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FIRE SAFETY

Hwæt Yuletiders! Before we begin, please listen to the following safety announcement:

In the unlikely event of a second Cotton Fire, please exit by the door at the left of the stage or the back of the studio. Please be aware that the nearest exit may be behind you.

Please do not use the lift to evacuate. We are in the Middle Ages and I don't think it's been invented yet.

The assembly point is by the cycle racks at the front of the history building. We hope you enjoy the show.

MR UNRÆD

SINGER 1:

Coming out of your ships
And you've been doing just fine
Gotta gotta be Cnut
Because you want it all
It started out with a raid
How did it end up like this
It was only a raid, it was only a raid

SINGER 2:

Now I'm losing a fleet
Eadric's switching to Cnut
While he's killing an earl
And he's swinging an axe
Now they're going to raid
And my archbishop is dead
And it's all in my land

ALL:

But they're killing my best
Now, is this just God's test
Now, making me go
I just can't stay, they're killing me
And taking control

Payments, turning ships back to the sea
Killed by lots of enemies
Choking on my own lifeblood
But it's just the price I pay
Danegeld now is calling me
Open up my tax coffers
Cause I'm Mr. Unræd
(Repeat x1)

IF ASNAC CHARACTERS MADE GOOD CHOICES I

Kjartan and Bolli fighting.

KJARTAN: [*yelling*] Bolli! Stop! I would rather die than keep fighting with you!

BOLLI: [*also yelling*] Kjartan! You're right! Me too! [They both throw their swords away and hug]

AN ADVENTURE IN TIME AND SPACE

Lecture scene. The Doctor is sitting at the back listening with excitement, but nobody seems to have noticed.

LECTURER: and we would know more about the influence that the reign of Alfred had on Wales if Asser's life of King Alfred hasn't been burned in 1731 . Sadly, we'll never know for 'tis lost. So, to conclude, we have no evidence whatsoever and yet academics have been arguing about it for decades.

Everyone gets up and leaves.

C1: For goodness sake why has all the evidence in ASNaC been destroyed? This entire degree is just a list of things we'll never know.

C2: You should try Brittonic history

C2: If only we could go back in time and have a sneaky peak

THE DOCTOR: I can go back in time.

C1 glances at THE DOCTOR then turns back to C2.

THE DOCTOR: No, seriously. I can go back in time.

C2: Who are you?

THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor

Extends hand. C2 tentatively shakes it. THE DOCTOR grabs it and drags them off stage. C2 yelps and C1 runs after yelling.

Doctor Who theme.

SCENE CHANGE. There is a table with many manuscripts in the centre of the stage.

THE DOCTOR, C1 and C2 run on stage.

THE DOCTOR: Oh brilliant! Here we are then. Sir Cotton and all his books. Only Sir Cotton is already dead. Rule number one: don't wander off. Ooh, shiny!

C1: This is amazing! Think of all the manuscripts we could see!

C2: Amazing?? We've just been dragged back in time by a nutter!

C1: We could see the pre-singed Beowulf!

C2: But I'm hungry!

C1: But Beowulf!

C2: You find Beowulf with your lunatic friend, I'm getting food.

C2 storms offstage. C1 quickly becomes distracted looking at manuscripts with THE DOCTOR.

C1: Sir Gawain and the Green Knight! Ooh and here's the Battle of Maldon!

Considers the Battle of Maldon.

C1: Wow, that ends so differently from what I expected.

THE DOCTOR: I HAVE FOUND THE MOST MASSIVE BIBLE-

SERVANT enters, recklessly brandishing a candelabra.

SERVANT: Who goes there??

C1 and THE DOCTOR: Aaaagh!

THE DOCTOR: PUT DOWN THE CANDELABRA!

SERVANT: Who are you? What are you doing in Ashburnham house?

SERVANT brandishes the candelabra in each of their faces, dangerously close to the manuscripts. C1 and THE DOCTOR shield the manuscripts.

C1: You seriously called this place ASH-BURN-ham house?? You people are asking for it...

SERVANT: Intruders! I'll wake the Master-!

THE DOCTOR: NO!

SERVANT pauses, the candelabra now held upside down over a pile of manuscripts. THE DOCTOR and C1 have frozen. Slowly, THE DOCTOR reaches into a coat pocket and shows the SERVANT psychic paper.

SERVANT peers, leaning over the manuscripts.

THE DOCTOR: I'm from the... fire inspection... department.

SERVANT: Ah. My apologies, sir.

THE DOCTOR: Quite alright my good gentlemen. Just... put the candelabra down.

