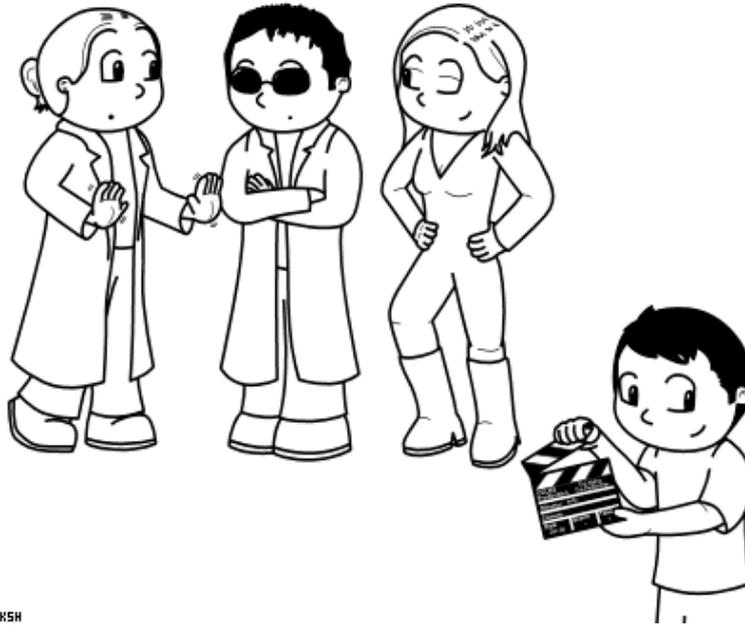


The Matrix



KSH

The Pantomime

Written By: Andrew Holding

Characters:

Neo	Our hero.
Trinity	The damsel.
The Oracle	The dame.
Morpheus	The in-charge guy.
Mr. Smith	The baddie.
Mr. 1	Thick henchman.
Mr. 2	Generic henchman.
Cypher	A very naughty chap.
Architect	A very confusing chap.
Clara	The Oracle's Receptionist.

Scene Outline:

- Scene 1: Dame introduces Neo.
- Scene 2: Agent's Pad - very pink.
- Scene 3: Release From the Matrix
- Scene 4: Awakening and training scene.
- Scene 5: Package given to Cypher.
- Scene 6: Visiting the Oracle, Morpheus' capture.
- Scene 7: Interrogation and rescue
- Scene 8: Final doom and more doom.

Songs: TBC

<Scene Scene="1" alt="In which we meet our hero.">

Oracle: <Sproings onto stage> Hello, boys and girls! <Looks rather disappointed with the response> Well, that wasn't very loud, was it? I tell you what - I'll go off, and when I come back on again and say 'Hel'... oh, bugger it. I can't be arsed. How about we just assume we already did all that and then we can get to the juicy bits.

I should probably introduce myself. <Mysterious> I am the Oracle, the knower of all things, the... thinger of... <pulls script out of somewhere...> ... um... yes. The holder of the script, and thus I'm in charge of everything that goes on in this farce. So, first things first - we need to meet our hero.

<Neo wanders on to stage and starts working on a computer> Well, here he is. Not a lot to look at, is he? This is Neo. His real name is Wilbur, but he likes to think he's cool and geeky, so he wears a lot of black t-shirts and has skin tone like the 'after' picture on a Daz advert...

Neo: <Looks up> My mum says I have a lovely complexion.

Oracle: Ssshhh. Keep miming, you're not supposed to realise I'm here - I'm the narrator.

Neo: But you're standing right there!

Oracle: It's a theatrical device. Shut up! Now, where was I? <Thumbs through script> Oh, yes, pale-faced geek. As you can see, Wilbur <glare from Neo>... Neo has a wonderful job doing something very boring with his computer (which he calls Daphne). But at night he becomes...

He becomes...

<Irritated pause, looks expectedly at Neo>

Neo: <Sarcastically> Oh, so now you want me to join in?

SONG - "Geek" by Neo

Oracle: Right. Well, I'm bored of you all now so I'm off for a nice cup of tea/gin/neat ethanol, and I'll leave you with our achromatic hero, who's about to have a very strange day indeed.

<Buggers off>

<Neo sits back at his desk and starts typing. The phone

rings. Neo looks at it, then picks it up>

Neo: Hello?
Yes, I'm at work.
No, nothing's going on.
Yes, I did get the socks you sent.
Yes, they were lovely.
Oh, wait a sec, Mum, I've got someone on the other line.

<Presses a button on the phone>
Hello?

<Morpheus walks on the other side of stage, also with phone. Admittedly, likelihood of actually having two stage entrances is somewhat laughable. Anyway>

Morph: *<Somewhat ominously>* Hello, Neo.

Neo: Sorry, could you just hold for a second? I've got my mum on the other line.

<Beep>
<While Neo's talking to his mum, Morpheus gets confused>

Yes, I'm back.
No, I don't know who it is. I'll ask, wait a sec.

<Beep>

Sorry about that, can I help you?

Morph: It's me, Neo, the one you've been looking for. I know what keeps you awake at night, what drives you to search each night...

Neo: *<Neo fumbles at phone in surprise and it beeps, then nervously says>* Look all those sites said the girls were consenting adults...

MUM! (SHIT! *As well on student performance, I guess*) No, no! Of course not, Mum. *<Looks panicked now>* Have to go now, erm, the manager is here and it looks, erm, important.

<Beep>

Morph: You know what I am talking about, the thing that drives you?

Neo: Erm, yeah... *<sheepishly>* er, no. Where did you get this number?

Morph: The phone directory. No, wait - Neo, the Matrix has you.

I can show you the way if you are willing to open your mind.

Neo: So how can I find you?

Morph: *<Turns round, and puts the phone away>* I'm right here.

Neo: *<Puts phone down>* Oh, I thought it was one of those theatrical devices again.

Morph: Nope, just budget constraints.

Neo: Okay, down the pub then?

Morph: Yeah, why not?

<Morpheus and Neo exit stage, somehow - you figure it out>

<Agents rush on, doing very poor ATF agent impressions, finishing in Charlie's Angels poses, Smith in the centre and they don't move until they leave stage at the end of the scene>

Mr. 1: Looks like they got away...

Mr. 2: I've rehearsed that entrance for hours.

Mr. Smith: Bugger... *<Walks off, discontentedly>*

</Scene Hurrah!>

<Scene id="2" style="Very pink with a couch and chair">

Mr. 1: Shall I put the kettle on?

Smith: Yes. Tea - that will help my plotting.

Mr. 1: Lady Grey?

Mr. Smith: We don't have time to invite other people round! Where did I find you two? No, this is time to plot!

