER CARD AND SITS DOWN IN A SEAT NEAR THE FRONT. NEXT TO HIM IS LADY GAGA, ON HER WAY TO THE U.S. EMBASSY TO APPLY FOR A VISA TO LIVE IN THE USA AND JOIN ITS ARMY AND KILL PEOPLE WITH ITS BACKING AND FIREPOWER.

LADY GAGA

Hello sir. I'm off to join the U.S. army to support veterans like you. I hate the muzzies and the commies. I'm a feminist.

THE PROFESSOR

I'm sorry but I'm a professor of literature, not an army veteran. On the whole, whilst I'm not actively anti-American, I do oppose imperialist wars and have spent much of my life lecturing on the virtues of socialism.

LADY GAGA

(CLEARLY OBLIVIOUS TO WHAT HE'S SAYING, PRIMARILY LOOKING AT HER OWN REFLECTION IN THE WINDOW AND ADJUSTING HERSELF TO LOOK MORE EYE-CATCHING)

Don't worry granddad, I'm going to privatise the hospitals and ban the immigrants so you'll be able to get your hip operation before some nasty Pakistani steals it and uses it to bomb a nursery school in the name of Allah.

THE PROFESSOR

I'm not sure you understand what I'm saying, but good luck anyway. Hopefully someone intelligent will find you and show you the way.

(THE BUS STOPS AND LADY GAGA GETS OFF AND GOES INTO A TRAIN STATION, HEADING FOR LONDON. THE BUS MOVES OFF. A PAKISTANI ARTIFICIAL-HIP-MAKER SITS DOWN NEXT TO THE PROFESSOR. THE HIP-MAKER'S NAME IS ALI)

ALI (TO PROFESSOR)

I hope I'm not crowding you. These seats are small and I'm afraid I like my lamb kofte rather too much.

PROFESSOR

Not at all. There's plenty of room.

ALI (GIVING THE PROFESSOR A VOUCHER)

You are a nice man. Very rare for these parts. Please take this voucher for a free hip replacement any time you want at the best clinic in Harley Street. It is valid indefinitely.

PROFESSOR (TAKING IT GLADLY)

Funny you should say that.

ALI

Not really. That's quite a serious statement on my part. My comedy writings, on the other hand, really are something to roll on the floor with laughter at. I chaired the oldest school debating society in Europe and made satire which led some of the most right wing members of British society actually laugh at themselves, albeit inadvertently, but because my name is Ali I am only allowed to work in sales jobs and other grunt work. I'm extremely under-exploited as a comedy writer. I hope one day to complete my film - it's called "Waiting for Godot, the Hollywood version". It's a

fairly arcane but zany attack on the way most of our world has become saturated by a combination of mindless consumerism and people's delighting in violence, a combination which strangely echoes the closing lines of Ionesco's infamous "La Cantatrice Chauve."

PROFESSOR

Not so infamous any more I fear. I've been out all day looking, coincidentally, for a copy of Waiting for Godot, by Beckett, and i can't find one anywhere. Even Amazon doesn't have it. But I can order my groceries from them.

ALI (IN A HUSHED VOICE, AFTER LOOKING AROUND FURTIVELY TO CHECK IF ANYONE IS LISTENING OTHER THAN THE POLICE STATE'S RECORDING EQUIPMENT)

I know someone who can help you. I know of a book shop where books which have disappeared from the world because of how stupid everyone is can still be found. But it's harder to find it than to find the A Team.

PROFESSOR

Tell me more.

ALI

There is an A Team Van on display at the British Museum now.

PROFESSOR

Well at least they were socialists.

ALI

True. Anyway, in this A Team van is a doorway leading into an underground cavern built under the British Museum, deep deep underneath it, by theoretical physicists who had become frustrated that decades into having totally reconfigured what was technically, scientifically speaking, the 'accepted' (but largely never understood or even properly known) nature of reality, almost nobody on the entire planet had caught up yet and they were really still living with an 18th century model of reality in their minds. The book you seek, and many others, are in those caverns. Go to the A Team van and use the secret password. Speak it into the Knight-Rider voice-activated control panel they've built into it - don't forget that the A Team was remade into some film which entirely contradicts everything from the original series, in an attempt to whitewash latterday war crimes by the U.S. government and its allies in Iraq in some consumer way and a shifting of blame within the fiction from patriarchs like Decker to some allegedly neurotic woman upset over entirely sexual matters.

PROFESSOR

What is the password?

ALI

Shut up, fool!

PROFESSOR

I only asked because -

ALI

No, that's the password. It's "Shut up, fool!"

PROFESSOR

I see.

ALI

I must go now. This is my stop.

(THE BUS HAS STOPPED)

CUT TO...

EXT. LANDING PAD IN GUAM. CAPTAIN WILLARD DISEMBARKS FROM AN APACHE HELICOPTER AND HEADS TOWARDS A RIVER WHERE THERE IS A TATTY BARGE WITH A FEW VERY TIRED LOOKING U.S. MARINES ON IT. WILLARD EXAMINES HIS CREW AND GIVES THEM A PEP TALK. HIS MARINES ARE: SOLDIER ONE, SOLDIER TWO AND OTHER SOLDIER.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

I think this film is stupid and I don't think it's going to turn out well for any of us, but we have no choice. We don't choose to be born and we don't choose the world we're born to. So don't blame me when your bodies, one by one, become riddled with bullets and I as the leading actor am the only one left to handle whatever enemy lies in wait for us at the end.

SOLDIER ONE

Sir with all due respect we're soldiers of the United States, we go into other lands, primarily to take resources, and we create wanton destruction. 90% of those who die in the wars we create are civilians, the other 10% are people taking up arms trying to stop us killing all the civilians. We are scum of the earth as are all modern day soldiers and armed police and indeed the majority of 'security' forces of any kind. We are easily led people whose insecurity causes us to hide behind machismo. We pretend we are here to 'protect' others when our actions visibly, known to the world, primarily hurt others. We are the exact opposite of what we say we are and the only reason we are glorified with high technology and big explosions is because screenwriters are usually even worse scum of the earth than us, using the idea of us and all we do as a form of heroism to hide behind. The screenwriters sit safely far away from where we're butchering civilians in the way we cannot avoid, the screenwriters pretend we're brave and cast us in such a fashion as to associate this braveness with anyone who looks, talks, acts and thinks like us. In a world where real data from real primary sources about the shit we stir and the genocide we engage in is so easy to access and digest, nobody who signs up to be a soldier has any excuse. We are scum of the earth and just because the media filth who glorify us are even lower than we are doesn't mean we are not, effectively, the basest form of life on Earth.

SOLDIER TWO

If that's true how come you have the free will to say what you did?

OTHER SOLDIER

He didn't. A renegade antiwar screenwriter forced him to do it. It's the only way to control an agent of genocide such as you or I.

CUT TO...

(SAME) AS BOAT PULLS AWAY, CAPTAIN WILLARD'S THOUGHTS ARE SPOKEN OUT LOUD TO THE AUDIENCE.

CAPTAIN WILLARD'S THOUGHTS

These macho men in unimaginative clothes had a point, renegade screenwriter or not. I was beginning to think that Godot was more real than I had first assumed and that he was already messing with me. That somehow he was interfering with the screenplay itself and putting words in the mouths of my men.

(FURTHER DOWN THE RIVER THEY SEE ANOTHER BOAT.)

SOLDIER ONE

Sir we have to search that boat.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

We don't have time, I'm ordering you to just keep going. Same as in Apocalypse Now. You know what happened in that film? When you stopped the boat you ended up randomly killing civilians for a very sad and stupid reason, typical for us genocidal American soldiers.

CAPTAIN WILLARD'S THOUGHTS

I was starting to wonder if Godot had even taken over the writing of my lines. I was saying things which were completely contrary to the never ceasing underlying mission of Hollywood to portray violent genocidal armies led by white men as heroic, as 'saviours'. Godot was destroying my credibility as a white saviour by making me say things to the audience which put the true reality of our situation on the table instead of special-effects-driven glorification of our age-old tradition of using violence to take stuff from others and then claiming that those others are 'uncivilised' because they didn't do it to us, we did it to them.

SOLDIER ONE

I don't care what you say, this is my boat and I'm not going take any risks with it. I will not endanger myself by failing to have a violent altercation with strangers.

CAPTAIN WILLARD'S THOUGHTS

So went the logic of the average modern 'soldier'. If Godot really was messing with me and my lines and the content of the screenplay, I had to admit I was slightly glad. I liked his style. But the more I read the documentation about him, the more concerned I was for myself. Was I being led by a kind of Satanic mind-controller? Was Godot taking over my mind and making me into his pawn? Who knew?

(THEY FORCE THE OTHER BOAT TO STOP AND SOLDIER TWO AND OTHER

SOLDIER GO ON BOARD, WITH THEIR GUNS, LOOKING TO ACCIDENTALLY START A FIRE FIGHT. SUDDENLY A SMART PHONE MAKES THE NOISE IT DOES WHEN IT HAS RECEIVED A FACEBOOK ALERT. THE TWO AMERICAN SOLDIERS, TERRIFIED OF THE ENEMY AT THIS POINT, GUN DOWN EVERYTHING ALIVE ON THE BOAT, INCLUDING TWO CATS, A DOG, A SMALL GROUP OF NURSERY SCHOOL STUDENTS ON A GEOGRAPHY TRIP, A GROUP OF SEVENTEEN WASHERWOMEN, JESUS, JOHN LENNON AND EVEN RICK ASTLEY, WHO IS SITTING AT THE BACK PLAYING A BANJO).

CUT TO...

EXT. DESERT. MAN WITH GUN AND BALDRICK ARE WALKING ALONG THROUGH A DESERT. THEY SPY A CACTUS.

MAN WITH GUN
Stand back Baldrick.

BALDRICK (STANDING BACK)
Yes my lord.

(MAN WITH GUN SHOOTS THE CACTUS. THEY WAIT A FEW SECONDS. NOTHING HAPPENS. MAN WITH GUN LOOKS DISAPPOINTED AND THEY KEEP ON WALKING.)

MAN WITH GUN
It's got to be here somewhere, Baldrick. Keep your eyes peeled.

BALDRICK
Are you sure that the universe is the figment of the imagination of a dreaming cactus, my lord?

MAN WITH GUN
Yes Baldrick. Now shut up and keep looking for cacti. I think it's having a nightmare about a nuclear apocalypse and I no longer want to star in this film. We're going to find that cactus and put it out of its misery.

BALDRICK
But if we're in the cactus's dream, then surely any cactus we find will only be a dream version of the cactus, so shooting it won't achieve anything.

MAN WITH GUN
If your brain wasn't the size of a turnip, Baldrick, you would know that if we kill the cactus in its own dream it will in fact wake up, which is the desired effect.

BALDRICK
But my lord, surely the cactus would have to dream of us shooting it itself. I mean it's up to the cactus, not us, really. We might as well just sit down and stew some turnips.

MAN WITH GUN (HITTING BALDRICK WITH THE BACK OF THE GUN)

Again, Baldrick, if you were not thicker than extra thick pig shit, treated with industrial thickening agents, you would notice that since we are concoctions of the imagination of the cactus, we already are acting on its behalf. If the cactus did not intend, or hope at least, to dream of being shot dead by me, subconsciously, then we would not be in this dream, having this conversation.

BALDRICK

But is it not possible, my lord, that we're not really in the dream of a cactus after all and that you are in fact a completely mad bastard with an improper grasp of reality?

(MAN WITH GUN PUTS THE GUN INTO HIS BELT AND THEN USES HIS FIST TO PUNCH BALDRICK SO HARD THAT THE POOR UNDERLING FALLS DOWN UNCONSCIOUS)

CUT TO...

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY IN LONDON. LADY GAGA IS SPEAKING TO A WOMAN (EMBASSY WORKER) WHO IS BEHIND A BULLET-PROOF SCREEN, WITH TWO HEAVILY ARMED MEN STANDING ON EITHER SIDE OF HER, RIFLES IN HAND. THEY ARE TALKING SOLDIER AND SOLDIER WHO DOESN'T TALK.

EMBASSY WORKER

So why do you want to become an American? And more to the point, why do you want to be an American soldier?

LADY GAGA

Because I hate muzzies and commies and I want to see them all dead. They are violent barbarians with an evil ideology. They like to kill others. They claim to be superior to everyone else. They hate us for our freedoms.

EMBASSY WORKER

Impressive, but you could just be saying that. You could be a muzzie commie spy. I'm afraid we'll have to put you through some sincerity tests. These men will take you to the testing area.

(THE ARMED MEN TAKE LADY GAGA ALONG A CORRIDOR AND OUT INTO A PLACE WHERE SOLDIERS AND OTHER FRONTLINE STOOGES OF GENOCIDAL AMERICAN POWER ARE 'PRACTISING' BEING CALLOUS MURDERING RACIST SICKO FAT STUPID BASTARDS, THESE INCLUDE SPIES, HUMAN RESOURCES DIRECTORS, TV PRESENTERS AND EVEN CERTAIN DOCTORS, BEING TRAINED TO UNLEARN THEIR HYPOCRATIC OATH. THEY PASS PEOPLE WHO ARE WATERBOARDING OTHER PEOPLE, USING ELECTRIC SHOCKS, EXTREMELY PAINFUL 'POSITION TORTURE' AND ALL THE HALLMARKS OF AMERICAN 'FREEDOM' AND 'EXCEPTIONALISM' UNTIL FINALLY THEY REACH AN AREA WHERE THERE IS A LINE OF YOUNG GIRLS JUST LIKE LADY GAGA, AT A STAND WHICH SEEMS TO BE A FAIRGROUND ENTERTAINMENT - ARAB

BABIES ARE WHERE YOU'D NORMALLY SEE PLASTIC DUCKS AND THE GIRLS ARE, ONE AT A TIME, SEEING HOW MANY ARAB BABIES THEY CAN KILL WITH AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.)