SERVANT goes the put the candelabra down, waving it carelessly over the manuscripts for a moment, then places it down. Everyone breathes a sigh of relief.

The sounds of a crackling fire begin. THE DOCTOR and C1 look about, confused.

C1: What's that?

C2 runs onstage.

C2: Guys there's a minor problem in the kitchen.

C1: What did you do??

C2: I didn't think the stove was hot enough to heat my cuppa soup, it's supposed to be microwaved!

SERVANT: Quick! Let's pour water all over these fragile and culturally significant manuscripts!

Everyone else: NO! *(but it's too late, SERVANT has gone)*

C2: Quick! Someone throw Beowulf out the window!

Chaos ensues. Everyone is throwing books around. SERVANT sprints across the stage with a massive book under one arm.

SERVANT: DON'T WORRY! I HAVE THE CODEX ALEXANDRINUS!

Chaos continues.

THE DOCTOR: *(backs away further)* I tell them, every single time. Rule number one: don't run off.

THE DOCTOR leaves. Chaos continues until blackout.

BEOWULF: THE MUSICAL

WULFGAR: (*bursts into hall*) YEET! YEET! A yeet! A yeet is here to see you my lord!

HROTHGAR: A...yeet?

DANE (*offstage*): Geat!

HROTHGAR: Ah yes a geat. Whoever could he be?

Music starts, Beowulf swaggers on stage.

BEOWULF

Okay, okay, I see what's happening here
You're face-to-face with greatness and it's strange
You don't even know how you feel, it's adorable
Well, it's nice to see that you Danes never change
Open your eyes, let's begin
Yes, it's really me, it's Wulfie, breathe it in
I know it's a lot: the hair, the bod
When you're staring my great big sword

What can I say except "you're welcome"?
For Grendel, his arm, his mum,
Hey, it's okay, it's okay, you're welcome
I'm just an ordinary Geatish bum!

Who did king Hrothgar choose as his ally
When you were trying not to cry? This guy!
When the nights got cold, who saved you all from Grendel down below?
You're looking at him, yo!
Oh, I fought his mum inside the hoard, you're welcome
Her poisoned blood melted my sword
Also I brought you his head, you're welcome
To make sure he was really dead

So, what can I say except "you're welcome"?
For the Hall that I saved from Grendel

There's no need to pray, it's okay, you're welcome
I guess it's just my way of being swell
You're welcome, you're welcome

Well, come to think of it
Kid, honestly, I can go on and on
I'm responsible for all that you come upon
Your lands, treasure, your Hall,
Oh, that was Wulfie just having a ball
I won a sword, I've got loads of cash
I'm gonna be king once I make my way back
What's the lesson? What is the takeaway?
Don't mess with Wulfie when he's on the breakaway
And they'll write me a great long epic
Just make sure it fits my aesthetic
Look where I've been, I make everything happen
Heaney or Tolkien it's Wulfie just tippity tapping
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hey

Well anyway, let me say "you're welcome"
For the wonderful world you know
Hey, it's okay, it's okay, you're welcome
Well, come to think of it, I gotta go
Hey, it's your day to say "you're welcome"
'Cause I'm gonna need to run
I'm getting away, away, you're welcome
'Cause that dragon's coming out to have some fun
You're welcome, you're welcome

And thank you!
Aaah!!

DRAGON runs across the stage chasing BEOWULF, none of the DANES seem to notice.

POINTLESS

SEXWULF standing around, the CONTESTANTS standing in their pairs, and ISIDORE behind a desk, ideally wearing a mitre and false beard. Start off with the Pointless show tune.

SEXWULF: Hwæt, people! It's me, bishop Sexwulf, so welcome to Pointless, the game where the biggest winners are the lowest scorers – so it's looking good for you, Wales! Let's meet today's players:

ALFRED/FLASHEART: Afternoon all. I'm Alfred, you must have heard of me, you can call me great. I'm from Wessex, and this good Christian fellow over here is Guthrum –

GUTHRUM (*scandalised*): — Alfred! —

ALFRED (*laughs, uncomfortably close to Guthrum*): Sorry, love, Æthelstan, Æthelstan.

GILDAS: Hi, I'm Gildas, I'm from the one true British nation, and, standing in for the priests and kings of that one true British nation, this here stinking cesspit snake is Maglocunus.

VIKING 1: Goðan daginn, I'm Viking 1, and this, bokki sæll, is my soulmate, Viking 2.

SEXWULF: Lovely to meet you all. So, that leaves just one more person for me to introduce, here he is, the source of all knowledge, all the way from sixth-century Iberia, it's Isidore of Seville!

ISIDORE (*in outrageous Spanish accent*): Good afternoon to you all.

