

## Naughty Amewican Slelly Astwonauts

NARRATOR: President Wong slouched in his Beijing office, twiddling his chopsticks and sucking noodles, loudly, from a large bowl. He was also reading a document. A terribly important document - aloud.

### Scene 1

WONG: Chinese Slace Mission: To lan' man on Moon. Glate lunar blob. To expose Yanky Doodle Dandiliarons.

(Sucking noodle sounds and heavy chewing).

NASA say in nine'een sixty-nine ley lan' man on Moon. LIARS! LIARS! LIARS! Big fat bottoms on fires! NASA, the Naughty Amewican Slelly Astwonauts. Lyin' plawn bawl sluckers. Lever sen' man to Moon. Oly low Earth obit. Liars!

(New noodle sucking spree begins).

C.C.P. to sen' man to Moon. One man alone. A Mister Longwun. He go; he lan' and be twuly firs' man to walk on lunar blob. Aso, if Moon made fwom cheese, we sell to Uni'ed King'om with wes' of our sheet.

(More sickly sucking).

### Scene 2

NARRATOR: In the United States, President Fartpong (well, we've already had Presidents B.O. and Trump, so...) is studying an internet article put up by the Chinese Communist Party:

FARTPONG: Who the hell do these bamboo-shoot munching sons of bitches think they are? Calling the United States - leader of the free world and global superpower - "LIARS?!!!" My red, white and blue blood's BOILING! This communist trash deserves a spanking! How dare they question NASA - and mess with our acronym: Naughty American SMELLY Astronauts!!! All our staff shower daily! Damn them Noodle Suckers. Dumb as shit. They eat tiny grains of rice with little wooden sticks for a reason.

(Deep breaths in an effort to calm down are heard).

Neil Armstrong proudly took one small step... We have the photographs as proof. I bet those sumo loving candy asses struggle to step up their stairways. Or into their bathtubs. Stinky, sweaty butterballs!

NARRATOR: President Wong, sorry, President Fartpong (we're not back to the Chinese office... yet) lifts receiver and speaks forcefully phone:

FARTPONG: Guff, put me through to Houston. And send up a plate of those fried bacon doughnuts. And Coca Cola. Large!

NARRATOR: Fartpong hangs up, rests his feet on his untidy desk and leans back in his chair.

FARTPONG: Covid 19 came from China. It's a fantastic job that we smashed our crockery into tiny pieces; that's all I can say. Healthy as a strongman triathlete combination I am.

(Fartpong blows his bunged-up nose - DISGUSTINGLY!)

### Scene 3

NARRATOR: Back in Beijing, President Wong was busily engaged - devouring a family sized portion of chicken and pineapple, with cashews! He was also sucking - again! But this time Ribena through a straw! (One of those curly wurly ultra twirly ones). To himself he chatters:

WONG: We make wocket. Big, big wocket. Power it with pwawn cwackers and cheeken fwied wice! Ha ha ha!

(Cringy eating sounds erupt).

Only yokin! We have super fuel. Turbo power. Wicked wocket juice!

NARRATOR: President Wong reaches for his phone and dials a very very very very very very very very, very very very very very very very long number. More numbers, in fact, than the entire standard Chinese takeaway menu!

WONG: (down phone) Sen' up cleaner. For toilet. and - is put me through to astrophysicist Mister Wunq Long Pong and his team. Imme-iatly.

Munching sounds erupt again.

WONG: Allo. New plan. Deadline now Monday week. Take off at 9 o'clock. On the dot. What? (Brief pause). I don' care if wish hour. Or Mrs Wun Long Pong is havin' hair done. People rinse is silly. 9 clocks Monday morning. No excuses. Up it will go; one big happy Chinese show...

#### Scene 4

NARRATOR: in his office, mining nasally, President Fartpong reads newspaper article, aghast.

FARTPONG: Well I'll be damned. The noodle suckers are serious: they're heading to the Moon. "Great celebrations took place last night in Beijing as the CCP's President Wong declared: 'We will sen' man to Moon. On Monday.'

"The Chinese leader says his nation's greatest achievement rests in the hands of astro-genius, Mr Wun Long Long Pong. He also claims N.A.S.A. never escaped low-earth orbit with their Apollo missions, and that they were *as fake as the Kardashians!*"

NARRATOR: President Fartpong angrily tosses the newspaper into the bin..

FARTPONG: The commie BASTARDS! Those cat-chomping pieces of trash with their little red books - that does it. Right. Right. We'll show them. The Stars and Stripes is proudly planted on the Moon's surface. Let's see if their flag makes it up there. I bet they couldn't plant it in a garden centre. Right. Right, that does it. A new space competition is what they want... Right... Bring it on Mr Wong and your Long Pong!