TALKING SOLDIER

This is where we test you to see how easily you can unlearn the indoctrination of motherhood, which makes you imagine that all life is sacred. You'd be surprised how many young girls, when pushed, can't bring themselves to shoot an arab baby. Or maybe you wouldn't be surprised. The test will tell what sort of a person you are - a pinko or a true warrior.

(SOLDIER WHO DOESN'T TALK GRUNTS)

LADY GAGA (TO TALKING SOLDIER)

What did he say?

TALKING SOLDIER

He said "the force is strong with you, you are not a pinko - go forth and kill the demonic arab babies who grow up to be terrorists and dictators and people who oppress women".

(LADY GAGA GOES TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, SNATCHES THE GUN FROM THE GIRL WHO IS CURRENTLY TAKING THE 'ARAB BABY KILLING TEST' AND MOWS DOWN ALL THE BABIES)

TALKING SOLDIER

Full marks. Now for your next test.

(THEY WALK ALONG AND APPEAR TO ENTER AN AREA OF ACTUAL DESERT. THERE A SAUDI, PLAYING THE PART OF THE KING, IS HAVING A POET BEHEADED BY A MAN IN A HOOD.)

TALKING SOLDIER

Now, Lady Gaga, what are you going to do in this situation?

(LADY GAGA GOES UP TO THE SAUDI WHO IS PLAYING THE PART OF THE KING, SHAKES HIS HAND AND TELLS HIM HE IS A CHAMPION OF HUMAN RIGHTS AND A GREAT FEMINIST)

TALKING SOLDIER

Full marks again. But be warned, the tests get harder and harder. Let's see what you make of the next one.

(THEY REACH THE SCENE OF AN APPARENT WAR CRIME. A JOURNALIST IS DICTATING INTO A RECORDING DEVICE, ALLEGING THAT THE UNITED STATES HAS COMMITTED WAR CRIMES. TALKING SOLDIER HANDS LADY GAGA AN ANTI-JOURNALIST KIT. LADY GAGA LOOKS INSIDE. THERE IS A GUN. A STICKER SAYING 'FAKE NEWS. NOTHING TO SEE HERE' AND 'I WAS KILLED BY' STICKERS, A SET OF THEM, WITH A STICKER FOR ALL MAJOR CONTEMPORARY U.S. TARGETS. SHE USES THE GUN TO SHOOT THE

JOURNALIST IN THE HEAD AND THEN PUTS A STICKER ON THE CORPSE'S RECORDING MACHINE SAYING 'FAKE NEWS. NOTHING TO SEE HERE' AND ON THE CORPSE SHE PUTS THREE STICKERS SAYING 'I WAS KILLED BY ASSAD' AND 'I WAS KILLED BY NORTH KOREA' AND 'I WAS KILLED BY PUTIN')

TALKING SOLDIER

Amazing. You're a natural. Most rookies mix the stickers up. A serious mistake - to accurately label the false flag operation with a fake news sticker.

LADY GAGA

Can I be an American soldier yet?

TALKING SOLDIER

You're almost there, but there is another test. Just one more.

(A HELICOPTER PICKS THEM UP AND THEY ARE FLOWN TO A PLACE WHERE AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE RAPING OTHER AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND IRAQI CHILDREN.)

TALKING SOLDIER

Do you have anything to say to or about these soldiers?

LADY GAGA

No.

TALKING SOLDIER

Congratulations, you are now ready to protect America and the world. You've just been hired by America Incorporated.

(THEY RETURN TO THE FRONT DESK OF THE EMBASSY WHERE HER VISA IS RUBBER STAMPED AND SHE IS GIVEN A PIECE OF PAPER SAYING 'YOU ARE AN AMERICAN SOLDIER. WELL DONE. YOU MAY NOW KILL OR DIE ON BEHALF OF OIL COMPANIES.' LADY GAGA PUTS IT IN HER PURSE AND TURNS TO LEAVE THE EMBASSY BUT THERE ARE SOLDIERS BLOCKING THE DOOR: MACHO DOOR BLOCKING SOLDIER AND OTHER DOOR BLOCKING SOLDIER)

MACHO DOOR BLOCKING SOLDIER

I'm afraid you cannot leave now. As a soldier you have to go to your barracks and wait there until we decide where to send you to go and die.

(LADY GAGA'S EXPRESSION CHANGES AND SHE SUDDENLY NO LONGER FEELS VERY HAPPY ABOUT WHAT SHE'S DONE. BUT IT'S TOO LATE. SHE IS QUICKLY DRAGGED OFF TO A PLANE WHERE, ALONG WITH SIX RANDOM INNOCENT ARAB AND ASIAN MEN AND WOMEN, SHE IS 'RENDERED' TO THE USA. IN HER CASE THE PRISON CAMP IS AN ARMY CAMP, BUT MUCH THE SAME RULES APPLY).

CUT TO...

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN AFGHANISTAN. CAPTAIN WILLARD'S BOAT HAS SOMEHOW ENDED UP WASHED UP FAR INLAND IN THE KHYBER PASS. CAPTAIN WILLARD NARRATES TO THE AUDIENCE, WHILST IN THE BACKGROUND THE SOLDIERS APPEAR TO BE ATTEMPTING TO DIG THE BOAT OUT OF THE GROUND, IN WHICH IT HAS SOMEHOW BECOME INEXPLICABLY SUNKEN.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Godot was playing games with reality around me, I could feel it. Somehow our boat had jumped across national boundaries, indeed geographical ones, and we had ended up far away from any known sea or river, unable to explain how our boat had come to be there. I had phoned Washington and they had assured me that the president of Afghanistan would send some transport for me but my troops weren't having it.

SOLDIER ONE

I don't like this. What has Godot ever done to us? We're out here because of certain rich people and corporations and their need to spill a certain amount of blood each day in order to perpetuate a status quo where identity divides us all and the only thing we find we have in common is slavery, if only to hyperconsumerism.

SOLDIER TWO

I think you've caught Godot's evil ideology. I think your brain has been washed, your mind has been possessed. You're talking crazy talk.

SOLDIER ONE

Don't you understand, you fool? This pursuit of Godot is madness, it is just a cover, the latest of many, to aid and abet the singular love of destruction and violence and domination by a minority which is ever shrinking, both in terms of population and intelligence.

SOLDIER TWO (PULLS OUT HIS GUN AND AIMS IT AT SOLDIER ONE)

One more crazy word out of your crazy mouth and I'm going to finish you off right here. Godot has got inside you.

SOLDIER ONE

Don't you understand that we're going to die out here unless we learn to use our own minds and break free from our own illusory servitude to our violent masters who hired us from among the desperate to fill their production line of corpses and who own us through wage slavery. The currency of the wars they win is corpses and they wage them for personal gain, not for defence or dignity.

SOLDIER TWO

That's it, I warned you. (HE PULLS THE TRIGGER. NOTHING HAPPENS. THE GUN DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE LOADED).

What the fuck? Godot must have possessed my gun. Aaaaaargh!

(HE RUNS OFF, SCREAMING).

OTHER SOLDIER

That man has some serious problems. But you should really shut the fuck up before someone else shoots you. Don't you understand? Totalitarianism, even latent totalitarianism, creates only an illusion of the right to criticise and evolve. You are not really free to say the things you're saying. They have programmed most people to want to pull a gun on you for saying the shit you do.

SOLDIER ONE

What about you? You understand what I'm saying. How come?

OTHER SOLDIER

I just understand your pain, that's all. I have strange and troubling dreams of a cactus in the desert and a pair of men, BBC television comedians, wandering through a desert looking to kill the cactus. And it always ends the same way. The big black man with the gun suddenly picks me up by my collar and his little gonzo-like friend takes my weapon and snaps it in half and then puts it into a cauldron to make turnip and firearms stew. And just before I wake up, screaming, the black man looks me right in the eyes, right in my soul, and he tells me I'm Godot. Or maybe he tells me he's Godot. It's very confusing. And I always end up screaming. Often there is a gun in my hand and dozens of dead Iraqi civilians strewn about the place.

SOLDIER ONE

A recurring nightmare ending with visions of dead Iraqis? That's dark.

OTHER SOLDIER

No, the dead Iraqis are strewn around the place when I wake up. My psychiatrist says I am prone to "sleep killing".

SOLDIER ONE

Only in America.

OTHER SOLDIER

Come on, man. What about Saudi Arabia, Israel and three dozen others? America isn't even exceptional when it comes to grotesque violence. The only field our society is truly exceptional in is mediocrity.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

What are you meatheads jawing about? And you can stop digging, that's our helicopter which just landed. And where's the third meathead?

SOLDIER ONE

He went mad. I don't think he's coming back. He ran away screaming. He said Godot had possessed his gun.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

One down, two to go.

(SOLDIER ONE AND OTHER SOLDIER LOOK AT EACH OTHER NERVOUSLY).

CUT TO...

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM. YODA AND LUKE SKYWALKER ARE ON A VISIT, ENJOYING AN EXHIBITION ON 'ALIEN' VERSIONS OF JAMES BOND FROM PARALLEL UNIVERSES ACROSS INFINITY, PUT TOGETHER BY DR WHO WHO TURNED OUT TO HAVE BEEN REAL ALL ALONG AND WHO WROTE THE ENTIRE BBC DRAMA ABOUT DR WHO AS A COVER TO CONCEAL HIS TRUE USAGE OF HIS TIME MACHINE WHICH WAS TO GO AROUND THE UNIVERSE RIPPING OFF GAMBLING CARTELS.

LUKE SKYWALKER

James Bond's rubbish, don't you think Yoda? I mean he can't even use the force or anything.

YODA

We've been through this a hundred times, the force is just a hoax, like chemtrails and the loch ness monster.

LUKE SKYWALKER

What about Godot? He's real, and everyone says he's behind the chem trails and the loch ness monster and he was the screenwriter who created Friends and the BBC News.

YODA

I don't know why I bother even trying to make you a jedi, really.

LUKE SKYWALKER

Aha! So if the force is a hoax, how can I be a jedi?

YODA

You may well ask. But seriously, though. A jedi is just a superior kind of film critic. If you are a jedi-ranked film critic, you'll earn enough to buy a farm, some farm animals, maybe some slaves, an ironmonger along with his shop, and still have change left over to put towards rebuilding the nearby orphanage which has been destroyed in the cross-fire when an episode of The A Team went wrong.

LUKE SKYWALKER

Speaking of the A Team, Yoda, the A Team van is in the basement. Can we go and see it? Can we? Can we? I want to be B.A. Baracas. Shut up fool! Shut up fool!

YODA

As long as you don't try using that light saber you bought from IKEA.

(LUKE SKYWALKER LOOKS DISAPPOINTED AS HE HANDS HIS LIGHT SABER OVER TO YODA AND THEY HEAD FOR THE STAIRS LEADING DOWN TO THE BASEMENT)

CUT TO...

INT. BASEMENT OF BRITISH MUSEUM. NEXT TO THE A TEAM VAN, B.A. BARACAS, H.M. MURDOCK, HANNIBAL SMITH AND TEMPLETON PECK ARE LOOKING AT AN UNFOLDED TOURIST GUIDE TO THE MUSEUM, EXAMINING ITS EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

MURDOCK

Colonel, I do not understand why we're looking for a way out of this museum. Surely this is where we belong, in many respects. It's years since we were on tv and they've even made a film version which totally changes our left wing intellectual outlook on life.

BARACAS

Shut up, fool. Our tv show was only as left wing as a racist left wing person can be. I was completely stereotyped as a kind of retarded meat-head who gets irritated by just a few moments of intellectual or creative dialogue from you.

PECK

And I think it's quite sad that all I ever was was some sort of hyper-libidinous artful dodger, a sales director without a department to run. The women in our show were mostly depicted as submissive, often damsels in distress.

MURDOCK

Your criticisms still support my thesis that we belong in a museum, not out there on the dangerous streets of London where who knows what sinister forces of orthodoxy will find us and make us feel very small, living as we would be in a world where even the tiniest shred of good values our societies once had is absent, and people like us are portrayed as mad or as terrorists. Isn't that the truth Colonel?

HANNIBAL

Indeed it is, Murdock, indeed it is. But you guys are being hypercritical of our show. Most tv shows of the time, not just today, were wall to wall sexism and racism. Take the smurfs. One girl, hundreds of boys, and a patriarch in control, not even a mother. Little blue sexists, the lot of them. Yes Prime Minister was laden with as much sexism and racism as our show, but in a British, subtle style, rather than in your face. Both our shows addressed sexism, indeed, in various episodes and stray moments, but without ever stopping from being it ourselves.