SEXWULF: Before we begin, let's tell you all what you're playing for! Now it's been three centuries since anyone last won pointless, so adding last week's prize to the total gives a jackpot of... 47 gold pieces, one lovely shiny mail-coat, a small chest of silver, and one very attractive looking cow.

And now, let's play Pointless!

Pointless theme plays.

SEXWULF (*cont.*): Our first topic is Anglo-Saxon History.

ALFRED (*loud whisper*): yes!

Does the fist movement you do when you're happy.

SEXWULF: Here we go, name an Anglo-Saxon king. Alfred, you first.

ALFRED: Obviously I am far too obvious a choice. WOOF (*pelvic thrust*) I'll go for a safe answer – Æthelred Unræd.

SEXWULF: Ooh, 3 people knew that one, that's a high score, it should be pretty easy to beat that one – Gildas...

GILDAS: I would just like to point out that none of these men should be described as kings. They are vile dictators from the Saxon horde (*abruptly stops sermonising*) — Edward the Confessor

SEXWULF: Ooh that's better, but still not great – 1 point. Viking... (*looks at sheet*) Viking 1, go ahead.

VIKING 1 (*no hesitation*): Knútr the Great.

SEXWULF: I'm afraid, Knútr is actually a Dane, not a Saxon (*Vikings threaten him with swords*), but that's fine. Pointless answer, well done!

ISIDORE: Actually, in that round, you've managed to get all of the obvious answers. Every other Saxon king was a pointless answer.

ALFRED (*interjecting, outraged*): WHAT?

SEXWULF: I'm sure you guys will do better this round... (*he is not sure*) Onto our next question. Can you give the Old English name for an animal? Maglocunus?

MAGLOCUNUS (*looks confused & afraid*): ummmm, lobster?

SEXWULF: Oooh, I'm afraid that's incorrect... The correct Old English term was lopystre. That was a pretty high scoring answer anyway, turns out 50 people knew that!

ISIDORE: Yes, the lobster was a very important animal for the Anglo-Saxons, it's very rare to find a text which doesn't mention one.

GILDAS (*tirades of abuse*): You tyrannical snake, you disgusting piece of gum on my shoe etc. *Improv.*

SEXWULF: Alfred and Guthrum, any improvements?

GUTHRUM: ÆTHELSTAN!!! (*considers*) I'll choose 'olfend'. There's no way such a remote, exotic animal could've been popularised.

Everyone stares significantly out into the audience.

SEXWULF: Vikings, your chances of winning are looking pretty high.

VIKING 2: You're kidding right? I'm a Viking, I don't speak pitiful Old English – this whole thing is rigged, rigged!

Both Vikings stab all the other contestants. Isidore remains unflapped. Sexwulf speaks over the screams.

SEXWULF: The next category for any survivors is 12th century Irish scribes. Who am I kidding... nobody knows anything about the Celts! And who even needs to know any of this stuff anyway!

I'm going home.

Abruptly packs up his stuff and carries it off stage.

ONCE UPON A DREAM

ÓENGUS:

I know you, you came to me once upon a dream
I know you, that drum in your hand has so familiar a gleam
And I know it's true that sovereignty gods aren't all they seem

But if I know you, I know what you'll do
You'll turn into a swan, the way you did once upon a dream

MAXEN WLEDIG:

I know you, you came to me once upon a dream
I know you, your father's kingdom has so enticing a gleam
And I know it's true that sovereignty gods aren't all they seem

But if I know you, I know what you'll do
You'll built Roman forts, the way you did once upon a dream

Interlude.

BOTH, in unison:

I know you, you came to me once upon a dream
I know you, I'll die without your sweet face's familiar gleam
And I know it's true that sovereignty gods aren't all they seem

But if I know you, I know what you'll do
Strike me sick at a glance, the way you did once upon a dream

VITAE SERPENS

CADWY: What shall we do today, Arthur?

ARTHUR: A huge an terrible serpent has been ravaging the twelve parts of the land of Carrum, Cadwy. I say we go forth and kill it!

They go forth, swords held high. In another part of the stage, ST. CARANNOG is feeding his pet snake, SERPENS TERRIBILIS.

ST. CARANNOG: Who's a good snake? Who's a good Serpens Terribilis?

SERPENS: Hsss.

ST. CARANNOG: You're a good Serpens Terribilis! Have you seen my altar anywhere, Serpens? You haven't, have you, good little snake....

SERPENS (*smiling*): Hsss.

ARTHUR and CADWY approach; ST. CARANNOG looks around furtively and drops a blanket over SERPENS.