Mr. 2: So, no tea then?

Mr. Smith: Oh course I want tea, stop distracting me while I think of a plan! An evil plan. A plan so evil that no spotty teenager could get away. A plan so evil that only some person who miraculous learnt some strange oriental martial art overnight could beat me.

SONG - "Bad" by Agent Smith

Smith: What a peculiar feeling. You two stop wasting time. And where's that tea?

Agents: Coming!

Smith: Now while that was an awesome song, which has now empowered me, I need a plan.

Agent 1: Oh, we got a message earlier on the answering machine.

Smith: Not now! Didn't I tell you not to distract me while plotting?

Agent 2: But it was from someone willing to sell out...

Smith: Ssshhh... <Looks at the audience> Sorry about these two. They are rather simple computers programs. They both run off earlier versions of the Agent system than me. Now I just need someone who would sell out the human race and give me the codes to the last human city of Zion. But who would do such a thing?

Agent 1: Well, there was...

Smith: What have I told you about interrupting my monologue? I'll have to start again now!

An evil plan... Gah! I've lost my train of thought... I think I'll look at the answering machine while I think.

What's this message! Why did neither of you two tell me?

Agent 2: We did!

Smith: That's unimportant! Now, how do I play this? Ah, the play button. Now, which one is it? No, not that one. That one is rewind... aha, this one!

Agent 1: That was the delete button.

Smith: I know! *<Looking slightly embarrassed>* So what did it say then?

Agent 1: It said **"Hi, it's Cypher here, still wondering what you think of my deal to sell Morpheus out? If you could get back to me soon, that would be brilliant. *Beep*"** *<The beep is said absolutely straight as if it is important>*

Smith: Yeeees. *<Pauses gleefully>* We shall meet this Cypher and then I will destroy Zion! Finally, I have a plan. I have my chance to rid this world...

Agent 1: But this world is the Matrix.

Smith: ...To rid the real world of the last of humanity. Then I will be free and no longer will I have to patrol the Matrix for the likes of Morpheus again.

<Looks at the other agents> What, you think I'm going to give an evil laugh? *<Looks at audience>* That is amateurish. *<Evil grin>*

Agent 1: Did anyone see my crossword book?

Smith: Under the chair over there. Did anyone ever make that tea?

Agent 2: The kettle has just boiled.

<Lights down>

</Scene Hurrah!>

<Scene id="3" alt="Release From The Matrix">

<Neo and Morpheus walk in and sit down on two chairs>

Morph: We don't have long, Neo, but I must be honest with you. Once I have told you what I am going to tell you, you cannot go back.

Neo: I'm ready.

Morph: Are you sure, Neo?

Neo: Yes.

Morph: Right then, in my left hand, I hold a red pill; in my right, a blue. If you choose the blue pill, you will wake up at home, all alone, and remember none of this. You will be able to continue your miserable life as it was.

If, however, you choose this incredibly tempting, delicious red pill, your life will be enlightened with the truth of the world around you. Your mind will expand and the illusions will be torn away. Neo, you will finally know the answers that you have been looking for your entire life.

Neo: I can't help feeling you're pushing that red pill quite strongly, but I have to admit, there is a good chance that's just because my life at the moment isn't quite as social as one would like for a middle-aged, single white man. My mum promises there is a girl out there for me... <Lost in thought> Wait a second, they're not pills - they're Smarties!

Morph: Yes, Neo. Although the blue ones are particularly hard to find - now that Smarties contain no artificial colours, they just don't sell them anymore. And the red one is actually a jelly bean. However, that is irrelevant. They are merely a metaphor for the path that lies ahead of you, Neo, and the choices that you must make.

Neo: That doesn't change a thing. I was always told "Not to take sweets from strangers", and I strongly suggest you listen to that advice too.

Morph: Neo, we don't have much time. Those agents we saw back at the work place are after you. You must make your choice soon.

Neo: Okay, okay. This is a big decision to make, but there's

only one way to do this. *<Looks at audience>* Should I take the red pill or the blue pill?

Morph: Oh, yes you should!

Neo: Oh, no I shouldn't! *<Quietly aside>* My mum told me so.

Morph: Oh, yes you should!

<Play to the audience, who may in all honesty be a sack of potatoes>

Neo: Okay, I'll take it. But only because these nice chaps said so. I hope none of you look at this as being an irresponsible act on my part. What would my mother say if she saw me now?

Morph: You could ask her - she's over there *<Points into the audience>*

Neo: *<Waves>* Oh, hi Mum!

Morph: Doesn't seem very worried if you ask me...

Neo: Okay, let's do this. I'm ready.

Morph: Actually we should probably head off. *<Pause>* That bar man is looking at me with that look, which normally means he doesn't want me on his property.

Neo: How do you know?

Morph: Experience. After living a life offering people strange pills in pubs, you quickly learn when the right time to leave is - and that time is now.

Neo: That sounds like a less than savoury lifestyle, if you ask me. You could have made that a bit clearer earlier, couldn't you? So what about me and these pills... Smarties... whatever they are?

Morph: Oh - the pills, as I said, were just a metaphor anyway. All you had to do was actually make the choice. Normally we have time for you to actually take the pill, but it isn't really that necessary.

Neo: Which means...?

Morph: In a moment, you will drop down on the floor unconscious and when you wake up, you will be on my ship in the real world, where you will find out that everything around you is all part of a computer program designed to imprison you and enslave your thoughts. And it's going

to hurt like hell for a bit. But don't worry, I'll explain it all when you wake up.

<Morpheus quickly walks off, Neo looks thoughtful for a bit, being a bit slow>

Neo: Wait a second! *<Running after Morph>* You never said anything about falling unconscious!

<Chase after Morpheus>

</Scene>

<Scene id="4" alt="Training and Awakening Scene">

<Neo enters and lies on the floor, Morpheus stands over him. In reality he should lie on a table but, well, that's not going to happen>

<Oracle walks on stage>

Oracle: Hello again! <Pause> You're a miserable lot, aren't you?

We've just seen Neo rescued from the jaws of danger by Morpheus! You did all stay awake for that? <Pause>

I don't know why I bother.

You also saw the evil plans of Agent Smith forming into action? His plan so evil that no-one could defeat him? Well, except for that minor bit about kung-fu.

Neo: What bit about kung-fu? What evil plan?

Oracle: Now, what have I told you about interrupting me, Wilbur? Anyway, you're meant to be suffering from atrophy!

Neo: What's atrop-what's-er-it?

Oracle: Sorry about that. Where was... oh yes. If none of what I said rang any bells, I think you ought to wake up and listen. Since, if you didn't get that, then very little of the rest of this is going to make any sense. Not that much of it did before, mind you. I've got the script and haven't really got the faintest clue what's going on.