MURDOCK

Are you saying it was a shit show, Hannibal? I mean, maybe it's because to protect me from being stereotyped in unwanted ways and perhaps due to the misguided taboos of the mainstream, I was always portrayed as a gentleman and am perfectly compatible with modern day feminism, as are you.

HANNIBAL

I have a theory about that. I think that maybe there were two writers and one of them based you on himself and one based me on himself and B.A. and Face were added because the production community and the financiers and the broadcasters required, without exception, mindless racially-stereotyped violence and mindless gender-stereotyped sexuality. The tv shows would only get audiences because of

Face and B.A., not because of you and me, Murdock. These guys are heroes for bringing so many people our way, fooling them with the outward show of sleaziness and total stupidity.

(THE PROFESSOR ARRIVES ON THE SCENE, LOOKING FOR THE A TEAM VAN. RIGHT BEHIND HIM YODA AND LUKE SKYWALKER ALSO ENTER THE SCENE)

PROFESSOR

Excuse me, is this the A Team van?

HANNIBAL (PUTTING ON AN IRISH ACCENT)

Well to be sure, it might be, but then again it might not. Who's askin'?

PROFESSOR

Nobody, I'm just a professor looking for *Waiting for Godot* by Samuel Beckett. I was told that it may be possible to reach the book I seek by means of this A Team van.

HANNIBAL (LIGHTING A CIGAR)

Nobody's ever asked us to find a book before. Usually we have to handle armed goons and rescue damsels in distress and oppressed townspeople. That kind of thing. A book finding service is new. Face, how much revenue can we take from this venture?

PROFESSOR

No no, I was told that if I say the secret password 'shut up fool', a secret entrance will open up in the A Team van and enable me to go into a cavern where there are many books.

HANNIBAL

So you don't want to hire the A Team?

PROFESSOR

No.

HANNIBAL

No armed goons are terrorising you, and you have no need to recourse to anti-establishment mercenaries who have fallen out of favour with the genocide industrial complex?

PROFESSOR

Not that I am aware of.

YODA

But I am aware of it. Yes, Hannibal Smith, myself and my comrade Luke Skywalker wish to hire your services. To save a young girl named Lady Gaga who has been kidnapped by the U.S. army, although not initially against her will, and will soon be sent to kill 0 to 80 year olds with high technology in order to help corporations and heavy industries grow larger and larger profits out of a river of human blood.

LUKE SKYWALKER

You never said that before. He's making it up. You're making it up.

HANNIBAL

You look a lot more like the comedians Bob Mortimer and Vic Reeves to me. You think that just because we're Californian we have no idea about arcane Northern English humour and the more subtle modern uses of the satirical form, but you're wrong.

YODA

No I'm not making it up.

LUKE SKYWALKER

I suppose you're going to pretend you used the force. But you told me only minutes ago that the force is a hoax.

YODA

I did not use the force, the girl's uncle Nigel sent me this photo and told me what had happened.

(YODA PASSES THE PHOTO OF LADY GAGA AROUND)

PROFESSOR

I've seen her. It's true, she was on her way to the American embassy to become an American and a soldier, when I met her.

HANNIBAL

I think he's serious, guys. This sounds like a job for the A Team.

(THEY GET INTO THE VAN, B.A. STARTS IT UP AND SOON IT IS TEARING OUT OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM ONTO THE STREETS OF LONDON).

PROFESSOR

Hang on! I just wanted to get my book, that's all.

HANNIBAL

Sorry, Professor, but there are no stops on this bus. We're heading straight for the war zone, to rescue a damsel in distress. From herself, mainly.

(POLICE SIRENS WHIR BEHIND THEM AND DECKER AND LYNCH AND NUMEROUS MILITARY POLICE OFFICERS PURSUE THEM HOTLY ALONG THE MAIN ROADS OF LONDON, AS THEY HEAD TOWARDS THE AIRPORT).

CUT TO...

INT. U.S. GOVERNMENT'S "WAR ROOM" IN WASHINGTON. PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK IS DOING A JUGGLING ACT TO ENTERTAIN EVERYONE WHILST DICK VAN DYKE TAP DANCES AND SINGS A SONG ABOUT A CHILD'S JOY ON THEIR FIRST DAY OF BEING A CHIMNEY SWEEP'S ASSISTANT. THEY ARE ALL WEARING HATS ADVERTISING CERTAIN PRODUCTS AND

SERVICES. THEN THEIR ADVERT BREAK ENDS AND THEY SIT BACK DOWN AND CARRY ON DISCUSSING THE SERIOUS MATTER OF GODOT AND THE END OF THE WORLD. AN AIDE HAS JUST FINISHED GIVING GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL SOME DOCUMENTS PERTAINING TO WILLARD'S PURSUIT OF GODOT.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK
General, is there news on Godot?

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL
Yes sir.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK
Well don't just sit there, tell us about it General.

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL
I would if I knew what it was, sir, but I've only just been given the documents. I'll have to read them first.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK
Isn't there some brief summary at the front? Haven't you read that yet?

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL
No sir, I'm an exceptionally slow reader. I prefer the sports channels to the written word. I can keep scores at a sports match very well, though. At the moment it's nil nil between us and Godot, but all it takes is one nuke and we can reach that all important one nil score and end the game right there.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK
Perhaps you could read the summary of the situation pertaining to Godot now? Your sports commentary on reality is interesting to me, but some here, who are not intellectually advanced enough to watch things like American football, baseball, soccer, tennis, and so on, cannot grasp these scientifically pertinent facts about the score being nil nil.

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL
Yes sir, it says that Willard is stranded in Afghanistan and we've had to send special forces in to help him get back on the road.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK
Does it say why he's in Afghanistan? Is that where he thinks Godot is?

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL
I'm not sure sir, all he says is that they arrived there by accident, when they were asleep. He seems to now think Godot is in Iraq because that's the direction he's heading in. Also one of his men has been possessed by Godot and gone mad and gone off screaming into the hills of Afghanistan.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK
Ladies and gentlemen, I think we can see the sheer terrorist power of Godot, who

can penetrate even the platoon sent out to kill him in total secrecy with nothing more than distant mind control.

MARY LAMBKEEPER

I have an idea Mr President. I'm not sure if trapping someone with demonic powers like those of Godot in a painting is going to be easy, or even possible. But maybe we can sing songs from The Sound of Music to him. He might like it. And then he'd change sides and help us spread the American flag, cheeseburgers, ever increasing obesity rates, cancers and intellectual decay to more and more societies across the world and maybe even into space one day, if we don't cause all the scientists to become far too stupid to get very far on that front.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

I love The Sound of Music. That's a great idea. Let's watch it. I'm bored of this whole Godot business anyway. We can worry about that after the film.

(USHERS COME IN, HANDING OUT POPCORN TO EVERYONE, AND GIANT PAPER CUPS FULL OF HIGH CALORIE FIZZY DRINKS. THE BIG BOARD CHANGES FROM AN IMAGE OF THE MAP OF THE WORLD WITH ALL THE BASES ETC MARKED ON IT TO A SHOWING OF THE SOUND OF MUSIC WITH JULIE ANDREWS, ETC)

CUT TO...

EXT. DESERT. MAN WITH GUN AND BALDRICK ARE WALKING ALONG, MAN WITH GUN LOOKING VERY DEPRESSED AND DEJECTED AS THEY HAVE NOT SEEN A CACTUS FOR HOURS.

MAN WITH GUN

You see, Baldrick, it began to occur to me, as I noticed that more and more of the world around us, of our lives, of the people everywhere, and the crazy famous people leading us to a nuclear holocaust, that we live in a world which contains lots and lots of massive discrepancies - lots of it just doesn't fit together with other lots of it. Do you see what I'm saying Baldrick?

BALDRICK

Are you saying that it's not just a conspiracy theory to believe that the entire world has been replaced by a giant turnip and the news channels are all in on it and pretending that we're still on the normal world when in reality the world is a turnip.

MAN WITH GUN

Not exactly Baldrick, although it's imaginative, I'll give you that. What I'm saying is that when I noticed that the world is full of completely stupid situations which really shouldn't exist, and lots of it is completely out of tune with other large segments of it, I began to suspect that the truth is we are all in fact in some sort of a dream - and this dream is the key to the meaning of life.

BALDRICK

So how come you think it's a cactus dreaming?

MAN WITH GUN

Simple, Baldrick. It has to (a) sleep a lot and (b) be a plant, in order to have a dream as crazy as this one. Most of the craziest living things are plants. Just watch "Little Shop of Horrors" and you'll realise it. There is no plant more isolated and prone to sleeping a lot than a cactus. So you see it must be a cactus which is dreaming all this.

BALDRICK

I don't know my lord, I still think you're a mad bastard with a very limited grasp of reality and that the villain in this situation is not the degree of wakefulness of a desert plant but the evil and demonic terrorist Godot who is plotting to take over the whole world and help the turnip king turn us all into mindless drones whose heads are full of garbage.

MAN WITH GUN

It would be far too easy to make a joke about the notion that Godot has already done this to you and thus you are what you are, Balders, so I'm just going to hit you, okay?

BALDRICK

Yes my lord.

(MAN WITH GUN HITS HIM. HE FALLS OVER).

CUT TO...

EXT. IRAQI DESERT. CAPTAIN WILLARD, SOLDIER ONE AND OTHER SOLDIER HAVE STOPPED TO TALK TO SOME AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO ARE GUARDING AN OIL WELL AND TO EAT BREAKFAST. THE SOLDIERS ARE: OIL GUARDIAN SOLDIER ONE AND OIL GUARDIAN SOLDIER TWO.

OIL GUARDIAN SOLDIER ONE

I love the smell of breakfast in the morning. It smells like cumin.

OIL GUARDIAN SOLDIER TWO

That's because there's cumin in it.

OIL GUARDIAN SOLDIER ONE

That explains it.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Look, thanks for the breakfast, but what I really need is directions to Fallujah.

OIL GUARDIAN SOLDIER TWO

Why do you want to go there? Ever since we flooded it with depleted uranium and white phosphorous that place has been like a zombie wasteland - it's one of the places ISIS sprang up from - why do you want to go to the heart of darkness itself? It's no place for a pragmatic U.S. soldier to be. Guard some oil or something. It's not such a hard job - if anything comes near, you just blow its head off, even if it's a two

year old girl.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

I'm on a very important mission for our government. The safety of the whole world depends on the success of my mission. So what I need to know from you is the fastest route to Fallujah from here.

OIL GUARDIAN SOLDIER ONE

Fastest? Try riding a missile or a drone. We send them everywhere well ahead of any human.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

I'd like very much to still be alive when I get there.

OIL GUARDIAN SOLDIER TWO

What for? Once you're there you'll be dead in two minutes. Why not spare yourself some pain.

(WILLARD AND HIS SOLDIERS BEGIN TO MOVE OFF, OIL GUARDIAN SOLDIER TWO CALLS OUT AS THEY GO)

OIL GUARDIAN SOLDIER TWO

What you want to do is follow the smell of corpses. That'll get you to Fallujah.

CAPTAIN WILLARD'S THOUGHTS

I knew that I was getting closer to Godot all the time. The nihilistic depravity of the soldiers around me was increasing exponentially with every step I took and I knew this meant that the influence of Godot was getting stronger and stronger with each passing mile.

(THEY SEE A GROUP OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS RAPING THE REANIMATED BODY OF MOTHER TERESA AND THEN SINGING A SONG ABOUT IT AND UPLOADING IT TO SOUND CLOUD).

CAPTAIN WILLARD'S THOUGHTS

For the average American and Western soldier, modern advancement meant being able to be more precise about whom you killed or being able to maximise the number of enemies or fellow soldiers you raped. In a way, Godot was a legitimate answer from the universe to all our failures, to the regression of humanity brought on by the slow and steady rise of militarism born in Europe so many centuries before, culminating finally in the nuclear armed slave-built nation of the 'United States'. The more I saw myself and my culture in the mirror, the more concerned I was that when I met Godot I wouldn't want to kill him but instead to shake his hand and buy him a beer or whatever drink he fancied. With a funny European name like that, perhaps he was more of a wine drinker? If there was a bar serving it, I felt increasingly inclined to buy it for him and disappear into anonymity. My masters were too busy chasing Godot to realistically add me to their death lists.

CUT TO...

EXT. AIR BASE BAGHDAD. LADY GAGA, IN MILITARY FATIGUES, ALONG WITH SEVERAL YOUNG AMERICANS KIDNAPPED, ESSENTIALLY, BY THE MILITARY TO USE AS CANON FODDER AND RAPE VICTIMS, DESCENDS FROM A MILITARY AIRCRAFT AND IS LED TO A JEEP, IN WHICH SHE AND HER FELLOW VICTIMS ARE DRIVEN TO A MILITARY POST WHERE THEY ARE TO MAN A CHECKPOINT. IN THE JEEP ARE: LADY GAGA, PRIVATE NAIVE, PRIVATE BROKE, PRIVATE GULLIBLE AND THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THEM, CAPTAIN UNLUCKY.

CAPTAIN UNLUCKY

Okay kids, welcome to your first day in the Middle East. The price of coming here without a tourist visa is that you may not be treated the way tourists are. What I suggest you do is just learn to duck a lot.