ST. CARANNOG (*to SERPENS*): Shhh. (*Turns to greet ARTHUR AND CADWY*) A blessing upon you, my sons.

ARTHUR: Thank you, father.

ST. CARANNOG: My son, have you seen my altar? I threw it in the Severn last week and can't seem to find it.

ARTHUR: I'm not sure; what does it look like?

ST. CARANNOG (*whistfully*): Oh, it is of a colour, which no one can fathom.

CADWY: Of course. That altar. We've seen it. It's—

ARTHUR (*cutting him off*): Shhh. (*to ST. CARANNOG*) Of course. That altar. We've definitely seen it. And if I shall have a reward, I shall tell thee.

ST. CARANNOG: What reward dost thou ask?

ARTHUR: That if thou art a servant of God, though shoudst bring forth the serpent, which is near to thee, that we may see it.

SERPENS: Hsss.

ST. CARANNOG looks nervous and steps in front of SERPENS

ST. CARANNOG: Let me pray upon it.

Exit ARTHUR and CADWY; ST. CARANNOG uncovers SERPENS and places his stole around its neck, and leads it to Carrun. The two enter Cadwy's hall and are greeted by the populace.

CADWY: Greetings! What is this marvel, that so great a serpent should come forth with a great noise like a calf running to its mother, should bend its head before a servant of God like a slave obeying his lord with humble heart and sidelong glance, should be led meekly like a lamb, and yet its neck is like the neck of a bull of seven years, which the stole can scarcely go round!

SERPENS: Hsss.

VILLAGER: Can I pet it?

SERPENS (*sweetly*): Hsss.

ST. CARANNOG *feeds the SNAKE a mouse.*

ARTHUR (*rushing in, brandishing his sword on high*): The serpent! I shall kill it!

ST. CARANNOG (*thwacks ARTHUR with his cross; ARTHUR falls down*): You shall NOT. For it has come at the word of God to destroy the sinners who were in Carrun.

SERPENS *makes a burping noise and looks bashful.*

ST. PATRICK *rushes in, brandishing his crozier on high.*

ST. PATRICK: A serpent! I shall banish it!

ST. CARANNOG (*thwacks ST. PATRICK with his cross*): You shall NOT. For it has been sent to show the power of God—wait, Patrick, what are you doing here, isn't the snake thing apocryphal?

ST. PATRICK (*pauses*): Good question. I think it is.

All eyes turn to GERALD OF WALES, who is skulking across the stage.

GERALD: I don't know why you're looking at me....

ST. CARANNOG: Come, Serpens! Let us depart. There are sinners in need of destruction.

SERPENS (*licks lips hopefully*): Hsss.

ST. CARANNOG *bumps into a table on the way out.*

ST. CARANNOG: What a lovely table you have here, Arthur. (*Lifts table cloth*) God gracious! My altar! You've found it!

ARTHUR *gets up, rubbing head where ST. CARANNOG struck him. Looks guilty.*

ARTHUR (*making excuses*): I beseech you, your holiness, accept Carrun! And take the twelve parts of the land where the altar was found to build your church! Accept them forever by written deed!

SERPENS (*coiling around ARTHUR to give him a hug*): Hsss!

VILLAGERS *applaud. GERALD OF WALES continues to sneak off stage.*

POPULAR

ASSER (*spoken*): Alfred, now that you've dragged me out of the barbaric wilds of Wales into a questionable conglomeration of war-torn Anglo-Saxon states, I've decided to make you my new project.

ALFRED (*spoken*): You really don't have to do that.

ASSER (*spoken*): I know. That's what makes me so...pious (*giggles*)

(*sung*) Whenever I see someone

Less literate than I

And let's face it - who isn't

Less literate than I?

My pious heart

Tends to start to bleed

And when someone needs biographies

I research hagiographies

I know, I know exactly what they need

And even in your case

Though it's the only case I've yet to face

Don't worry - I'm determined to succeed

Pair up with Bede!

And yes, indeed

You will be

Fred the Great!

You're gonna be Alfred the Great!

I'll teach you the proper poise when you talk to boys

Little ways to win "support", ooh!

We'll get you some ASNAC boots

We'll be in cahoots

Everything that'll really make you be

Fred the Great!

I'll help you be Alfred the Great!

I'll put that you smote the Danes

In the right domains

Say it's you that won the fight

So let's start

'Cause we've got an awfully big book to write...

Don't be offended by my frank analysis
Think of it as genealogy dialysis
Now that I've chosen to become a pal, and help you,
Act as an adviser
There's nobody wiser
Not when it comes to history -
I know about Alfred the Great!
And with an assist from me
To be who you'll be
Instead of useless who you were—well are...
There's nothing that can stop you from
Writing in Vernacular - lar?