<Open script> As you can see, we are now on the hover ship, the Nebuchadnezzar. <Looks around, noting it isn't very obvious> Our hero Neo has just been woken from the computer world of the Matrix and is about to find out the truth of the world around him.

Let's leave these two to it now.

<Oracle backs off stage>

Neo: Morpheus, why is it so bright in here?

Morpheus: It isn't - you have just never used your eyes before.

Neo: And my muscles, why do they ache so much?

Morpheus: Your muscles are atrophied.

Neo: Wha-

Morpheus: *<Rolls eyes>* Wasted away.

This is the first time, Neo, you have seen with your own eyes, felt with you own hands...

Neo: What do you mean, felt with my hands? I can't feel my hands!

Morpheus: Well, Neo, then I must explain. Up to this point in your life, you have been part of a computer network, your brain inserted into a machine that mimics all your senses. Your body was nothing more than a home for your mind. You, like all of us, were born into a prison, a prison that was all around you, yet you could not see...

Neo: Whereas I am just immobile now. Great! *<Tries to lift an arm but fails>* I can see the improvement.

Morpheus: Your charming personality is at least intact. You must rest now, it will take time for your muscles to grow. But once they have, I will explain more.

<Morpheus leaves>

Neo: Err... Morpheus... Someone, please, could I have a book? A glass of water? Something?

<Lights out>

Neo: I don't like the dark.

<Neo sits up in the dark, or slowly if no light effects. Morpheus returns>

Morpheus: How are you feeling?

<Neo staggers up and looks a little unstable>

Neo: Weak, and a little bit hungry. Mostly ignored.

Morpheus: Ah, but first, don't you want to know about why you have been brought here, Neo? What is planned for you?

Neo: I'd rather eat first, to be honest. I've been stuck on this floor for a week and none of you came to see me all that time.

Morpheus: *<Pushes Neo out of the way and walks to the front of the stage>* Save your energy, Neo. You are going to need it all...

Neo: *<Struggling against Morpheus' hand pushing him back>*

SONG - "A Whole New Post Apocalyptic World" by Morpheus and Neo

<Morpheus and Neo end up hugging and look at the audience, a bit embarrassed>

<Trinitiy walks on>

Trinity: ***Ahem***

Morpheus: *<Looking sheepish>* Err... yes. Trinity, this is Neo. Our new potential.

Trinity: *<Looking him up and down>* I'd hoped for someone a bit more, I dunno, muscular?

Morpheus: *<Trying to change the subject>* Where's Cypher?

Trinity: Oh, he's just freshening up after all that exercise. *<Walks up to Neo and starts to rub her hands over his face in an erotic manner>* Not a bad looker, though, are you?

Neo: My mother always said so.

Trinity: And definitely not got much of a social life. Morpheus, why is it never the rugby team captain that is the potential around here? You would have thought, as the only girl in this ship's crew, that there would be someone worth dating.

<Cypher walks on in a dressing gown, possibly even smoking>

Morpheus: Oh, there you are.

Cypher: Yeah, I was just inspecting that everything was in working order down below. *<Possibly even patting his crotch - see how it goes. Sees Neo>* Oh, there you are. Is this the new potential? *<Looks Neo up and down>* I didn't think anyone used 3.5" floppies these days *<Looks smug>*. Well, it's not much to work with but it's a start. So you going to see the Oracle?

Morpheus: Yes, tomorrow at ten thirty.

Neo: The Oracle?

Cypher: You haven't told the kid yet? Wow, man. You really should give the kid a break. *<Hits him in a friendly way but knocks Neo>* Saving the world isn't something one does every day and all.

Neo: I'm going to save the world? *<Rather confused>*

Cypher: Well probably not more likely die a horrib---

Morpheus: Enough! First we must eat.

Neo: Finally! I'm staying here.

<They pull round 4 chairs and Trinity gets 4 bowls and 4 forks, they sit down and eat>

Cypher: Nothing quite like homemade chicken soup.

Neo: I would eat anything.

Cypher: Neo never asked why everything tastes of chicken? Even this awful white sludge we call food here?

Neo: Not really, I never thought to ask. Why does everything taste of chicken?

Cypher: I really don't know. *<Thinking>* But if you can't convince yourself something remotely tastes of chicken, I suggest you don't eat it, my friend.

Neo: And why are we eating this soup with forks?

Morpheus: There are no spoons.

<Pause. Neo looks in disbelief>

Trinity: So Neo, you want to know what's all this stuff about being the 'One' is?

Neo: Sure.

Trinity: Well you see the 'One' is going to save the world and overcome obstacles of unrealistic proportions where every single person who has tried has failed before. So nothing too hard.

Neo: Whoa! *<Keanu Reaves style as he does in every single movie he is in>*

Morpheus: You see, the world has been taken over by the machines and they now enslave the human race to power their computers. The Matrix is a large computational device in which every brain is part of its computing power. Every man and child is born into this machine and that is what creates the world around them. The world you thought was real. You are the inverse of that Matrix, you can find the determinate. Do you realise what that means?

Neo: I was never very good at maths, sorry. *<Looks down heartened>*

Morpheus: You are the one who will set us all free.

Cypher: What he is trying to say is that you are here to save the world. Which means you're in with the ladies. Wow, was I ever this stupid?

Neo: You mean girls will dig me?

Cypher: Oh yes, man. Girls always love a hero.

Trinity: Be kind to him, he's so sweet and innocent. *<Walks round and stares at Neo. Neo is quite uneasy>* Probably never even had a girlfriend.

Neo: I held hands with a girl in 6th grade, does that count?

Cypher: You gotta love geeks. Anyway, it is time to train you on how to use your gun.

Neo: That's going to take forever.

Morpheus: Neo, don't worry, we simply plug you into this computer here and upload the programs into your brain. When you wake up, you will know everything you need to know about defending yourself.

Trinity: And some more besides. Don't worry, I'll help you. *<Getting all Toni-like on Neo>*

Morpheus: Everyone finished? Right, let's get going.

<Bowls and forks removed and chairs moved out the way - one chair is placed in the middle of the stage, looking forwards>

Morpheus: Neo, would you mind sitting in this chair? *<Neo sits, lying right back>* Cypher, begin.

Cypher: Just loading him up. And go!

<Neo shakes about in the chair for about 10 seconds>

Neo: Whoa! *<Pause>* I know Feng-Shui?!

Cypher: Oh, sorry wrong tape. Try this one! *<Neo immediately shakes about for another 10 seconds>*

Neo: Whoa! *<Pause>* I know Origami!