PRIVATE NAIVE

What about just killing people? Surely if we shoot them dead before they get near us that'll keep us safe?

CAPTAIN UNLUCKY

Not really. There are lots of them and not so many of us. Plus we're on their land, and we're here for entirely criminal reasons. They will fight us the way victims of armed robbers always do - cautiously but viciously. Your best bet is to just duck a lot and stay out of the way. We've been here for quite a long time and that has proved the safest option for any American soldier.

PRIVATE GULLIBLE

Surely that's just the cowardly talk of a communist sympathiser? I intend to go out and fight the coons and the sand niggers and the muzzies and all of them, the commies too. I shall fight to the death.

(PRIVATE GULLIBLE SEES A FOUR YEAR OLD GIRL APPROACHING THE CHECKPOINT AND PULLS OUT HER AUTOMATIC WEAPON AND SHOWERS THE LITTLE GIRL WITH AMERICAN BULLETS. THE GIRL LIES DYING IN A POOL OF HER OWN BLOOD.)

PRIVATE GULLIBLE

That's how you deal with commies, sir. You finish them off before they're old enough to become terrorists.

CAPTAIN UNLUCKY

I really wish you hadn't done that.

PRIVATE GULLIBLE

I knew it - you really are a commie pinko hippy traitor, aren't you?

CAPTAIN UNLUCKY

Well I may well be all those things, but that's not the main reason I wish you hadn't done that. I suggest we all run for cover RIGHT NOW.

(THEY ALL RUN AWAY EXCEPT PRIVATE GULLIBLE, STILL PROUDLY BRANDISHING HER AUTOMATIC WEAPON. BEHIND HER THE FATHER OF THE GIRL SHE HAS JUST MURDERED IS APPROACHING, AND HE'S VERY ANGRY. ENTIRELY UNARMED, USING ONLY HIS BARE HANDS, HE RIPS PRIVATE GULLIBLE'S HEAD OFF HER BODY AND THROWS IT SO FAR AND SO HARD IT LANDS IN ISRAEL. HE LOOKS AROUND TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY OTHER SOLDIERS TO KILL BUT SEEING NONE HE LEAVES AGAIN.)

CUT TO...

INT. BACK ROOM OF CHECKPOINT. CAPTAIN UNLUCKY IS HIDING UNDER A TABLE. THE PRIVATES ARE ALL HIDING WITH HIM. HE WHISPERS TO THEM.

CAPTAIN UNLUCKY

Okay, kids, let that be your first lesson in the etiquette of illegally invading someone's country in order to steal oil and destabilise the region. Don't be an ass-wipe. That's a really important one. It took the British centuries to discover that one, and there are many who argue they never really did learn it. As for us, well, we have a long way to go before the average human being isn't scared shitless of being 'liberated' by us.

PRIVATE NAIVE

Shouldn't we kill that guy or something? I mean he killed private gullible - in a most terrorist way.

CAPTAIN UNLUCKY

What's a 'terrorist way'? Is it the killing of a tiny little child purely to satisfy your sense of racial superiority and the blood lust the western media has inculcated within you? Or is it ripping the head off an armed maniac who just killed your four year old child in a fit of violent racist ignorance? I'm really not convinced that the majority of the human race is ever going to agree with you that that man is a terrorist.

PRIVATE BROKE

I'm not getting paid enough to take this sort of risk. I should have taken a job as a street cleaner - anything really. Until I got here I never realised what an insanely stupid thing it is to join the army.

CAPTAIN UNLUCKY

You and me both, kid. I suggest we do our best to stay alive for the rest of our tour and just go home again. At the end of this tour I will finally be able to leave the army. Once and for all. I think I may open a book store.

LADY GAGA

Excuse me, captain, but I believe I was very seriously misinformed about what's going on here. I know it sounds amazing, but it's just possible that the BBC, Guardian, Telegraph, Times as well as The Daily Mail, the Sun and the thing in the right hand corner of my facebook window, have for some reason either purposely or accidentally lied to me entirely about what's going on here. I feel I should go home and do something more morally sound with my life.

CAPTAIN UNLUCKY

Look, British kid, we all feel that way, but there's really nothing we can do about it. If we try and defy our masters, we will be thrown in jail, for a long time, and that will be very nearly as bad as being here, possibly worse, depending on what happens to you when you're inside. We're kind of caught between a rock and a hard place, but don't worry, as long as you're with me I promise you will engage in as little combat as possible and disrupt as few innocent lives as we can manage.

(SUDDENLY CAPTAIN UNLUCKY'S HEAD IS BLOWN OFF BY AN ASSAILANT WHO HAS ARRIVED BEHIND HIM, A MAN NAMED JIGABOO AL STEREOTYPE, A MEMBER OF THE SAUDI GOVERNMENT, THE CIA AND ISIS, WHO NEEDS TO DELIVER SOME PROPAGANDA VIDEOS).

JIGABOO AL STEREOTYPE

Greetings, fellow Americans. It is time for you to take part in the making of some news stories we need to use to frame some members of the present Iraqi government and allege that they are a band of violent rapists. Thus we are going to run a video camera and rape you and then kill you and then say we work for the present government of Iraq. It's pretty good work if you can get it. Do you know they pay me to do this to you!

(HE MOVES TOWARDS LADY GAGA TO DRAG HER OFF TO BE RAPED AND USED TO FRAME THE VERY PEOPLE TRYING TO PUT AN END TO THE VIOLENCE AND THE RAPE WHEN SUDDENLY HIS HEAD IS BLOWN OFF BY AN ASSAILANT FROM BEHIND, WHO HAPPENS TO BE CAPTAIN WILLARD, ACCOMPANIED BY SOLDIER ONE AND OTHER SOLDIER).

CAPTAIN WILLARD

What a tragic waste of life. You kids better get out of here. It's clearly not safe from absurd American military stratagems and devices.

LADY GAGA

But we don't have anywhere else to go. Can we come with you?

CAPTAIN WILLARD

You don't want to go where I'm going. I'm on the trail of the most dangerous man in the world, in history.

LADY GAGA

If everything we've been told is backwards and wrong, then the one who is allegedly the most dangerous man in the world must be the least dangerous.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Look, kid, I have enough problems without having to play child minder to some British know-it-all kid and her friends.

PRIVATE NAIVE

We're not friends, we're just fellow victims of the genocide industrial complex, easily led hyperconsumers who were conned by a lot of well-soundtracked films into believing that the ugly process of murdering other people was going to be fun,

glorious and easy.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

I don't care if you're the lord of the flies. I can't take you with me. Anyone who comes with me is already doomed. You're safer pretty much anywhere but with me, and it doesn't make a difference whether Godot is the good guy or not - whoever is the most dangerous, evil and violent man or woman around will also, without a doubt, be trying to get to wherever I am the same time I do. Anyone in my company is bound to die.

SOLDIER ONE

And I suspect I'm next. After all, I'm called 'soldier one' - and I'm still alive. My time must be running out.

OTHER SOLDIER

It seems to me that I'll die before you, after all I'm merely known as 'other soldier' and I am clearly far less important than you. Or at the very least slightly less.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Will you two meat heads just shut up? I really don't think you can work out which of you is going to die first based on your name in the screenplay. Anyway, you could die simultaneously. Did you think of that?

LADY GAGA

Please don't leave us here - if we come with you maybe we can meet someone who can help us get home? And why do you care whether we die here or in your company, if that is to be our fate?

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Okay kid, you can come along, but only because it'll shut you up, not because I want to help you.

(THEY ALL CLAMBER INTO A JEEP, WHICH IS DRIVEN BY SOLDIER ONE, AND RACE OFF INTO THE DESERT. AS THE SMOKE FROM THE JEEP'S EXHAUST PIPE CLEARS, MAN WITH GUN AND BALDRICK BECOME VISIBLE)

MAN WITH GUN

I've been thinking, Baldrick. Maybe we're going about this the wrong way. I mean there could be millions of cacti in this desert and just going around shooting them one at a time is very inefficient.

BALDRICK

I've been thinking too, my lord.

MAN WITH GUN

You're just saying that so that I can make a very basic and infantile joke about your intelligence, aren't you Baldrick? The last time you actually thought anything was in the 2nd century B.C.

BALDRICK

No my lord, I have grown somewhat insensitive to your superiority complex. The reason I said I've been thinking is because I have, about a particularly significant paradox, I feel, which lies at the heart of this strange and mysterious screenplay, film or cactus-dream about Godot.

MAN WITH GUN

Paradox? What paradox?

BALDRICK

I was just thinking that you've shot at least twenty cacti with that gun of yours, so far, and yet it never runs out of bullets. That is a very strange thing, my lord. Perhaps your gun is actually a manifestation of Mithril, the demi-god bastard child of the great Turnip King.

MAN WITH GUN

Or perhaps, Baldrick, it is because, as I said, this is just a dream, and therefore the gun will never run out of bullets.

BALDRICK

I suppose it's possible, my lord, but all things considered I think it's much more likely to be the work of King Turnip.

(MAN WITH GUN SHOOTS ANOTHER CACTUS. NOTHING HAPPENS. THEY WALK ON).

MAN WITH GUN

Maybe there's something in your idea, though Baldrick. I mean if this gun is the product of the cactus's mind, specifically designed to help me eliminate my target, surely all I have to do to be in possession of a much larger weapon, capable of killing many many cacti all at once, is embrace the will to have it. The cactus, whose mind is the creator and author of all we see around us, would be very glad to enable me to have, for example, if I wanted, a cruise missile, or maybe even a nuclear warhead.

(SUDDENLY SOME ISRAELIS WHO ARE TRANSPORTING A RELATIVELY SMALL NUCLEAR MISSILE, CAPABLE OF INSTANTLY WIPING OUT ALL THE CACTI, AND OTHER LIFE, FOR MANY MANY MANY MILES AROUND, STOP TO PICK A FIGHT WITH A PALESTINIAN CHILD AND ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE CHILD'S LOLLIPOP FROM IT. THE CHILD TAKES A GUN FROM ONE OF THE ISRAELIS AND KILLS THEM ALL, DESPERATE TO NOT LOSE THE ONE LOLLIPOP IT HAS HAD ACCESS TO IN THREE YEARS. THE CHILD WALKS AWAY AND MAN WITH GUN AND BALDRICK GO UP AND EXAMINE THE NUCLEAR MISSILE AND THE LAUNCHER BEING TRANSPORTED WITH IT).

MAN WITH GUN

You see Baldrick? Ask and you will receive. Seek and ye shall find. Knock and the door will be opened.

CUT TO...

INT. A TEAM VAN. HANNIBAL, BARACAS, PECK, MURDOCK, YODA, LUKE SKYWALKER AND THE PROFESSOR ARE LISTENING TO CAT STEVENS SONGS AS THEY RIDE ALONG THROUGH THE STREETS OF SYRIA, ON THEIR WAY TO IRAQ.

HANNIBAL

Guys I think this whole thing is much bigger than just the kidnapping of some naive English girl by the American military for the purpose of using the currency of violence to make real estate gains across the globe. I think the very reason this girl was dispatched to Iraq by the screen writer was to lure us into a scenario where we may have to take on all of the most dangerous forces in the world and save all tv viewing audiences from being vaporised by nukes.

PECK

Aw Hannibal, do we have to go chasing after teenagers and attempting to drag humanity back from the brink of nuclear holocaust?

HANNIBAL

You have something better to do which wouldn't be cut short by a planet-wide nuclear holocaust?

MURDOCK

We could always seek inner peace and become one with the universe in this final opportunity to find the essence of our nature within us, before the human race goes the same way as butter in a microwave oven.

YODA

That's all very well, Murdock, but what about poor Nigel and his family? I mean even if the entire world is vaporised, we cannot forget to prioritise the grief of one arbitrary English family above everyone else in the whole world.

LUKE SKYWALKER

Not just English. From anywhere in the anglosphere.

YODA

Exactly. We must continue this mission. Anyway, I've hired you now, and there'll be no bolshy union stuff or anything else. You've agreed to do the job and if you back out, I'll tell Decker where you are, because I'm Yoda, and the law enforcement agencies are my allies!

LUKE SKYWALKER

I thought the force was your ally.

YODA

Don't start that again.

LUKE SKYWALKER

Only if you let me play with my light saber.

YODA

Oh alright. (GIVES IKEA LIGHT SABER BACK TO LUKE SKYWALKER)

BARACAS

Hannibal, we're coming up to a checkpoint. I hope you have a plan.

HANNIBAL

B.A. nobody is going to want to let us into Iraq, so you're going to have to drive through that checkpoint.

BARACAS

But Hannibal, the front of my van will be heavily damaged. I know in the tv show it always smashed through any number of heavy or sharp objects without a scratch, but in real life if you drive a van through a checkpoint and smash through the barrier, you will really mess up your paintwork.

HANNIBAL

Come now, B.A., what's more important? Saving some kid from the U.S. army and possibly saving the world from nuclear holocaust, or the paintwork on your van?

BARACAS

Apart from the big income and fan base, this is a thankless job Hannibal. It's always me who has to sacrifice my paintwork.

(THEY SMASH THROUGH THE CHECKPOINT. THE VAN'S PAINTWORK IS HEAVILY SCRATCHED UP. A YOUNG AND BEMUSED AMERICAN SOLDIER WONDERS WHAT THE A TEAM IS DOING IN IRAQ, HAVING RECOGNISED THEM FROM THE DESIGN ON THE VAN, IMMEDIATELY.)