La la, la la

We're gonna make you
Fred the Great!

When I see depressing creatures
With unprepossessing features
I remind them on their own behalf
To think of
Celebrated warrior leaders or
The guys out there with loads of charters
Did they have brains or knowledge?
Don't make me laugh!

He was popular! Please -
You're gonna be Alfred the Great
It's not about aptitude
It's the way you're viewed
It's the way of history!
Very very popular
Like me!

(spoken) To my lord Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, the worshipful and pious ruler of all Christians in the island of Britain, Asser, least of all the servants of God, wisheth thousandfold prosperity for both lives, according to the desires of his heart. Why, sir Alfred, you sound remarkable.

ALFRED (*spoken*): I...I have to go

ASSER (*spoken*): You're welcome

(*sung*) And though you protest

Your omnipotence

I know clandestinely

You're gonna be remembered

You'll go down well in history - Ah!

La la la la

You'll Fred the Great

Just not quite as great

As me!

Gangleri walks on-stage, nervously looking around him at his new environment. He holds a tourist guidebook and a map. A group of three yobbish-looking youths – High, Just-as-high and Third – swagger past him, talking and smoking very fake-looking cigarettes.

Gangleri spots the group and runs up to them.

GANGLERI: Excuse me! Pardon me!

The youths stop. They give each other bewildered looks.

GANGLERI: Terribly sorry to bother you. My name is Gangleri, I've only just arrived in Iceland, that ship brought me over. Could any of you gentlemen please point me in the direction of the chief?

Affronted pause.

HIGH *(in a terrible Cockney accent)*: Yer wot?

GANGLERI: I- I- I was wondering if you chaps could point me towards the- the chief?

Gangleri hopelessly mimes a crown on his head.

Just-as-high and Third look questioningly at High. After a beat, High jerks his head. Just-as-high and Third go off some distance together, muttering. High drops his cigarette.

HIGH: You ain't from da land-of-the-sky-of-the-eel, int you?

GANGLERI: No, I'm from- sorry what did say?

HIGH: The land-of-the-sky-of-the-eel. Iceland, innit?

GANGLERI: Oh. Um. No, I came in a ship from Norway.

HIGH: Alright, well, Mister Gang-Larry-

GANGLERI: Gangleri.

HIGH: Let me give yer some advice, if you go round 'ere speakin' yer fancy-shmance Norwegian yer gonna end up in a right snowstorm-of-the-flying-fists, yer get me?

GANGLERI: A snowstorm of the what?

HIGH: Yeah. So maybe try an' blend in a bit more.

GANGLERI: Um, okay. How do I do that?

HIGH: Well, next time, don't go gabbin' about no "gentle men" *(exaggerated posh voice)*. 'Sa battle-bush, innit?

GANGLERI *(bewildered)*: Why?

HIGH: Well, like men right, yer look at a man, an' a man... ee's a tree.

GANGLERI: A tree?

HIGH: Roight, zactly. An' a bush is sort ov a scrubby tree, like. An' coz men we like to fight an' all that, call a bush a battle-bush an' there's yer man.

GANGLERI: Oh! I think I get it.

HIGH: Don't be talkin' bout comin' off no "ships" neither. A ship's not a ship, it's a...

GANGLERI: A... a... boat?

HIGH: No! Fink deeper. You ride on a ship like you ride on a-

GANGLERI: A- a- a horse!

HIGH: What kinda horse?

GANGLERI: A horse of the sea.

HIGH: Yeah, but sea's not a sea, innit?

GANGLERI: A horse of the... land of the... whale?

HIGH: Zactly.

GANGLERI: This Icelandic slang is difficult to wrap your head around.

HIGH: It's not 'slang', it's the mead of Suttung, or Kvasir's blood, or Oðinn's gift an' all dat.

GANGLERI: Why in Midgard do you call it those names?

HIGH: Long story, I'll tell you anovver time. Better stick with the simple ones, yeah?

GANGLERI: I will, thank you so much-

Gangleri goes to leave. High stops him.

HIGH: 'old yer 'orses, you says yer going to the gov'nor, yeah?

GANGLERI: Yeah. Yes. The chief, yes.

HIGH: Mm, well, the gov's a bit temperamental, like. You gotta have sommit special for 'im.

GANGLERI: Oh, you mean... give him a really good title?

HIGH: Yeah. An' if yer won't some dosh off 'im you best put dat in 'swell. So you go to the gov, and you call 'im...?

High gestures encouragement as Gangleri continues.

GANGLERI: The ring-breaking oak of the hail of the flame of the feast of the corpse-gryphon?