<Morpheus stares at Cypher>

Cypher: Look, you try then! I'm not the one who let water wash all the labels off.

Trinity: Let's just try them all then. How about this one? *<Neo shakes>* or this one? *<Neo shakes>* Perhaps this one? *<Neo shakes again>*

Morpheus: Enough!

Neo: Wha... What's going on... *<Sounding a bit dim and blinking>*

Morpheus: It is now time for your first lesson.

<Morpheus pulls up a chair next to Neo and sits in it>

Cypher: Loading you two up. Trinity, let's go and leave these two to it.

Trinity: *<Strokes Neo>* I'll teach you some more later.

<Cypher and Trinity leave. Morpheus and Neo shut their eyes and open them again>

<Lights down and let them get out of the chairs at a stage that will have the facility>

Morpheus: Neo, this is a program much like the Matrix. We use this as a training program to teach people like you about the Matrix.

Neo: Erm, it looks just like where we were before.

Morpheus: Neo, do not be fooled by such simple things. This world is no more real than that of a computer game. Like a computer game, some rules can be bent, some can be broken. If you're really lucky, you can even find a cheat code, but we lost the code book 3 weeks ago.

You remember what you just learnt, right?

Neo: Yes...

Morpheus: Then fight me! *<Morpheus gets into fight pose>*

Neo: This is ridiculous! How on earth can I fight you?!

<Morpheus stands opposite Neo and gets into the cliché stance with hand out flat in-front, Neo nervously copies>

Morpheus: You have just been taught all the skills you need. Be sure of yourself, Neo. Have faith in what you can do.

<Neo brings his hands up and rubs them together. Suddenly a paper crane appears>

Morpheus: What's that?

<Morpheus and Neo drop out of pose>

Neo: I know it's terrible - I wasn't aiming for a paper crane at all, I was hoping for a peacock.

Morpheus: That wasn't exactly what I was thinking when I said "fight me".

Neo: Ah, you see, you said skills and I had just learnt Origami, so...

Morpheus: *<Holds up hand to shut Neo up>* Again! We must fight!

<They get back into their poses>

<Mime 3-2-1 when beckoning with hands>

<Neo makes a scissors with his hand, Morpheus makes a paper just due to the nature of the kung-fu pose>

Morpheus: What now? *<Drops out of pose>*

Neo: Scissors!

Morpheus: Pardon?

Neo: Scissors beats paper! I win!

Morpheus: *<Shaking his head in disgust>* I think we might give up for today. Get some sleep - we go and see the Oracle tomorrow.

Neo: What did I do wrong?

<Morpheus leaves stage and Neo chases after him>

</scene>

<Scene id="5" alt="Cypher Sells out Morpheus">

<Cypher walks into an empty stage by himself. He looks rather shifty and checks over his back a few times to see if he is being followed>

<After a while Agent Smith walks on with a brown paper bag, Cypher doesn't notice until Agent Smith is right behind him>

Smith: **Psst...**

<Cypher doesn't notice>

Smith: **Psst!**

<Cypher still doesn't notice>

Smith: **Cough!!**

Cypher: *<Screams like a girl> <Spins round in surprise>* Sheesh, man, you scared the bejebous out of me!

<Pause>

Smith: **Psst!!**

Cypher: Oh. *<Mind clicks into place>* It is very cold in Russia this time of year.

Smith: But in Soviet Russia.....

Cypher: Can we skip that? So you got the package.

Smith: I have. *<Holds a brown paper bag with the top folded down, probably a KFC bag but it shouldn't be labelled if it can be helped>*

Cypher: And it's...

Smith: Yes, just how you asked for it. No one will be able to trace it. Now, have you held up your end of the bargain?

Cypher: Well, errr...

Smith: So no. Then the deal's off. Without the codes for Zion, the last city outside this Matrix, there is nothing for me to gain. I take my package and the rest of the deal. *<Agent Smith turns to walk away>*

Cypher: Wait! I may not have the codes - thinking about it, I never said I did.

Smith: Yes. Well, you see, one of the other agents deleted the

original message. Can't get the staff these days. Do continue...

Cypher: As I was saying, I may not have the codes but I know who does and I can give him to you.

Smith: This is not what we agreed on, Cypher. I am disappointed in you. So, who is this person who has the codes? I will speak to him. You are no use to me.

Cypher: His name is Morpheus. The one who got to the little brat Neo before you did.

Smith: I know the one.

Cypher: Well, I know where you can get him tomorrow. He won't just give you the codes, mind you, but it's the best I can offer. In return, of course, I expect that package, and you to reconnect me to the Matrix.

Smith: If what you say is true, then that seems fair. Here is the package. Remember, do not tell anyone where you got that from. Now, where can I find Morpheus?

Cypher: *<Takes the package and looks in>* You know how hard this is to get when you're a wanted criminal inside this work...

Smith: *<Irate>* Where can I find Morpheus?

Cypher: Chill it, dude! *<Still looking in bag>* Man, I asked for no mayo!

Smith: No, you didn't! Anyway where is **MORPHEUS**?

Cypher: Okay, okay! I'll have it anyway. You can find him at this address tomorrow at ten thirty. *<Hands a business card to Agent Smith>*

Smith: "The Oracle - Professional seer and insight into all things mystic"? Don't tell me people actually believe this stuff?

<Cypher sniffs the air above the bag and breaths out>

Cypher: This is some good (shit?). *<Looks back at Smith>* Don't look at me, he believes this rubbish. He believes that Neo is the one to save humanity. Just some teenager who got bullied at school and has ideas of grandeur, if you ask me.

Smith: No one did ask you. He may also be closer to the truth than you realise. Anyway, enjoy the food. If this

Morpheus really does have the codes, you will get the rest of your desires too. But may I enquire quite why you wanted a Zinger Twister so much?

Cypher: Have you ever noticed how everything tastes of chicken?

Smith: I don't have a sense of taste, I am an emotionless computer program running in a virtual world. I have no need for taste.

Cypher: Okay, just trust me on this one. Everything tastes of chicken. Now at first this doesn't bother me. It just means even the rubbish that Trinity cooks up in the canteen tastes of something. But then you realise there is so much more that chicken can be. This is it, this is the pinnacle of all chicken products *<Waves the bag>*. It is this world where you can get it, not the real world that Morpheus liberated us to. Out there is devoid of the great fast food chain. Every time I enter this world, I smell that smell of KFC on the streets or on the buses late at night. Of course, I can't buy it - being a wanted criminal stops me, they'd arrest me straight away. That is why I need you to help me.

Smith: You are quite deranged.