BEMUSED SOLDIER (TALKING INTO HIS WALKIE TALKIE OR WHATEVER)

Sir I have to report an access breach. The A Team has breached Iraq. I repeat. The A Team has breached Iraq.

REPLY ON WALKIE TALKIE

Roger Wilko, Victor Charlie Zulu Michael Caine, 10-4, nil nil, wabbit, wabbit, wabbit, over and out.

BEMUSED SOLDIER

Yes sir. Over and out.

OTHER BEMUSED SOLDIER

Did you say the A Team is in Iraq?

BEMUSED SOLDIER

Looks that way.

OTHER BEMUSED SOLDIER

That's it. It's going to go bananas now. I'm getting out. Aaaaargh!

(HE RUNS OFF SCREAMING, IN THE DIRECTION OF SYRIA, WHERE HE IS SUMMARILY BLOWN UP BY AN AMERICAN MISSILE WHICH HAPPENS TO BE

CONDUCTING A PRECISION STRIKE IN THE AREA)

CUT TO...

INT. U.S. GOVERNMENT'S "WAR ROOM" IN WASHINGTON. GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL IS GIVING AN OUTLINE OF A POSSIBLE ENDGAME SCENARIO INVOLVING THE USE OF NUCLEAR FORCE TO PURGE GODOT FROM PLANET EARTH.

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL

And so you see, ladies and gentlemen, inside the bunkers we can be sure to live a very long time and that we will, as humanity's finest and best, withstand the many difficulties involved, for example the basic entropy working to undermine us and contaminate us with radiation. If it were true that we are the lazy, the arrogant, the intellectually dishonest members of the human race then maybe there would be something in the suggestions that living in bunkers for decades is unlikely to work out well, but the fact is we are the enlightened ones, we live admirably well and we are very disciplined, we react rapidly and intelligently to any problem, the precarious project of remaining safe from nuclear holocaust in bunkers for decades or longer, without entropy or mismanagement undermining and destroying the situation is a project we are clearly fit to pull off. Otherwise it wouldn't be us suggesting that we nuke the rest of the planet - we would not be able to have such lofty thoughts.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

This Entropy fellow, are you saying that he works for Godot? Is he Godot's second in command?

MARY LAMBKEEPER

No I think you'll find Godot's second in command is Mohammed himself, the ancient muslim terrorist leader, as documented by the famous Dutch cartoonist and numerous others, like Rupert Murdoch. Entropy must be one of his guard dogs or perhaps his oldest son.

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL

The truth is far more sordid than any of those suggestions. The fact is, Mr President, Mrs Poppins, what I just said was put into my mouth by forces beyond my understanding or control. I believe Godot is trying to take control of my mind and is making me say things which help him prove to the audience what an absurd thing it is to believe that militarist principles like mine don't end in relatively swift self-annihilation, bunker or no bunker. You see? He's doing it again? Mr President, if I say one more commie pinko leftist propaganda line, please have me nuked. After all my years killing people for you, it's the least I deserve. You cannot let me become one of Godot's pawns. Please, Mr President.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

Calm down, General, maybe you just have a cold or an STD or something.

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL

Sir, I beg you to take this seriously. If I go around saying things which entirely

undermine the credibility among our many self-lobotomised tools and useful idiots of the use of extinction-causing weaponry in order to perpetuate an already entirely self-destructive lifestyle of hyperconsumerism and passive self-harm, it could make it harder for any future military psychopath to put the entire world at risk as easily as I can.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

Now General, if I could understand a sentence with that many difficult ideas in it I wouldn't be approving the death lists, I'd be on them, wouldn't I?

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL

That's true, Mr President, and that's why you don't seem to understand that Godot really does appear to be taking control of me, which is very dangerous for us all, for the whole notion of Americanism, of whiteness, in fact. If you won't do it, I will. I'm going to put myself into a nuclear missile and launch myself at something.

(HE GETS OUT OF HIS CHAIR AND RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM SCREAMING).

CUT TO...

INT. HELICOPTER CARRYING GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL OUT OF WASHINGTON TO AN AIR BASE FROM WHICH HE WILL CATCH A FLIGHT TO THE MIDDLE EAST. GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL IS ACCOMPANIED BY AN UNDERLING CALLED COLONEL DIEDIEDIEDIEDIE.

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL

I don't want to take any chances. Somehow Godot has got inside my mind and is starting to destroy my ability to lie to myself. Even when attempting to spew militarist propaganda I keep saying things which expose what my nihilistic approach to life really means for us all, even my own personal descendants. No matter what happens, you must attach me to a nuclear missile and fire it off.

COLONEL DIEDIEDIEDIEDIE

Yes sir, but what do you want me to fire the missile at?

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL

Godot, if possible. Otherwise, any suspected enemy will do. Just make sure you fire it. I don't want Godot using me to do his bidding. Someone with my power, in Godot's hands, could cause untold damage to our military plans. World peace, even. It makes you shudder.

COLONEL DIEDIEDIEDIEDIE

A world without wars is not one which would pay me very much money any more, I'll grant you that. Even after a nuclear holocaust killing billions, there will be rich people who can pay me to do really awful things. I'm definitely not going to let Godot rain on our parade, sir.

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL

Be careful, Colonel. Just being near me puts you in grave danger of also being infected with Godot's scientific and humanitarian ideas. If you suspect yourself of

being a terrorist, at any stage, whether I am dead or alive, I order you to find a nuke, attach yourself to it and have it fired at something. Do you give me your word that you'll do that if necessary?

COLONEL DIEDIEDIEDIEDIE
Without hesitation sir.

(GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILL IS RELIEVED. LEANS BACK AND LIGHTS A CIGAR).

CUT TO...

EXT. IRAQI DESERT. SOMEWHERE NEAR FALLUJAH. CAPTAIN WILLARD'S JEEP HAS STOPPED BY A TEA ROOM WITH OUTDOOR SEATING, WHERE LOTS OF ENGLISH PEOPLE ARE SITTING AROUND HAVING TEA AND SNACKS ON WOODEN PUB-GARDEN TYPE TABLES. WILLARD HAS ORDERED A ROUND OF TEA AND SCONES FOR ALL THE SOLDIERS NOW IN HIS CARE AND HAS BEEN GIVEN A NUMBER AND IS WAITING FOR THE WOMAN TO READ IT OUT SO HE CAN GO AND COLLECT THE TRAY OF TEA AND SCONES.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

I don't understand why in the middle of an Iraqi town, a desolate, war-torn one at that, with radiation levels so high you could microwave food by leaving it outdoors overnight, there are dozens of quaint English consumers sitting at wooden tables, drinking tea and hobnobbing casually. What the hell is going on here?

(MAN WITH GUN AND BALDRICK APPEAR AND SIT DOWN AT THE SAME TABLE)

MAN WITH GUN

Perhaps, Captain Willard, it's a dream you're having.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Who are you? How do you know my name? What do you mean a dream? The whole thing? Am I still back in Vietnam, decades ago, dead, killed by some weird test by the U.S. government of the use of hallucinogenic drugs to aid and abet combat procedures?

MAN WITH GUN

No, that's the plot of Jacob's ladder. I mean this scene with the English people having tea, and your order of scones, which is somewhat uncharacteristic of you, in terms of what we've seen of your personality so far in this screenplay.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Why do you call it a screenplay? You said it was a dream. What is it? Dream or screenplay?

MAN WITH GUN

It can be both, Captain Willard. It can be one and then the other, or the other and

then the one, or both at the same time, there are so many ways it can be anything it wants to be.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

What is 'it'? How does 'it' have this will to do what it wants? How can a dream or a screenplay choose to do and be what it wants? How can it want things? What are you saying?

MAN WITH GUN

I don't know Captain Willard, I really don't know. What about you? Do you know?

CAPTAIN WILLARD

You're crazy, you know that? And I'm a pretty open minded guy. But I know what crazy is, and whatever it is, you are definitely that thing.

MAN WITH GUN

Hang on a sec, captain.

(MAN WITH GUN STANDS UP, WALKS A FEW FEET TO WHERE THERE IS A CACTUS, HE SHOOTS IT, NOTHING HAPPENS. HE SITS BACK DOWN).

MAN WITH GUN

Sorry. Force of habit. Now I have a nuclear missile to use, I shouldn't waste my time blowing the bastards away one at a time. Good clean mass-production-style job is what's called for.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Nuclear missile? What nuclear missile.

CUT TO...

EXT. DESERT. THEY ARE BOTH STANDING NEXT TO MAN WITH GUN'S NUCLEAR MISSILE AND MISSILE LAUNCHER SET AS RECENTLY ACQUIRED FROM A GROUP OF ISRAELIS WHO DECIDED TO PICK ON ONE PALESTINIAN CHILD TOO MANY.

MAN WITH GUN

This one.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Oh, that one. Hang on, where are we? How did we get here?

MAN WITH GUN

We didn't. I told you, it's a dream. You're having a dream. You'll wake up asleep at the wheel of your jeep and crash into a shed full of doctors saving orphans from terminal wounds and kill them all.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

What? I have to wake up. Right now.

CUT TO...

EXT DESERT. CAPTAIN WILLARD'S JEEP HAS CRASHED INTO A SHED FULL OF DOCTORS SAVING ORPHANS FROM TERMINAL WOUNDS AND HAS KILLED EVERYONE INSIDE. SOLDIER ONE AND OTHER SOLDIER HAVE ALSO DIED IN THE CRASH. WILLARD HAS SURVIVED ALONG WITH LADY GAGA, PRIVATE NAIVE AND PRIVATE BROKE.

CAPTAIN WILLARD
What the hell happened?

LADY GAGA
You fell asleep at the wheel.

CAPTAIN WILLARD
Why didn't you wake me?

LADY GAGA
We were all asleep. We've been driving through the night to get to Fallujah. You said we could have tea and scones when we get there.

PRIVATE BROKE
I think he was joking, British kid. They don't sell scones in Iraq. It's not halal.

CAPTAIN WILLARD
Nonsense. Scones are plenty halal. We can stop for tea and scones if you like. But pay attention. Godot put that shed there. Godot put that accident there for me to walk into. Godot killed those soldiers. And Godot is after you guys too, or you wouldn't be in this screenplay. As long as you're here, you are in orbit of Godot and everything connected with him, whatever the hell that is.

CUT TO...

INT. A TEAM VAN. PHONE RINGS. HANNIBAL ANSWERS.

HANNIBAL
Hello? .. Who? .. Ah, yes. (GIVES LUKE SKYWALKER THE PHONE). It's for you. It's Han Solo.

CUT TO...

INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON. HAN SOLO IS SITTING IN HIS CAPTAIN'S SEAT, EATING A POT NOODLE WITH A PLASTIC FORK. PRINCESS LEIA, C3PO, R2D2 AND CHEWBACCA ARE PLAYING MONOPOLY.

HAN SOLO
Luke, my son. I hear you're on another jedi mission of yours.

(CUT BACK TO LUKE IN A TEAM VAN)

LUKE SKYWALKER

Yeah, well Yoda says it's not a jedi mission, but we are off to save a girl's life.

(CUT BACK TO HAN SOLO IN MILLENNIUM FALCON)

HAN SOLO

Is it that Penelope Pitstop again? Always getting herself in trouble. That Hooded Claw is a real fiend. Anyone in a hoody or robe is obviously evil. Or anyone hairy.

CHEWBACCA (ANGRILY)

Vwa vwa vwa vwa vwa vwa vwa.

HAN SOLO

What's that chewie? You think racial stereotyping in star wars borders on colonialist with wookies and ewoks and jawas depicting asians and africans in particularly infantile colonialist ways? Oh shut up. People don't go to the movies to think - they like to check their brain in at the door. It's just harmless fun. So what if a few billion people are taught to perceive non white people as strange hairy space alien animal-like beings who are good at being your co-pilot but whom the hot heroine refers to as a 'walking carpet'?

CHEWBACCA (ANGRILY)

Vwa vwa vwa vwa vwa vwa vwa.

HAN SOLO

Yeah, yeah, post it on your fucking blog. What do I care? Anyway shut up, I'm talking to Luke. Hey Luke, do you want my help? I mean how are you going to save Penelope Pitstop without a little assistance from your friend the badass?

(CUT BACK TO LUKE IN A TEAM VAN)

LUKE SKYWALKER

No we're not rescuing Penelope Pitstop - actually she made a deal with the Hooded Claw - they invested her inheritance in government bonds and corporate stocks and she works five days a week managing thousands of slaves and other underpaid workers. She and the Hooded Claw have found much in common and have patched things up. She's forgiven him for trying to repeatedly kill her.

(CUT BACK TO HAN SOLO IN MILLENNIUM FALCON)

HAN SOLO

What about the ant-hill mob?

(CUT BACK TO LUKE IN A TEAM VAN)

LUKE SKYWALKER

Penelope grassed them up. They're doing 20 years each at a high security prison in Texas. Anyway. We're in Iraq, saving a girl called Lady Gaga from the US army. You can come and help if you like.

HAN SOLO (full of glee)

Excellent. There's nothing I love more than the opportunity to say cheesy one liners just before I shoot someone. See ya later, kid.