HIGH: Would you Adam an' Eve it, ee's got it!

GANGLERI: Who are Adam and Eve?

HIGH: No idea. You'd best be off up to 'is mead hall, it's the one with all the golden shields on da roof an' lit up by all dem swords an' dat.

GANGLERI: Do you mean that mead hall?

Gangleri points.

HIGH: Yeah, dat's the one.

GANGLERI: But... what is all that you said about shields and glowing swords? It looks like just a regular mead hall from here.

HIGH: You mean yer can't see the glowing swords?

GANGLERI: No, I don't think they exist.

HIGH: Huh.

A beat. High shrugs.

HIGH: Guess I'm just high.

SERMO LUPI TO THE MILLENNIALS

WULFSTAN: Dear men, know that this is the truth – this world is in haste, and it approaches its end, and it is ever worse and worse. We are beset on all sides by darkness, shadows, and wanton heathenism, and surely the time of the Anti-Christ is nigh. The time of the Millennium is upon us, brothers and sisters, and there is need that bold men and women rise to meet the coming threats. And yet, my dear brethren – and know that this is truth – the people have gone astray and we have raised a generation not of men, but of snowflakes.

With such a generation, what hope do we have of facing the many and manifold threats to our nation? In other lands, they raise armies and navies against the enemy, but all too greatly and often our coffers have run dry, from selfish and reckless spending: on avocados and frappuccinos, hummus and Starbucks, quinoa; near and far they fritter away their wealth. And do they care for the needs of their nation? Shamefully they do not – rather their lusts are consumed by Nandos and Caffè Neros, sushi and chai tea – it is quickest to say that they care only for themselves and their fleshly appetites, all too much and greatly.

This wanton generation despises not only their country, but even their own language! They use vain and empty words all too much and often: like and lol; basic bitches and peng tings – but these peng tings are far from art! These youths, easily awed by this world's vain glitter, deem things iconic which are mere graven images and empty idols. Even worse, they know this, invoking even heathen gods as they praise things as “low key”.

They do not understand the realities of the world, like their elders, but, being as children, they know only memes and “moods”, doggos and doges, boops and borks, hecks and GIFs - let him understand this nonsense who is able to!

They live not in the world, but in their phones – they care for nothing but selfies and emojis, Whatsapp and Snapchat, these screens become as hellish portals, drawing them astray with kittens and “good boys” – and yet they are chained to the filth of the world. And therein they wallow, corrupting their minds and souls with Tumblr and Bumble, Tindr and Grinder, sext pics and Netflix, with which they chill and earn the fires of hell – let he who sees the dangers understand!

And what, dear brothers and sisters, is the remedy? It is all too simple and easy. We must put our trust in God, and lay aside the vanities of this generation – let us lay aside the temptations of avocado toast and minibreaks, let us buy property, let us be satisfied in our casual employment, for only then will God cease to be wroth with the snowflake generation, and will turn aside his burning ire, that our race is not melting beneath his gaze.

May God help us all. Amen.

SMALL MONK: My lord Wulfstan, Archbishop! Your vestments for the Grammys tonight.

Holds up a ridiculous wolf onesie.

WULFSTAN: You have got to be kidding me...

WHAT IF ASNAC CHARACTERS MADE GOOD LIFE CHOICES II

MESSENGER: Queen Medb, we've counted your property and your husband has one more bull than you.

QUEEN MEDB (*takes a deep breath*): OK. That's fine. It's just a bull.

NARRATOR: The end.

WHAT IF ASNAC CHARACTERS MADE GOOD LIFE CHOICES III

VIKING: Byrhtnoth, let the Vikings cross the river!

BYRHTNOTH: What? No!

VIKING: ...Don't you have any ofermode?

BYRHTNOTH: What is that?

Vikings shuffle awkwardly away.

UPTOWN MONK

WULFSTAN: And now, for the performance that we've been waiting for all night. This group rose to rapid fame two years ago when their hit single 'Nuns Just Wanna Have Fun' took home the Lindisfarne Grammy Award for best ecclesiastical ensemble performance. Since then, in addition to their monastic duties, they have extensively toured Northumbria and abroad, from Iona to Monkwearmouth, and have released a full album titled 'Gaysta Ecclesiae'.

So please now welcome to the stage Aldhelm's Sisters, with the world premiere of their new single: Uptown Monk!