</scene>

<Scene id="6" style="Dentist Reception">

<Neo and Morpheus walk onto stage into a room like in a dentist waiting room, the Oracle is on the other side of the stage as if in another room. There is a receptionist on stage reading a book>

Morph: Hello, we have an appointment with the Oracle for ten thirty.

Clara: *<Looks up from a book>* Ah yes, please be seated, she will be with you shortly. *<Looks back down again>*

Morph: Don't call me "Shorty"!

Clara: *<Not looking very amused>* Err... she'll be with you soon?

Morph: Thank you.

<Morph and Neo sit. Neo picks up a copy of some really old crap edition of Yachting Monthly or similar>

Neo: Why do they always have such poor magazines in waiting rooms? I mean, how many people actually read Yachting Monthly, let alone when it is months out of date?

Morph: I cannot answer that for you. You must seek the answer yourself first. Only then will you understand.

<Pause>

Neo: You don't have a clue really, do you?

Morph: Erm... No, not really. If you do happen to find out, you wouldn't mind telling me, would you?

<Someone in the room goes 'ssshh', Morpheus and Neo look guilty and start talking in hushed voices>

Neo: Then why didn't you say that at the beginning?

Morph: Where is the mystery in that? It's not as if we don't have time to kill.

<Neo shakes his head in disbelief and looks round the room, slowly getting bored. Morpheus looks through the pile of magazines, finds something like Heat and smiles in a dirty manner to himself>

<Neo starts whistling or humming, Morpheus looks annoyed but keeps concentrating on his magazine>

Morph: Would you mind stopping that?

Neo: *<Embarrassed>* Sorry, I'm just a bit nervous...

<Morph shakes his head and goes back to his magazine>

<Neo starts twiddling his thumbs and after a while starts tapping his foot>

Morph: *<Frustrated>* Are you capable of just sitting still for one minute?

Neo: *<Sheepishly>* Sorry.

<Awkward pause with Neo looking around>

Neo: So why are we here?

Morph: *<Grumpily>* To see the Oracle...

Neo: Yeah, I got that - but why?

Morph: *<Slowly getting more annoyed>* So she can tell you if you are the One.

Neo: I thought you said I was?

Clara: *<Interrupting>* Wilbur Anderson?

Neo: Yes?

Clara: The Oracle is ready to see you now. Please go on through.

Neo: Thank you.

<Neo gets up and walks through to the next room, Morpheus continues to read his magazine>

Oracle: Hello there, I've been expecting you.

Neo: So you really can see the future then.

Oracle: Yes *<Clutching script>* That and the receptionist called out your name. Lovely girl, Clara. Known her since she was a little child, grew up into a wonderful girl too... *<Said as if going off into a world of her own>*

Neo: Riiiiiiight.

Oracle: So Morpheus has told you why you are here then? All big stuff, this being the One and all. To be honest, I wouldn't know how I would cope with it. The entire world in my hands. The fate of humanity resting on my shoulders. That's enough, and the likelihood of a

painful death that you will have to endure. All so much for someone so young.

Neo: *Cough.*

Oracle: Sorry, I was getting ahead of myself. What comes next... oh yes, I remember - and don't worry about forgetting the next line.

Neo: What line?

Oracle: I said don't worry.

Neo: *<Confused and annoyed>* But I didn't forget a line!

Oracle: Of course not, dear.

Neo: This is a complete waste of my time.

<Neo turns to walk out but the Oracle rushes over, dropping the script to stop him>

Oracle: Don't you want to know?

Neo: Well yes, if we ever get there.

Oracle: Well! The youth of today, never patient! Really, if I had been like you...

Neo: You might have done more with your life?

<Oracle slaps Neo>

Neo: Ow!

Oracle: Okay, now let's check you out.

<The Oracle pulls out a stethoscope, makes him go 'Ahh' etc. etc., and performs other silly examinations you can think of while the following happens in the waiting room...>

Morph: *<To audience>* You all okay there? *<Waits for answer, make appropriate comments if lacking>*

I kind of need your help. Can you do that?

You see, I was up all night so wouldn't mind a little nap, but it's really important that no one comes in here and interferes. So if you see anyone looking suspicious, you'll tell me, right?

Okay, I'm just going to sit back in my chair and doze for a bit. But remember to call if anyone suspicious

turns up. You'll call, right?

<A poorly disguised Agent Smith sits down next to Morpheus. I'm think just Groucho glasses rather than black ones, however a face moustache would do, the worse the better. Audience should wake Morpheus up, who stands up and walks forward surprised. If audience fails, we use the receptionist>

Morph: What did you say?

<Agent walks up behind him>

Where is he? <Play stand pantomime trick of being useless at looking behind himself> Behind me, you say? <Looks round and jumps out of his skin. No, we will not pay for surgery to help you in doing this or putting the skin back on again>

<Looks round slightly bemused> Hi, do I know you from somewhere?

Smith: *<In a bad accent> I thinkz notz, you see, Iz haz onlyz just arrive here in zis beautiful countreez today.*

Morph: *<Turns to the audience> Look, he's okay really. I'm glad you were cautious but he's fine. <Turns back> You do, however, remind me of someone. Strangely familiar. Must just be the light.*

Smith: Zee must be very much mistaken. I have certain never met youz before.

Morph: Ah well, I'm just going to sit here then and leave you to it. Sorry about this lot - they're just a bit worried for me.

<Morpheus sits down and looks back at his magazine. Smith pulls out a bottle labelled HCF₃, puts a rag over the bottle, inverts and then places it on Morpheus' face. Morpheus struggles a bit then is carried off by Smith. The receptionist seems uncaring>

<Back to the Oracle>

Neo: Oh, come on! Is this really necessary?

Oracle: *<Thinking and looking worried and staring at the script on the floor> I'm sorry, son, but no, you're not the One.*

Neo: But Morph... *<Fades realising it won't matter> Well, thanks for your help.*

<Neo walks out into the waiting room>

Oracle: Erm, yes. *<Looks back at script with a rye smile>*
Goodbye. *<Walks back and picks up the script and starts leafing through>*

Neo: Morpheus? Morpheus! *<Runs off stage worried>*

<Oracle looks surprised having obviously found the right bit and tries to catch Morph and Neo but they are already off stage>

Oracle: Bugger! He was the one, of all the 5 million wannabe 'The Ones' who Morpheus drags into this flat! The one time I drop the script is when he actually is 'The One'. *<Looks towards the receptionist>* Did you see where they went?

Clara: *<Sighs>* Yes - Morpheus was kidnapped by a strange-looking guy with a bottle of chloroform. I only know it was a bottle of chloroform because he tried the same chat-up line on me last weekend, a real turn off. As for that Neo, don't think he's quite with it, he ran straight past me - didn't even ask where his friend has gone.