(CUT BACK TO LUKE IN A TEAM VAN)

LUKE SKYWALKER

Han Solo's coming to help us out.

BARACAS

Is he bringing his racial stereotype of a sidekick with him?

LUKE SKYWALKER

Of course, B.A. Nobody would know he was a badass if he didn't hang around with racially stereotyped macho men like yourself.

BARACAS

Shut up, fool!

CUT TO...

INT. U.S. GOVERNMENT'S "WAR ROOM" IN WASHINGTON. SPECIAL CIA AGENTS HAVE BEEN GOING AROUND THE ROOM CHECKING TO SEE IF ANYONE ELSE HAS BEEN INFECTED BY GODOT. A FEW SLIGHTLY TANNED MEN, A WOMAN WITH A TATTOO AND THE ONLY NON WHITE PERSON IN THE ROOM ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY BY SPECIAL AGENTS FOR EXTRA INTERROGATION, JUST IN CASE. PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK CLEARS HIS THROAT AND ADDRESSES THOSE REMAINING.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

When dealing with an enemy as demonic and gifted with magic powers as Godot, we have to expect moments like this.

MARY LAMBKEEPER

What happened to the General? Is there any news?

(AN AIDE WHISPERS SOMETHING INTO PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK'S EAR)

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

It's okay, apparently he's gone off to nuke himself - having located Godot within himself it's the natural course of action, what else can you expect the General to do?

MARY LAMBKEEPER

Hadn't we better get into our bunkers?

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

No don't worry, he's going to nuke himself in some foreign country. He's a very

moral person.

DICK VAN DYKE

Chim chimminy, chim chimminy, chim chim cheroo.

MARY LAMBKEEPER

What my honourable friend is saying is that he feels that there could be retaliation and indeed fallout which reaches us in any event, particularly if he nukes someone's nukes, or their nuclear power plants.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

Oh I'm sure he'll be careful about where he blows himself up. Somewhere with a high population to soak up all the radiation and then the air will be clean for you and me.

MARY LAMBKEEPER

I was bottom of the class in science at school, but even so I'm pretty sure that what you're saying overlooks some basic health and safety issues relating to the exploding of nuclear bombs. Then again, you are the president. I'm sure you must be right.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

Of course I'm right. The votes of millions of Americans surely wouldn't go towards backing an intellectually retarded, self-congratulating, mindless reality tv star for whom the entirety of existence revolves around sex, money and television ratings. Surely? I mean I must be fit for the job if I'm doing it, right?

MARY LAMBKEEPER

I feel precisely the same way. As President and Prime Minister I believe we not only are 100% reliable and know everything but, because there's two of us who know everything, we also in fact know more than everything.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

That's some pretty sharp maths, lady. I'm very glad you cleared that up. You're right. We actually know more than everything there is to know. We know so much, between us, that even when we get things wrong, it's right anyway, because we're that good.

DICK VAN DYKE

Chim chimminy, chim chimminy, chim chim cheroo.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

What's he saying?

MARY LAMBKEEPER

He said 'the people have spoken'.

DICK VAN DYKE

Chim chimminy, chim chimminy, chim chim cheroo.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

Now what's he saying?

MARY LAMBKEEPER

He said 'surely it is not possible to imagine that the vast majority of the human race has degenerated into mindless and brutish states of existence, driven by the emotional and childish infrastructure of the realm of marketing and advertising of goods and services by private institutions - surely the human race has not become as regressed as the domestic animals it is at times hard to distinguish them from, living a kind of parade of gratification, comfort, pleasure and blindness to the eyes of any self-critical faculty they may have been born with a capacity to use'.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

What does that mean?

MARY LAMBKEEPER

I have no idea. I'm starting to worry about him.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

Get him a cold beer. That's the problem limeys usually have isn't it? The beer is warm.

(AN AIDE BRINGS DICK VAN DYKE A COLD BEER. HE DRINKS IT.)

DICK VAN DYKE

Chim chimminy, chim chimminy, chim chim cheroo.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

What's he saying now?

MARY LAMBKEEPER

He said 'let's go shopping. God bless the United States of America'.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

Amen to that!

CUT TO...

INT. A TEAM VAN.

PROFESSOR

Do you think we can stop at a library if we see one. I'd like to check if anyone has a copy of Waiting for Godot by Samuel Beckett. That is, after all, why I ended up in this van.

HANNIBAL

Professor, professor, I'm afraid that there are no more libraries in Iraq, the U.S. empire has destroyed them all - burning other people's books is pretty much the highest priority of the American military machine. The motto is 'if we can't read, why should they be allowed to?'.

PROFESSOR

All of the libraries in Iraq?

HANNIBAL

Yep. Bombed, burned out, destroyed. The American Empire likes to burn down libraries and build Macdonald's restaurants in their place. If you stop the kids getting an education they won't realise they're eating crap and will help fill the coffers of the United States' large corporations on their way to premature death by malnutrition of one sort or other.

PROFESSOR

This is terrible. The cradle of civilisation and learning is being wiped out by the least educated and least intelligent humans in the world who want in its place to create a global anti-civilisation where being ignorant is the highest ambition of the majority and real achievement or intelligence is shunned as evil.

HANNIBAL

Quite so. In fact Godot is the name the American Empire has assigned to the bogeyman they are scaring the world with - the make-believe terrorist they are using to justify their invasions worldwide.

MURDOCK

The terrifying thing is that they believe he's real. They are sincere in their belief that they are saving and civilising the world by destroying it and rendering it a wasteland - they have no idea that the latter is the only probable outcome of their actions.

PROFESSOR

So many educated, professional, comfortable people singularly failing to be anything but mindless slaves to money and to pack-like conformity.

PECK

To be fair, they were lured into their present state of worldwide ignorance by very powerful media networks who took the opportunity of their birth, somewhat understandably and predictably, to beguile them with sexual symbolism and to lead them on a merry dance into a lifetime of hyperconsumerism, held in place by total addiction to gratification. Sex has been turned from the source of the species to the source of its demise and extinction. Driven by marketing and sales people we have become a world of gluttons who do nothing but consume and keep the wheels of the status quo turning, a status quo which has brought us to the very brink of nuclear war and the slippery slope leading to the meltdown of the human race and to its probable extinction.

BARACAS

The absurd fantasy that we can escape into space or the fantasy that the 'few' can live inside bunkers and let the planet somehow decontaminate itself are both amazingly infantile and unscientific - as well as totally untested - there is no way we can escape our fate. We won't just be reduced as a species, we will slide down a slope to extinction very swiftly indeed on the back of a nuclear war.

PROFESSOR

It reminds me of the words of one of humanity's poets. He said: "Send not to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee. No man is an island."

CUT TO...

EXT. SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE FALLUJAH. MAN WITH GUN IS SITTING ON A DECK CHAIR NEXT TO HIS MISSILE LAUNCHER. BALDRICK IS SERVING HIM DRINKS AND SANDWICHES.

MAN WITH GUN

Indeed, the professor is right. No man is an island. I mean who the hell wants a palm tree sticking out of their head?

IAN HISLOP (ENTERS THE SCENE)

That's plagiarism!

MAN WITH GUN

No it's not. I'm played by Lenny Henry, who made that joke the first time. So it's just a repeat. Like this. (SHOOTS HISLOP WITH HIS GUN. A BUNCH OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS PUTS THE CORPSE IN A BODY BAG AND CARTS IT OFF)

BALDRICK

My lord, are we in the cactus's dream right now or in someone else's dream, or even in reality? I'm confused. I thought Ian Hislop had been shot dead in a previous scene. And I'm not sure how you managed to earwig the conversation in the A Team Van.

MAN WITH GUN

Perhaps, Baldrick, I am the infamous Godot, blessed with magic abilities which enable me to act like a god over this entire domain.

BALDRICK

I thought you said that we were in the dream of a cactus.

MAN WITH GUN

I did, Baldrick. What of it?

BALDRICK

Well if we're in the dream of a cactus, how can you also be Godot?

MAN WITH GUN

Well Baldrick, is there any reason you can think of which would prevent the cactus dreaming of Godot and casting me in the role of it, but obscuring it behind the character name 'man with gun'? Eh Baldrick? Is there any such reason?

BALDRICK

No my lord, there isn't.

MAN WITH GUN

What are you Baldrick?

BALDRICK

Thick as pig shit, my lord.

MAN WITH GUN

What kind of pig shit?

BALDRICK

Pig shit which has been thickened not only with industrial thickening agents but also with the majority of 'celebrities' from the British and American media, who are each, individually, ten thousand times thicker than the thickest pig shit in the universe even when that pig shit is thickened using the most powerful thickening agents on the market, even the black market.

MAN WITH GUN

That is correct Baldrick. Now go and get me some profiteroles and some earl grey tea. I want to be well fed before I nuke the cactus.

BALDRICK

Yes my lord, I'll just go to Waitrose. Back in a tick.

CUT TO...

INT. TEA SHOP IN FALLUJAH. CAPTAIN WILLARD, LADY GAGA, PRIVATE NAIVE AND PRIVATE BROKE ARE SIPPING TEA.

CAPTAIN WILLARD'S THOUGHTS

I was starting to worry that I was really having another dream and that Godot was lurking around the corner, taking control of my mind. Here we were, sipping tea and eating scones at a tea shop in Fallujah - if you'd asked me a few hours ago whether there were any tea shops in Fallujah I'd have laughed at you, but here we were, actually sipping tea. Even more disconcertingly, and contributing to my paranoia that I was once again somehow trapped in a dream world with Godot, a few members of the cast of Last of the Summer Wine were at the next table, drinking tea and planning an adventure which would involve Compo's riding a twenty foot high unicycle while shouting 'be seeing you' over and over again at the top of his voice.

LADY GAGA

This is great tea, captain. They sure make a fine brew in Fallujah.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Sadly it's all radioactive due to the high quantity of depleted uranium the U.S. army has swamped this area with.

LADY GAGA (ALARMED)

So we're going to die from drinking it?

CAPTAIN WILLARD

No, no, no. We're not going to die from drinking this. I'm sure our deaths will be far more spectacular and messed up. Assuming we do all die - which is something one might expect from the way this screenplay is going.

LADY GAGA (CONTINUING TO SIP HER TEA)

So there's some sort of 'author' behind it all?

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Yes, I believe so, although I have no hard facts. I was sent here to find and kill Godot, but I have never understood who sent me. It is increasingly looking to me like I was sent here by Godot, to be lured into Godot's own trap. I don't know why - what Godot has in store for us, but I am increasingly convinced that it is Godot who is entirely designing every moment of action and dialogue in this film.

LADY GAGA

Are you sure it is a film? I thought it was my real life. I had no idea that I was created entirely by some writer somewhere and that I have no mind of my own.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

You're in the United States army, British kid - surely that is a very strong indicator that you don't have a mind of your own. Or didn't, anyway, when you signed up.

LADY GAGA

Touché captain.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Look kid, enjoy your tea - gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Eat, drink and be merry - for tomorrow in all probability we will die. In fact it may not even be as late as tomorrow.

PRIVATE BROKE

I never drank tea as tasty as this in my whole life. Maybe it was worth it just for the pleasure of enjoying the luxuries usually reserved for the privileged.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

That's the spirit kid - absolute stubborn refusal to face the truth will see you through. People like you are the all-but-unbreakable backbone of the United States military machine.

PRIVATE NAIVE

Surely if we kill Godot then it'll all be fine and we'll all live happily ever after and perhaps buy some really really really big flags.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

That's the spirit kid - absolute stubborn refusal to face the truth will see you through. People like you are the all-but-unbreakable backbone of the United States military machine.

CUT TO...

INT. A TEAM VAN. HANNIBAL HAS JUST BEEN ON THE PHONE.

HANNIBAL

That was Amy. She has inside information - it seems that the girl Lady Gaga is currently on her way to Fallujah with a Captain Willard, the man President Quackquack has sent to find and kill Godot. Amy's going to join us as soon as we reach Fallujah. We may need her to seduce the American soldiers stopping us from saving Lady Gaga. It's cheesy and sexist and unimaginative about the roles of women in any strategic military situation, but it always gets us good audiences.

MURDOCK

I don't know, Hannibal. This film is much more aimed at the modern day anti-sexist left wing than our old show was. I don't think we'll have the kind of audiences who appreciate the presence of a young woman in revealing clothes using her sexuality to get her way. It's just not the kind of ethical approach to reality which breeds a world without sexism, amongst other things. I think we should ask her to send Sandy Toksvig instead.

HANNIBAL

We could get Sandy Toksvig to play Amy.

PECK

That could work, Hannibal, but make sure the costume department doesn't put her in some kind of sexy outfit. They may try to. Nobody's going to want to let us purge this show of the old trick of using sex to captivate audiences.

HANNIBAL

What should her costume be?

PECK

Get her to dress as Ronald Macdonald.

(HANNIBAL PICKS UP PHONE AND ASKS TO BE PUT THROUGH TO THE CASTING DEPARTMENT)

CUT TO...

INT. SKY SCRAPER IN NEW YORK. RONALD MACDONALD HIMSELF IS PACING AROUND HIS OFFICE LOOKING MEAN. HE IS WEARING A DARK SUIT AND DARK SUNGLASSES AND SMOKING A CIGAR. HE IS BALD AND HAS NO MAKE-UP ON HIS FACE. ON HIS DESK IS ONE OF THOSE WIDGETS SAYING 'RONALD MACDONALD'. THERE IS A KNOCK ON HIS DOOR.