NUN 1

This hit, that ice cold
Dunstan and Aethelwald
This one for them hood girls
Them habit girls straight masterpieces
Stylin', whilen', livin' it up like Pope Gregory
Got prayers on with Saint Laurent
Gotta kiss myself, I'm so pretty

ALL

I'm too hot (hot damn)
Call the abbot and the layman
I'm too hot (hot damn)
Make a dragon wanna retire man
I'm too hot (hot damn)
Say my name you know who I am
I'm too hot (hot damn)
Am I bad 'bout that
Liturgy

Sisters hit your hallelujah (whoa)
Sisters hit your hallelujah (whoa)
Sisters hit your hallelujah (whoa)
'Cause uptown monk gon' give it to you
'Cause uptown monk gon' give it to you
'Cause uptown monk gon' give it to you
Saturday night and we in the crypt

Don't believe me just watch (come on)

Don't believe me you just watch (ooh!)

Don't believe me you just watch (ooh!)

Don't believe me you just watch (ooh!)

Don't believe me you just watch

Don't believe me you just watch

Hey, hey, hey, oh

NUN 2

Stop, wait a minute

Fill my cup, put some blood of Christ in it

Take a sip, where's the bread?

Abbess, get the Psalter

Ride to Glasto, Lindisfarne,

Jarrow, Londonium

If we show up, we gon' show out

Smoother than a fresh dried vellum

ALL

I'm too hot (hot damn)

Call the abbot and the layman

I'm too hot (hot damn)

Make a dragon wanna retire man

I'm too hot (hot damn)

Say my name you know who I am

I'm too hot (hot damn)

Am I bad 'bout that

Liturgy

Sisters hit your hallelujah (who)

Sisters hit your hallelujah (who)

Sisters hit your hallelujah (who)

'Cause uptown monk gon' give it to you

'Cause uptown monk gon' give it to you

'Cause uptown monk gon' give it to you

Saturday night and we in the crypt

Don't believe me just watch (come on)

Don't believe me you just watch (ooh!)
Don't believe me you just watch (ooh!)
Don't believe me you just watch (ooh!)
Don't believe me you just watch
Don't believe me you just watch
Hey, hey, hey, oh

NUN 3

Before we leave
Lemmi tell y'all a lil' something
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up uh
I said uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up

Come on, dance, jump on it
If you pious then flaunt it
If you prayin' then own it
Don't brag about it, come show me

Come on, dance
Jump on it
If you pious then flaunt it
Well it's Saturday night and we in the crypt
Don't believe me just watch come on!

ALL

Don't believe me you just watch (ooh!)
Don't believe me you just watch (ooh!)
Don't believe me you just watch (ooh!)
Don't believe me you just watch
Don't believe me you just watch
Hey, hey, hey, oh

Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up (say what?)
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up (say what?)
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up (say what?)
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up
Uptown monk you up (say what?)
Uptown monk you up

FIDCHELL TOURNAMENT

Two players sit at a chess board, with a commentator beside each of them.

C1: Welcome to the final of the 798 A.D. Fidchell World Cup!

C2: Playing the black pieces, we have the Northern Uí Neill, with the Southern Uí Neill playing the white pieces.

C1: So, of course, white plays first. How will they begin the offensive?

C2: And we're off! That's a straight 2 moves ahead from the Southern Uí Neill.

C1: The opposition respond defensively, with a diagonal of 3 squares.

C2: It's all about the attack for the Southern, who continue forwards.

C1: Look at that! A smooth Deutorotonic Switch from our Northern team.

C2: The white pieces are quick to regain control, moving left one square.

C1: But the Northern Uí Neill are relentless! We just saw our first Columban Swerve of the game.

C2: This is a final for a reason, though, and the Southern are ready to counteract with a Prototonic Ripost.

C1: The Northern Uí Neill come back daringly with a Dubious Preposition. This is causing quite a stir as no one is quite sure whether the piece has moved above, below or beside the other team.

C1: Player 2 seems to have opted for a Subjunctive Move: it may happen, it may not. We'll have to wait and see.

C1: And this is a bold move here: the sovereignty goddess piece has been put into play. She looks pretty, but unfortunately isn't that effective, and the game is still wide open.

C2: Momentarily dazzled, our Southern Uí Neill player has recovered to employ the Prussell Cackle and knock the sovereignty goddess clean off the board!

C2: And that brings us to half time! The players will take a short break to watch the Old English Bee Movie Trailer before play resumes.

Blackout.

"That is honey."

Lights up.

C1: And we are back in action!

C2: The Northern Uí Neill continues play with a Conjugated Rebound.

C1: Looks at watch then claps to halt the game. And it's time for the Great Vowel Shift! All pieces to move one space to the right.

C2: That's sure to have put the white pieces at a disadvantage. But, what's this?! Oh, my! The sovereignty goddess has been put back in play and a black piece has been Prionsias Mac Cornered!