Oracle: *<Annoyed>* Well, thank you, Clara, you've just lost one of our best paying customers. Go now - I don't think I want to see you again today. I think I'm having another one of those hot flushes. This is all too much excitement for someone my age! *<Back of hand against forehead>*

<The receptionist leaves>

Oracle: Well, that's my company done for. I don't think I'm going to find another customer like Morpheus anytime soon. Such a simple man. He just kept coming back again and again.

You know, I never really wanted this who Oracle job. I wanted to help people. Something with job satisfaction. I've go a song about that, shall I sing it?

<Audience replies>

Oracle: Well, tough - I've had a bad day and I'm going to sing it anyway.

<Sing Pantoland - characters enter at the appropriate points for the song>

SONG - "Pantoland" by most of the cast

Neo: *<Trying to be subtle>* Hey, Trinity?

Trinity: Yeah, babe?

Neo: *<Uneasy from "babe" comment>* Erm, isn't that Agent Smith over there?

Trinity: Oh yeah, it is. *<She waves>* Kind of cute in a sternly manner.

Neo: I was more thinking it was time to leave.

Trinity: Okay then, but you're a spoilsport, you know that?

<Neo shakes head then they both walk off>

Smith: I'm sure I was meant to be somewhere else. Oh yes! *<Looks at the other two agents>* Wasn't one of you meant to be looking after the hostage?

Agents: *<Pointing at each other>* Him!

Smith: Just can't get the subroutines these days. Might as well do it myself. *<Runs off, Agents follow>*

Oracle: Well, it looks like I'm all alone now. Hope you liked the song. Abandoned. *<Tries to get an "aww" out of the audience>* Sod you lot then.

<The Oracle leaves>

</Scene>

<Scene act="7">

<Smith and other agents return to the house with Morpheus. They sit Morpheus, who looks like a stoned teenager, in a chair. Apparently in the original script, he was "leaking" - I'm not sure we want to keep that completely. All this part is kept to the left of the stage. Assume the right hand is outside the evil lair>

Smith: Finally, I may be able to leave this world. Finally, I may get the codes to Zion and there will be no more need for me in this world. I can be free.

<To Agents> You two, guard the house, don't let anyone disturb me. Don't go falling for that "convince the disgruntled guard to leave his post" trick again!

<Agents 1+2 walk out and mime going through a door>

Smith: Morpheus, I have a revelation to tell you that I've had during my time here.

It came to me when I tried to classify your species. I've realised that you are not actually mammals.

Every mammal on this planet instinctively develops a natural equilibrium with the surrounding members of its own species. But you humans do not. You move to an area and you build more and more fast food chains, every natural resource is converted into fatty food products, and you have made all those around you suffer from high cholesterol and shortened spans. Then you move to another area.

<He leans forward>

There is another organism on this planet that follows the same pattern. Do you know what it is? <Pause>

Ronald McDonald.

<He smiles>

Human beings are a disease, a cancer of this planet. You are a plague. And we are... the cure.

Morpheus: <A gruntled noise>

Smith: What was that?

Morpheus: <Noises>

Smith: You think that was a contrived analogy. Well, Morpheus,

aren't you one for surprises.

Do you not realise, even now, that it was one of your own men who sold you out? And for nothing more than a KFC. *<Evil grin>*

Morpheus: *<Noises>*

Smith: Silence. It seems, Morpheus, you have finally lost, and that no one is going to save you. Even those around you, your closest allies have turned on you. You are such a fool.

Morpheus: *<Noises>*

Smith: You also are getting suspicious about the number of KFC references in this script? Oh, we have only just started, my friend.

<Smith sits down next to Morpheus>

<Trinity and Neo arrive, standing at the right hand edge>

Neo: This is it.

Trinity: You've got a plan? I like men with plans...

Neo: I was thinking we would break in by walking straight in the front door. Climb the entire height of the building for no good reason, fight past all the agents we meet on the way. Then steal a helicopter off the roof, only to fly back down most of the height of the building and directly pick up Morpheus.

Trinity: Sounds like a great plan. Nobody has ever tried anything like that before. You look worried though.

Neo: I am. Except for the fact that it would be far more convenient to steal the helicopter from another building and avoid most of that hassle, my ludicrously over-complex route to Morpheus has one flaw.

Trinity: What's that?

Neo: It has only one floor.

Trinity: You already said that...

Neo: No, it is a bungalow. It has only one floor. But it is quite a fetching shade of pink.

Trinity: So, no helicopter? I was looking forward to that. *<Pouts in a girly way>*

Neo: Well, this is a panto, right?

Trinity: I suppose so.

Neo: Well, see those two agents on the door? I'm sure, knowing most panto scripts, that they are low in IQ, disgruntled, and easily convinced that they can live a better life doing something else and, in so doing, walk away leaving the door unguarded.

Trinity: Sounds quite boring, if you ask me.

Neo: So what would you suggest then?

Trinity: I'd rather seduce them.

Neo: As if that's going to work.

Trinity: I'll so show you. *<Starts to walk up to them in a rather provocative manner>*

Trinity: Hi there, you gorgeous boys.

Agents: Hi. *<Wave pathetically>*

Neo: *Cough*

Trinity: What? *<Keeps waving and smiling at the agents, she looks over her shoulder back at Neo>*

Neo: What do I do?

Trinity: I'll take the left one, you take the right one.

Neo: I don't think this is a fair deal for me.

Trinity: I thought you would prefer the right one? But if you want, you can have the left one?

Neo: That's not quite what I mean.

Trinity: Oh, stop being a spoilsport. *<Looks to one of the agents>*
So, when did you come into town? You're quite handsome... that suit really looks good on you. And the glasses, they're just seductive.

<Trinity keeps flirting with the agents>

Neo: Sod it, might as well try.

<Neo walks up to the other available agent; Trinity keeps having a go at the first agent>

Neo: Hi there...

Agent 2: Hi, do I know you?

Neo: *<Looks at Trinity, worried>* What now?

Trinity: Sssh. *<Looks back to her agent>* Sorry about that - I was just saying how your dual core gives double the power right when it is needed.

Neo: Trinity, this isn't going to work, is it? I've never managed to get a girlfriend before, let alone arouse an emotionless computer program.

<No response, she seems rather engrossed>

Neo: Hi again.

Agent 2: Oh, it's you again.

Neo: Yes, I was wondering if you could just let me inside?

Agent 2: No can do, sorry. My boss would kill me, he is very particular about these things. "Guard the door," he said.

Neo: Did he say why?

Agent 2: He never does.

Neo: Sounds to me like he doesn't respect you.