RONALD MACDONALD

Enter!

(TWO OF HIS GOONS ENTER, DRAGGING A PRISONER IN BETWEEN THEM. THEY THROW THE PRISONER TO THE FLOOR. THE PRISONER IS EX-LABOUR LEADER MICHAEL FOOT).

MICHAEL FOOT

What do you want? Please let my family go. I'll do whatever you ask.

RONALD MACDONALD

Call off Corbyn. He actually backed Macdonald's strikers. He's a disgrace. Profiteering is not safe in a world with Corbyn in it. I want him removed from the Labour Party.

MICHAEL FOOT

Anything but that, sir. I haven't power over him. Corbyn is a free agent. He does what he pleases, albeit with tact and sometimes careful planning and strategy. What you ask is not possible. Please understand.

RONALD MACDONALD

Rubbish. If you can't talk to him, kill him. Here is a gun. (HE GIVES MICHAEL FOOT A GUN). Go and kill Corbyn with it and I'll spare your family.

(MICHAEL FOOT TAKES THE GUN AND SCURRIES OUT OF THE ROOM IN SEARCH OF JEREMY CORBYN). (KING TURNIP ENTERS RONALD'S OFFICE).

KING TURNIP

Well done Ronald. You're learning the ropes. One day I'll leave you all of this fake reality. It will be all yours.

CUT TO...

EXT. DESERT NEAR FALLUJAH. THE MILLENNIUM FALCON HAS LANDED AND HAN SOLO AND HIS CREW ARE TALKING TO THE A TEAM. TOGETHER THEY ARE PLANNING HOW TO GO IN, RESCUE LADY GAGA AND THEN MOUNT AN INSTANT OPERATION, INVOLVING JUST BLOWING SOMETHING UP, WHICH WILL PUT AN END TO ALL AMERICAN IMPERIALISM AND THE THREAT OF NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST.

HAN SOLO (TO LUKE SKYWALKER)

You rescue the girl, that's your bag. The A Team can help you do that. I'll fly down and shoot the bad guys. Like Darth Vader. Is he around?

YODA

Yes. I can sense his presence.

LUKE SKYWALKER

Aha! Using the force again! I caught you. So it really does exist.

YODA (EXASPERATED)

No, it's just that me and Darth go back a long way and I can recognise his really unique and disgusting farts anywhere. I'm very sure I smelled his farts near us as we pulled into this place. My guess is that he followed Han Solo here so he could have a duel with you and tell you he's your father.

(DARTH VADER APPEARS SUDDENLY)

DARTH

So, Yoda. You've brought your little twit bodyguard with you. Come on Luke. Let's see what your IKEA light saber can do against this. (HE PULLS OUT AUTOMATIC WEAPONS AND FIRES THEM INTO THE AIR). Come on! Let's see what you've got, son of skywalker.

LUKE SKYWALKER

Yoda said it's not real and can't hurt anyone. Could I use one of your guns instead? I mean otherwise it wouldn't be a fair fight.

DARTH

Look, kid. I'm the creation of American military-obsessed screenwriters whose idea of fairness is naming their weapons after you after they've wiped you out - take the Apache helicopter - do you imagine Apache indians would be pleased about how their name is used?

(DARTH IS ABOUT TO KILL LUKE SKYWALKER WITH HIS FIREARMS WHEN SUDDENLY THE MILLENNIUM FALCON'S GUN BLOWS HIM UP. CHEWBACCA HAVING BEEN INSIDE POLISHING THE CONTROL PANEL DUE TO BEING STEREOTYPED AS SOMEONE WITH FEW ADVANCED SKILLS, HAD NOTICED THE SITUATION AND ACTED IN TIME).

HAN SOLO

Nice work, Chewie. Now get back to polishing. You have a talent for menial work.

HANNIBAL

Okay Han, I like your plan. We get the girl and you kill all the bad guys. Now that Darth has been dealt with, you'll need to focus on General Killkillkillkillkill.

HAN SOLO

Who the hell is he?

HANNIBAL

He's the former head of the U.S. army - who recently went mad and is heading this way with a nuke to blow this place and himself up. He believes Godot has possessed his mind.

YODA

How did you know that? Surely you didn't use the force.

HANNIBAL

No, Yoda, I had a call from a man with a gun - he told me about General Killkillkillkillkill.

YODA

Could the man with the gun be Godot?

HANNIBAL

Surely none of us here seriously believes Godot exists? It's all just CIA

propaganda.

YODA

Maybe. But what if Godot really does exist. Surely that would be the ultimate failure of CIA strategy and propaganda - and given the way this screenplay is going, surely it's at least a possibility. Scientists like Feynman, Hawking, Chomsky, Newton, Brahe, and all like them - would surely support the theory that we need to be open to this possibility. There may well be a Godot. What was the guy on the phone like? Did he say anything about Samuel Beckett?

HANNIBAL

The only person to mention Samuel Beckett to me was the professor here. Isn't that right professor? (HE PULLS OUT HIS GUN AND POINTS IT AT THE PROFESSOR)
Or should I say Godot?

PROFESSOR

I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just a professor.

HANNIBAL

Just to be safe, I'm going to get Face to tie you up, professor. Face. Tie him up.

(PECK TIES UP THE PROFESSOR)

PROFESSOR

This is not necessary - surely any of you can see that I'm feeble compared to you - any one of you could take me out in a matter of seconds, with your bare hands.

HANNIBAL

If you're Godot, you're far more dangerous than you seem.

PROFESSOR

If I were Godot, and if Godot were as demonic and all powerful as most people who believe in him seem to think he is, then tying Godot up wouldn't stop him, would it? The whole thing is absurd.

BARACAS

He has a point Hannibal. If he is Godot, tying him up is a waste of time. He'll use mind control. You've seen that guy Hannibal Lecter - he'll do that kind of thing to us - he'll eat our brains and make the dogs obey him and stop the wild boars eating him alive - all with the power of his mind. He said he's a professor - I think we should be very careful.

MURDOCK

You guys are crazy. This professor isn't Godot. Even if there is a Godot, this guy ain't him. Godot would be solitary - it goes without saying - solitary but with a sidekick as a device to enable conversation and an exploration of Godot's thoughts. The professor is with us, a whole team - he can't be Godot. Any more than Captain Willard can - who may constantly lose his allies and troops to the war, but who is never solitary. Or almost never.

HANNIBAL

Murdock's right. Untie him, Face.

(PECK UNTIES THE PROFESSOR)

PROFESSOR

I'm much obliged.

CUT TO...

EXT. SKIES ABOVE IRAQ. GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL IS SITTING ASTRIDE A NUCLEAR-ARMED MISSILE IN THE PART OF A PLANE WHERE THE BOMB IS HOUSED. COLONEL DIEDIEDIEDIEDIE IS IN CHARGE OF THE PLANE. THE PILOT AND BOMBARDIER ARE UNDER HIS CONTROL. IN THE DISTANCE THEY CAN SEE FALLUJAH.

COLONEL DIEDIEDIEDIEDIE (OVER THE INTERCOM, TO THE GENERAL)

Sir, we have Fallujah in our sights.

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL

Jesus was the Delbert Wilkins of Jerusalem.

COLONEL DIEDIEDIEDIEDIE

Sounds like Godot's really tightening his grip on your mind, sir. Don't worry, we'll blast you into oblivion very soon. As soon as we spot a minaret it'll be ground zero time for you.

GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL

Consumerism is the final outpost of decadence.

COLONEL DIEDIEDIEDIEDIE

Hang in there, sir. (THEN, TO THE PILOT:) can't you fly this thing any faster? The poor man's in pain.

(PILOT MAKES THE PLANE GO FASTER)

CUT TO...

EXT. FALLUJAH. A TEAM VAN PULLS UP AT A TRUCK STOP WHERE AMY IS WAITING FOR THEM. SHE GETS ON BOARD AND THEY CARRY ON. MEANWHILE THE MILLENNIUM FALCON IS FLYING OVERHEAD, LOOKING OUT FOR GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL'S PLANE. THE A TEAM SWERVES INTO THE CAR PARK OUTSIDE THE TEA ROOM WHERE CAPTAIN WILLARD AND HIS TROOPS ARE STILL SIPPING THEIR EARL GREY.

AMY

I don't understand why I have been sent to Iraq in a Ronald Macdonald costume. If I weren't so ludicrously underrated and naturally underpaid to boot, I would never subject myself to these risks.

HANNIBAL

You're not supposed to play yourself, Sandy, you're supposed to play Amy.

AMY

But I've never watched the A Team, I have no idea what's in it. You had me shipped over here at extremely short notice. Can someone explain the plot to me and a bit of the background of the characters? I am well versed in the ways of Stanislavski. Just give me something to work with.

MURDOCK

Madam, I suggest we dispense with these culturally barren gun-worshippers and get a helicopter out of here to somewhere far away where we can put on our own private showing of Ionesco's Rhinoceros.

AMY

Well that's not your orthodox chat up line, but I find myself curiously drawn to your daring wit. What the hell? Who wants to hang around an irradiated war zone? If you've got the helicopter, I've got the time.

MURDOCK (TO HANNIBAL)

Colonel, now that I've demonstrated the difference between Face's sleazy manipulation of women and the act of a true gentleman, I would like permission to retire from duty. You don't need to fly anything if you have Han Solo around. And Luke Skywalker.

HANNIBAL

That's so, Murdock. I shall miss you for the remaining few minutes before the apocalypse gets us all, but your intentions are noble. Your request to retire is hereby granted. If the world doesn't get wiped out, come back and see us. Maybe we'll start a book finding business. I'm starting to like the idea. We can all read Ionesco's Rhinoceros together one day.

(MURDOCK AND SANDY TOKSVIG GET OUT OF THE VAN, IMMEDIATELY STEAL A HELICOPTER FROM A VERY GULLIBLE MAN WHO HAPPENS TO BE STANDING AROUND WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO JUST STEAL IT, HAVING LEFT THE KEY IN THE IGNITION. THE HAPPY COUPLE FLY OFF TO ARUBA TO SPEND THE REST OF THEIR LIVES THERE ENJOYING TEQUILAS AND THE PERFORMANCE OF EXISTENTIALIST THEATRICAL COMEDY. THE REST OF THE A TEAM GETS OUT OF THE VAN AND GOES INTO THE TEA SHOP)

HANNIBAL (TO WILLARD)

Okay slime ball, let the girl go.

LADY GAGA

Um - no. If you're here to rescue me, he already did it. He's the good guy.

HANNIBAL

Oh. Sorry. Well do you want a ride home?

LADY GAGA

Actually yes. (TO CAPTAIN WILLARD:) You don't mind do you captain?

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Of course not. That's one less corpse on my conscience. Get the hell out of here, British kid.

HANNIBAL

So the A Team's running a taxi service now. I never thought we'd be reduced to this.

PECK

But it pays well Hannibal. Yoda's credit is excellent, after all. He's 100s of years old.

HANNIBAL

He's Bob Mortimer in a robe, Face. He's the same age as me, practically.

PECK

Isn't Bob Mortimer rich?

HANNIBAL

I suppose so. You've got a point. Well done.

(THEY LEAVE THE TEA SHOP TOGETHER, BUT SUDDENLY DECKER'S MEN ARRIVE AND LAUGH AT THEM AND MAKE THEM DROP THEIR WEAPONS. THEN THEY LOCK THE A TEAM AND LADY GAGA IN A SHED WITH A TRACTOR IN IT AND WITH LOTS OF THINGS LIKE FERTILISER AND PIPES AND ASSORTED FLAMMABLE-LOOKING LIQUIDS, AND A MASSIVE TOOL KIT, AND FULLY WIRED ELECTRIC SOCKETS FOR PLUGGING THE POWER TOOLS IN, AND A SMALL MANUAL ON MANUFACTURING WEAPONS IN JUST A FEW MINUTES)

CUT TO...

INT. U.S. GOVERNMENT'S "WAR ROOM" IN WASHINGTON. PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK HAS HAD THE BIG MAP OF THE WORLD TAKEN DOWN AND PLACED ON THE FLOOR AND HAS TURNED IT INTO A CRAZY GOLF COURSE AND IS PLAYING A GAME TO DECIDE WHICH COUNTRIES TO NUKE FIRST IN THE EVENT THAT ANYONE AT ALL FIRES A NUKE AT HIM. AN AIDE COMES IN AND WHISPERS SOMETHING IN HIS HEAR.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

It seems that North Korea has conducted a surprise attack while we were hunting Godot - and has taken over the United States - we are entirely surrounded by North Korea's forces and they have completely disarmed the entire military on this continent. We only have one option. We can sneak out of the back door of this place and fly to Iraq - it's the last place they'll look for us. We have so many American troops there and the poor are even poorer than they are here, so it's ideal. Is everyone happy with this?

DICK VAN DYKE

Chim chimminy chim chimminy chim chim cheroo.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

What did he say?

MARY LAMBKEEPER

He said "A propos, et la Cantatrice chauve?".

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

What does that mean?