C1: That was quite some move! Surely the Northern Uí Neill will have to lenite? (*Northern Uí Neill player sneezes.*) Oh, I don't believe it, they've nasalised!

Southern Uí Neill player gets out copy of Wales & The Britons and holds it up to the board.

C2: I've never seen such an audacious attack! Our Southern player has brought out Wales & The Britons and half of the black pieces have run away screaming!

C1: Is that in the rules?!

C2: Gets out rule book. I don't know; it's in cursive minuscule – I can't read it.

C1: Well, that really is a blow for the Northern Uí Neill. But wait! They might be in luck! Half of the white pieces have deserted the game to go to Friday pub!

C2: It's hard to see how the Southern Uí Neill will recover from this.

Suddenly, a horde of marauding Vikings burst in and quickly kill both players and one of the commentators and then run off stage.

C2: And that really is a shame – all the players have been killed by Vikings. Sometimes the wind just isn't bitter enough...

1066 AND ALL THAT

HAROLD GODWINSON

One day more
Another day, another destiny
This never-ending road and cavalry
These men who seem to know my crime
Will surely come a second time
One day more

TOSTIG

I did not live until today
How can I win if we are parted?

HAROLD GODWINSON

One day more

TOSTIG and HARALD HADRADA

Tomorrow you'll be miles away
And yet with you, my war has started

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

One more day all on my own

TOSTIG and HARALD HADRADA

Will we ever fight again?

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

One more day without an army

TOSTIG and HARALD HADRADA

I was born to fight with you

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

What a life I might have known

TOSTIG and HARALD HADRADA

And I swear I will be true

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

But they took my throne away--

HAROLD GODWINSON

One more day before the storm

TOSTIG

Do I follow where he goes?

HAROLD GODWINSON

At the battle site of Hastings

TOSTIG

Shall I join my brother there?

HAROLD GODWINSON

When our ranks begin to form

TOSTIG

Do I stay and do I dare?

HAROLD GODWINSON

Will you take your place with me?

ALL

The time is now, the day is here

TOSTIG

One day more

WILLIAM (*wearing a French flag like a cape*)

One day more till Revelations

We will bring the Norman flood

We'll be ready for these Saxons

They will wet themselves with blood

TOSTIG

One day more

PEASANTRY

Watch 'em in their ships

Watch 'em run around

Know they're only human

When they're in the ground

Give a little gold

Give a little grain

All these kings are useless

And they're all the same

HARALD HADRADA

One day to a new beginning

ALL

Raise the flag of Odin high

HAROLD GODWINSON

Every man will serve his king

ALL

Every man will serve his king

WILLIAM

There's a new land for the winning

ALL

There's a new crown to be won

Do you hear the people sing?

TOSTIG (to HARALD HADRADA, runs across stage to them):

My place is here, I fight with you

HAROLD GODWINSON

One day more

TOSTIG: I did not live until today

WILLIAM: We will be these people's heroes

EDWARD: One more day all on my own

WILLIAM: They will follow where we go

WILLIAM: We'll be ready for these Saxons

HARALD HADRADA: How can I fight when we are parted?

WILLIAM: They will wet themselves with blood

HAROLD GODWINSON: One day more

TOSTIG: Tomorrow you'll be miles away

PEASANTRY: Watch 'em in their ships, watch 'em run around

PEASANTRY: Know they're only human when they're in the ground

HAROLD GODWINSON: We've been waiting for this day

WILLIAM: We'll be ready for these Saxons

HAROLD GODWINSON: Every man will serve his king

HAROLD GODWINSON

Tomorrow we will fight to stay

HAROLD GODWINSON and WILLIAM

Tomorrow is the Judgement Day

ALL

Tomorrow we'll discover

What our God in Heaven has in store

One more dawn

One more day

One day more

WILLIAM stabs HAROLD GODWINSON

Murder carol

O come all ye Angles

Jutes and all ye Saxons!

Oh, come ye, oh come ye to Britannia.

Come and behead them,

Britons of the lowlands.

Refrain:

O come, let us attack them;

O come, let us attack them;

O come, let us attack them, Britons of yore!

Scream, rival kingships; scream in execution;

Scream, all ye denizens of Offa's domain!

Give to the Britons battle in the highlands;

O come, let us attack them;

O come, let us attack them;

O come, let us attack them, Britons of yore!

O Wessex, we greet Thee, principal of kingdoms,

But Norsemen, to thee be all the Danegeld given!

Wrath of the Vikings, now with swords appearing!

O come, let us attack them;

O come, let us attack them;

O come, let us attack them, Saxons of yore!