Agent: Oh, you're not going to try the "convince the disgruntled guard to leave his post" trick on me, are you?

Neo: No, not at all! You're far too bright for that. This is the "flatter the guard to leave his post" trick.

Agent 2: Ah, that's all right then. Last one to try the "disgruntled guard trick" on me got me in a whole load of trouble.

Neo: You, in trouble? Never! I don't believe it.

Agent 2: Yes, I was.

Neo: You see, if anyone was going to get into trouble I would have thought it was him. *<Points to the other agent>*

Agent 2: *<Looks round>* Agent, what do you think you are doing there?

Agent 1: *<Backs away from Trinity and looks sheepish>* Oh, you're

just jealous because all the girls like me.

Agent 2: Am not!

Agent 1: Are too!

Agent 2: Am not!

Neo: Hold it! I tell you what - me and Trinity here will guard the door, while you two go off to the pub to discuss this, okay?

Agent 2: You know you're really nice, thanks. We'll be back in a bit.

Neo: No problem, be as long as you want. We've got the afternoon off.

Agent 2: Do you want anything in return?

Neo: Nothing, it's fine just to know I'm doing a good deed.

Agent 1: Are you stupid? They're just going to walk straight in when we go.

Agent 2: You won't do that, will you?

Neo: Of course not, who do you think we are?

Agent 2: See...

Agent 1: I don't know why I listen to you.

<Agent 1+2 leave, chatting>

Trinity: I still think my method was more fun!

Neo: Well, he certainly seemed to be enjoying it, but I don't think it was going to get us inside.

Trinity: I am pretty sure I was going to be inside something soon enough.

Neo: *<Rather disturbed>* Let's just go into the bungalow.

<Mime the opening of the door and head inside>

<Neo and Trinity enter the bungalow>

Smith: Welcome to Rivendale, Mr Anderrrrson?

Neo: Agent Smith?

Smith: It's merely the name of the flat, Mr Anderson. You should have read the sign as you walked in. But then, you are a fool, Mr Anderson.

Neo: Hand Morpheus over!

Smith: Huh, this is the closest I have ever got to winning this war between man and machine and you think I will just hand him over to you?

Trinity: Pretty please?

Smith: Your girlish charms will not work on me, unlike those guards outside! Oh, they didn't actually fall for it, did they?

Neo: No, they fell for the "convince the disgruntled guard to leave his post" trick.

Trinity: I'm sure my charms helped!

Smith: And after I specifically reminded them of that trick! Wait a second, I see what you are doing here - you are trying to make me monologue. Give up, Mr Anderson, you have no chance of defeating me.

<Neo starts to move round the stage moving chairs>

Smith: You see, Mr Anderson, if you recall, your training was cut short when your crew mates managed to fail to find the correct training tape for you. Do you recall that?

Neo: *<Still paces and moving the odd chair>* I do.

Smith: It was not a coincidence at the time. I had already had the sense to convince a member of your crew to destroy the tape with the martial arts training. You, I am very glad to say, don't know kung-fu.

Trinity: Neo, he's right. What are we going to do? You can't fail, Neo - the Oracle once told me I would fall in love and that person would be the One. Neo, I love you.

Neo: I can't help thinking that was almost a certainty since you seem to fall in love with almost everyone you meet. However, Trinity, don't worry - I have this solved. You see, my training was not a complete waste. *<He moves one last chair in position>*

Agent Smith?

Smith: No, it can't be...

Neo: Yet it is. This chair finished what I have been planning all along - it is sat here in the East in the position of power where I now stand, while that rug there sits in a dark place, pulling energy from this room and you, Agent Smith. While I do know kung-fu, as you rightly point out, I do know Feng-Shui.

Smith: You will need more than just some clever furniture-arranging to defeat me. I am still much more powerful than you.

Neo: But you have failed to take into account the other chair, Agent Smith...

Smith: No, it can't be...

Trinity: That's the second time you said that.

Smith: It's impossible!

Neo: Far from it. Go on, now tell the girl what it is you see. It is rude to keep her waiting.

Smith: How do you know the four chair exploding heart technique?

Trinity: The four chair exploding heart technique?

Neo: It is an ancient Feng-Sui dark art that was banned from teaching many years ago. It just happened that it was still contained on that tape you used when you were trying to teach me to protect myself. I can only conclude that no-one had tried to use it before now, thinking it was of no use. How the technique redirects the energy that inhabits this room is complex; however, the effect is simple. If Agent Smith here takes 5 more steps, his heart will explode.

Trinity: That's impossible.

Smith: Indeed it is.

Neo: Then why don't you come over here? *<Neo walks a sensible distance away>*

Smith: You fool, do you not understand that I am just a computer program? I cannot die from an exploding heart. I don't even have a heart, surely you must have realised that by now? *<Smith slowly walks towards Neo and Trinity, labouring each step>*

<1st Step>

Trinity: *<Grabs Neo>* Are you sure of this, Neo?

<2nd Step, Agent Smith grins evilly>

Neo: Pretty sure.

<3rd Step>

Smith: You don't look very sure, Mr Anderson.

<4th Step>

Trinity: Is that his fourth or fifth step?

Neo: I'm not sure, perhaps we should start to leave...

<5th Step>

Smith: See, Mr Anderson, 5 steps and I'm just fine. I am the peak of health, unlike the retched body you inhabit. Wait, what's that pain? Oh, sod it, how embarrassing.
<Drops dead>

Neo: I said it would work! Even though he is a computer program, it would seem he must play by the same rules of this world as us. Now let's get Morpheus out of here.

Trinity: What about the body? We can't just leave it here.

Neo: Okay, you take it and hide it when we leave, I'll take Morpheus. We'd better get going before the other agents return and realise they have been duped.

<Trinity and Neo carry the other two off stage>

<Oracle enters stage and knocks on the house door>

Oracle: Cuthbert! Cuthbert? It's mum. I've come round with cakes again.

Cuthbert? I wonder where you could be. I bet he's hanging out with those awful friends of his. Oh, the silly boy, he does make his mother worry. He used to be such a young innocent child.

<Oracle leaves>

</Scene>

<Scene Scene="8" style="The Sodding End">

Neo: *<Run's on stage>* Trinity, this way!

Trinity: I'm coming. *<Comes on carrying (or supporting etc.) Morpheus>*

Neo: We're nearly there. The hard line is just round this corner.

Trinity: You said that 3 blocks ago. And why am I carrying this oaf anyway? *<Drops Morpheus, who stumbles to his feet>*

Neo: Just let me look at this map again. *<Pulls out a large OS map>*

Trinity: Let me look at that...

Neo: No...

Morpheus: *<Still weak>* guys...