MARY LAMBKEEPER

I don't know. I think it's some sort of gourmet duck recipe.

(THE WORLD LEADERS AND THEIR COHORTS PILE INTO A MINIBUS AT THE BACK ENTRANCE TO THE WAR ROOM AND DRIVE THROUGH WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE LANDSCAPE OF SHEPHERD'S BUSH UNTIL THEY REACH AN EXIT ROAD LEADING TO FALLUJAH)

CUT TO...

INT. TEA-SHOP IN FALLUJAH. CAPTAIN WILLARD AND HIS LAST TWO TROOPS (PRIVATE NAIVE AND PRIVATE BROKE) CONTINUE DRINKING THEIR TEA SLOWLY, HOPING TO AVOID THE END OF THE FILM AND THEREBY POSSIBLY SURVIVE, SOMEHOW.

CAPTAIN WILLARD'S THOUGHTS

It was starting to bother me that in this film my personal narrative was embedded in an otherwise omniscient narrator's narrative - it didn't really fit. It was like that one joke in Hot Shots part 2 repeated over and over and over again. Maybe it wasn't even funny. Who knew? More importantly it made it more and more obvious that I really wasn't in control of even the space in reality which I inhabited - everything was being designed, someone else was designing it. The British kid had joined the tally of my underlings who had been consigned to some awful outcome - having gone off with a group of faded celebrities whose roles had been spawned by some of the least realistic and most populist depictions of violence ever to appear on western television - which is a hell of an achievement - I didn't give her a very high chance of survival. The A Team was being set up by the author for a final fall and Lady Gaga had gotten herself caught up in it. She should never have coveted anything as tasteless as a pringle. Perhaps the red bull had gone to her head.

PRIVATE NAIVE

Sir we have a message from HQ - there's a contingent of a hundred thousand fleeing American troops heading this way. Apparently the US has been invaded by Korea and the Americans are all running away - the president and the British prime minister have apparently escaped and are heading this way with a hundred thousand troops going ahead of them to clear the way.

CAPTAIN WILLARD

It's Godot, I knew it - it's him - he planned this all along.

PRIVATE NAIVE

Sir?

CAPTAIN WILLARD

He sent us here to distract us from the invasion - Korea was his plan. He's everywhere. And now he's in Washington. He's taken it while our backs were turned. I can't believe I was so stupid. It was him who put together the spoof version of Apocalypse now and fused it with all these other cheesy eighties shows and films. And it was by merging it with Doctor Strangelove that he managed to pull off the Korea invasion feat. There's only one way forwards.

PRIVATE BROKE

Welfare?

CAPTAIN WILLARD

We're going in for the kill. He has the A Team captured, he has taken the United States, he has sent a crazed nuclear armed American yahoo in our general direction, and General Killkillkillkillkill too, and somewhere in this that man with the gun has us at his mercy. He must be either Godot or Godot's kingmaker - he must be the maker of Godot - he must be the author. And he's around here somewhere, I know it. We find him and kill him. He's the one.

PRIVATE NAIVE

So I'm confused now. Godot's definitely bad, then?

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Have you been keeping up kid? Almost everyone I've been with this week is now dead, the United States has been captured by Korea, a crazy soldier is about to drop a nuclear bomb on this very spot and all of this, every part of it, is by the design of Godot and/or his apparent master the man with the gun. Does that answer your question?

PRIVATE NAIVE

So bad, then?

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Very bad.

TOM WAITS (APPEARING ON THE SCENE)

But the same kind of bad as me.

(AMERICAN SOLDIERS TURN UP, SHOOT HIM, AND TAKE HIM OFF TO WHEREVER THEY DISPOSED OF IAN HISLOP)

CUT TO...

EXT. SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE FALLUJAH. MAN WITH GUN IS SITTING ON A DECK CHAIR NEXT TO HIS MISSILE LAUNCHER. BALDRICK HAS BROUGHT HIM TEA AND PROFITEROLES.

MAN WITH GUN

Somewhere in Fallujah, Baldrick, is the cactus I need to kill. So when I've finished my tea and profiteroles I want you to aim this missile at Fallujah and blow the place away.

BALDRICK

My lord, I take it that one as articulate as you is aware of the issues pertaining to radiation which are at the forefront of my mind when you speak of creating a nuclear explosion a few miles away from us. I mean we'll obviously die. No doubt in a fairly horrific way. But all of this is meaningless to you isn't it? You believe we're all in the mind of a cactus when really we're in a fake world created by King Turnip and sadly the nuclear bomb is very real even if the whole of the rest of the world around us is an elaborate ruse conjured up by an alien which abducted Elon Musk and helped King Turnip take our planet over after travelling many light centuries.

MAN WITH GUN

I don't think you're qualified to fire that nuke, Baldrick, so I'm going to let you go. You're fired. (HE SHOOTS BALDRICK. THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS TURN UP AND CART HIM OFF TO WHEREVER THEY'VE TAKEN HISLOP AND TOM WAITS).

MAN WITH GUN

Come on, this is getting a bit repetitive. I see we're indulging in the sort of slapstick effect favoured by Allo Allo - then again there were without a doubt elements of it in the Monty Python shows, and even in the films, so maybe it's not so sincerely slapstick. It's the grotesque nature of it which combines with the repetition to do something doubly amusing. Low brow slapstick humour is just people slipping on banana skins and me hitting or killing Baldrick, whereas the thing with the soldiers is definitely bordering on the Monty Python.

(MAN WITH GUN PICKS UP MOBILE PHONE AND DIALS. IT RINGS. SOMEONE ANSWERS)

SOMEONE

Hello, wage slaves R us. How can I help you?

MAN WITH GUN

I'd like to hire a temp.

SOMEONE

I see, sir. Do you already have an account with us?

MAN WITH GUN

Yes, the name is Beckett. Samuel Beckett.

SOMEONE

Yes Mr Beckett, I have your file here. Apparently you recently hired a Baldrick from us and before that you hired a Kato, a Manuel, a Bernard and an Elwood Blues.

MAN WITH GUN

That's right, and now I'd like to hire a Tony Blair.

SOMEONE

A Tony Blair? We don't have a lot of them. Not many people want one.

MAN WITH GUN

Well it's a very special job only a Tony Blair could be insane enough to do.

SOMEONE

I see, sir. What job is that?

MAN WITH GUN

Well, basically end existence as we know it by firing a nuclear missile at a cactus in the middle of Iraq.

SOMEONE

Ah yes, sir. Of course. Tony will be delighted. I'll have him Fedexed to you in the next ten minutes.

MAN WITH GUN

Thank you.

CUT TO...

INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON. CHEWBACCA IS WRITING SOCIAL COMMENTARY ON A BLOG, PRINCESS LEIA IS WATCHING FRIENDS AND EATING FONDU AND FRUIT WHICH IS SERVED TO HER BY THE R2D2, HAN SOLO IS WATCHING PEOPLE SLIPPING ON BANANA SKINS ON HIS TV SET IN THE COCKPIT AT THE FRONT OF THE SHIP. C3PO IS WATCHING FOR SIGNS OF GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL

C3PO

Sir, sir, I think it's him. On the screen - over there, coming very fast towards us. I can read the words 'do you want fries with that?' on the front of the missile.

HAN SOLO

Well, is it him or isn't it?

C3PO

It's probably him.

HAN SOLO (ANGRILY)

Never tell me the odds.

C3PO

Okay, it's him it's him, go and deal with him.

HAN SOLO

Come on Chewie, I need you to grunt a bit and laugh when I blow someone up and occasionally press an important button. Or the hairy people's union will be all over me.

(THEY START FLYING TOWARDS GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL'S PLANE, THEIR GUNS ARMED AND READY TO GO)

CUT TO...

INT. SHED. A TEAM. THE A TEAM HAS BUILT ITS ARMED VEHICLE AND IS ABOUT TO RAM THROUGH THE DOOR AND GO OUT AND DEAL WITH THE BADDIES AND DECKER AND DRIVE BACK TO L.A. VIA STENCHFORD, BUT SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK RUNS IN - AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE, MOSTLY RUNNING, NONE OF THEM WITH ANY IDEA OF WHERE THEY'RE GOING.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

The A Team! I can't believe I found you. This is great. I'm on the run, now, like you guys. Just looking for a place to hide from Kim Jong Un.

HANNIBAL

Are you saying you need to hire us?

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

No, I'm saying I need to hide in this shed with you, if you don't mind. Do you think they'll look here?

HANNIBAL

With due respect, sir, there's a crazy general of yours heading this way with a nuke. We're all going to die if we stay here.

PECK

Actually Hannibal, I think we're all going to die anyway - can you see this ending any other way? And we're pretty near the final pages of the screenplay now. Our demise must be very imminent indeed. I think that plane has our name written all over it.

DICK VAN DYKE

Chim chimminy chim chimminy chim chim cheroo.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

What did he say?

MARY LAMBKEEPER

Actually he said 'all hail Karl Marx - let us flood the corporations with our selves, our communities and take back from them what is ours, that is the right to determine our own lives to not be ruled over by corporate power and its many nefarious methods of constricting, containing and controlling all that we do and even think'.

PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK

Oh my God! Godot has followed us all the way here - this is his work - he has possessed Dick Van Dyke. What are we going to do?

(MARY LAMBKEEPER SHOOTS DICK VAN DYKE. THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS CART HIM OFF TO WHEREVER THEY TOOK ALL THE OTHERS)

(CAPTAIN WILLARD BURSTS IN.)

CAPTAIN WILLARD

Okay which of you is Godot?

(HE FIRES HIS GUN INTO THE AIR. SUDDENLY A SOLDIER IN AMONG THE 100,000 WHO HAVE FLED WITH THE PRESIDENT AND MANY OTHER 100S OF 1000S FLEEING AMERICA AND EUROPE AND HEADING IN THE DIRECTION OF IRAQ, SCREAMS).

SCREAMING SOLDIER

Oh my god! It's me! I'm Godot! I knew it all along! It's me!!

(HE RUNS OUT OF THE SHED SCREAMING AND HEADS FOR A MINE FIELD, WHERE HE IS BLOWN UP. SUDDENLY DOZENS, THEN HUNDREDS, THEN THOUSANDS, THEN ALL OF THEM START SCREAMING. AND RUNNING AROUND, JUMPING OFF BUILDINGS AND INTO RIVERS AND SEAS, ALL OVER IRAQ, ALL OF THEM SCREAMING: "OH MY GOD. I AM GODOT!". MARY LAMBKEEPER FIRES A ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE AT HERSELF, SCREAMING "I TOO AM GODOT". PRESIDENT QUACKQUACK STARTS PUNCHING HIMSELF IN THE FACE AND SCREAMING "I AM GODOT. NO WAIT, I'M TYLER DURDEN. NO NO, DEFINITELY GODOT." FINALLY HE KNOCKS HIMSELF UNCONSCIOUS AND LAYS FLAT ON THE GROUND.)

CUT TO...

INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON. HAN SOLO HAS GENERAL KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL'S NUCLEAR ARMED PLANE IN SIGHT AND HAS LOCKED ONTO THE TARGET. HE PRESSES THE FIRE BUTTON AND TAKES A DEEP DRAMATIC BREATH. THE NUCLEAR ARMED PLANE EXPLODES, THE NUCLEAR BOMB EXPLODES, A MUSHROOM CLOUD ENVELOPS THE AREA, EVERYONE IS KILLED IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY AND SERIOUS DESTRUCTION AND DEATH SPREADS OUT FROM IT - CONTAMINATING THE ENTIRE WORLD EXCEPT ARUBA WHICH HAS BEEN CONTAINED IN A SPECIAL BUBBLE WHICH PROTECTS IT FROM RADIATION. SANDY TOKSVIG AND MURDOCK ARE HAVING COCKTAILS.

MURDOCK

There it goes.

SANDY TOKSVIG

Are we going to die?

MURDOCK

No, because you see I am not really Murdock.

SANDY TOKSVIG

I know. you're Dwight Schultz or something aren't you?

MURDOCK

No, I'm not even him. I am in fact the real Dr Who. I invented that series as a cover to conceal my real use of my time machine, which I use to rip off gambling cartels across the length and breadth of time and space. I engineered the whole ruse, including Godot, as a way to set up this date. Just a bit of intergalactic match making.

SANDY TOKSVIG

So Godot's definitely not real?

MURDOCK

Nope. Completely fictional. All my idea. And now everyone is dead or on their way to extinction, and we have Aruba to ourselves and can fly out of here in my time machine whenever we want.

SANDY TOKSVIG

How very surreal.

CUT TO...

EXT. DESERT. SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE FALLUJAH. TONY BLAIR LIES DEAD WITH A NUCLEAR MISSILE RAMMED UP HIS ARSE AFTER MAN WITH GUN BECAME ANNOYED WITH HIS SLEAZY AND DECEITFUL WAYS, FOUR SECONDS INTO KNOWING HIM.

MAN WITH GUN (TO HIMSELF, OR US, OR THE CACTUS? WHO KNOWS).

No, you see I really was Godot all along. And now I'm going to end this stupid film.

(SHOOTS CACTUS DEAD. FILM ENDS. "THE END" APPEARS ON MIDDLE OF SCREEN. END MUSIC: WHITE RABBIT, BY JEFFERSON AIRPLANE.)