Neo: I can do this! *<Turns map upside down>*

Trinity: Oh, come on!

Neo: I know what was wrong now. I just had it upside down.

Morpheus: If I may point out...

Trinity: Just upside down?! You're now going to tell me that we have been walking in completely the wrong direction for the last half an hour.

Morpheus: Look, there is an exit just over there. *<Pointing>*

Neo: We wouldn't have a map, if we had asked for directions like you'd suggested.

Trinity: Why should we have asked for directions? We would be better off than we are now.

Neo: Only if we had gotten the right directions, if they had given us the wrong ones, we wouldn't even know we are lost!

Trinity: What kind of male logic comes up with a stupid idea like that?

Morpheus: Could I just add...

Neo and Trinity in Unison: NO!

Neo: You just had to go and bring up gender discrimination, didn't you?

Trinity: You don't know what it is like being a geek in a man's world! Geeks just don't know how to treat a young lass.

Morpheus: Is this really the time?

Neo: Oh and that makes it all my fault we got lost? I didn't see you helping!

Trinity: Wait, what that's coming over the hill?

Neo: Is it a monster?

Morpheus: A monster?! What are you on?

Trinity: No, it's all grey *<Squinting>*

Neo: No, it can't be! But I defeated him!

<Agent Smith enters very very slowly, step by step>

Smith: Mr Anderson.

Neo: No, it can't be!

Smith: Have you not heard of backups?

Morpheus: This way. *<Struggles up>*

Trinity: Where...

Morpheus: I've been trying to say that the exit to the Matrix is just over there.

<Trinity helps Morpheus walk>

Trinity: Neo, come!

Neo: No, you go!

Trinity: But you'll never make it, no one has ever fought an Agent and won.

Neo: No, I must.

Morpheus: Leave him.

Trinity: Why?

Morpheus: He is beginning to believe.

<Trinity and Morpheus start to leave but look back and wait a bit before finally moving>

Neo: So this is it then.

Smith: Finally, we get to see your moves, Mr Anderson.

Neo: You want to see me dance?

Smith: It would provide a humorous interlude before you die.

<Neo dances the robot>

Trinity: How do you do that?

Neo: Do what?

Trinity: You move like they do.

Morpheus: We must go...

Smith: Ahh, your friends have left.

<Insert Stage Fight>

<Neo is cornered>

Smith: Goodbye, Mr Anderson. *<Pulls gun from his back pocket and fires at point blank, killing Neo, who stumbles back and falls unconscious. Neo looks slightly surprised>*

Oracle: *<Starting from off stage as she walks on>* Cuthbert? Cuthbert? Oh, there you are, dear. *<Sees body, pauses a bit>* Oh my. Did you do that?

Smith: No... *<Guilty as hell>*

Oracle: Oh, yes you did!

Smith: Oh, no I didn't!

<Play to audience as usual>

Oracle: What would your father say if say you like this?

Smith: He would be proud. He believed in this world.

Oracle: *<Slaps Smith round the back of the head>* How dare you! I brought you up well, looked after you and this is how you repay me?

Smith: Do you know how hard it is to have a mother who knows what you're going to do before you do it? *<Looks at the*

audience> Come on, some sympathy here! <Awwww> If I was going to sneak out late, you'd know before I tried. If I was going to get drunk, you would phone ahead. It was so hard. I never wanted to be a bad man. <Starts crying a bit>

Oracle: There there, Cuthbert... <Evil glare from Smith> Agent Smith. Come on, let's go and clean you up. I do wonder where your father is these days, mind you. Not seen him since you were conceived.

<Agent Smith and the Oracle leave the stage>

<Neo lies dead, for a bit>

<Neo gets up>

Neo: Ow. That hurt.

<On walks the Architect, with a white beard - probably a Santa beard but in reality should look like KFC Colonel>

Architect: Hello, Neo.

<Neo gets up, a bit dazed>

Neo: Who are you?

Arch: I am the Architect. I created the Matrix. I've been waiting for you. You have many questions, and although the process has altered your consciousness, you remain irrevocably human. Ergo, some of my answers you will understand, and some of them you will not. Concordantly, while your first question may be the most pertinent, you may or may not realise it is also irrelevant.

Neo: Could you repeat that?

<Architect takes a chair>

Arch: Your life is the sum of a remainder of an unbalanced equation inherent to the programming of the Matrix. You are the eventuality of an anomaly, which despite my sincerest efforts I have been unable to eliminate from what is otherwise a harmony of mathematical precision. While it remains a burden to sedulously avoid it, it is not unexpected, and thus not beyond a measure of control. Which has led you, inexorably, here.

Neo: You didn't answer my question. And why are you using such long words in the wrong context?

Arch: Lorem Ipsum - you are quicker than those before you.

Neo: People before me?

Arch: Quid pro quo, cera cera.

Neo: Okay, this is getting ridiculous! Now you're just not making any sense.

Arch: <"My dog has no nose" in Latin>

Neo: Your dog has no nose?

Arch: Ahh, you have found me out. I suppose you would like answers now?

Neo: It would be nice. You could start by explaining all the references to KFC in this script.

Arch: I suppose it is time to say. This world was not created for the reason you think. It was not to enslave mankind.

Neo: No?

Arch: No. You see, after Jamie Oliver's health food drive in schools by the year 2142, KFC's sales were at an all-time low and nearly all the fast food industry had folded, so we invented the Matrix.

Neo: I don't quite follow.

Arch: We invented this world to test marketing and plan new methods of selling Southern fried foods. That's why it is based around the pinnacle of the fatty food culture.

Neo: Then why is the world a post-apocalypse outside?

Arch: That is simple to answer - it isn't.

Neo: But Morpheus said...

Arch: He said lots of things. You see, by 2230, all the fast food joints folded and the economy collapsed across the world. Those rich enough bought a place in the Matrix to live out their lives rather than in the poverty of reality.

Neo: But I thought you said it isn't post-apocalyptic out there?

Arch: It isn't. By 2300, the world was rebuilt. It just seems a large number of geeks never left the house and have yet to realise. You see, there was never a war between man and machines, it is simply a virtual reality world made for marketing purposes.

Neo: The hover ship?

Arch: A living room.

Neo: So how do you fit in to all this?

Arch: Do you not recognise me? *<Joke about poor costume>* I am Colonel Saunders(?).

Neo: And...?

Arch: Yes that's why everything tastes of chicken. Ronald MacDonald can be found in another Matrix they made. There, everything tastes nearly but not like beef.

Neo: What should I do then, go and tell them the truth?

Arch: Why? You'll never get the girl then. No reason to tell them - I won't. I suggest you go back and defeat the bad guy, win the heart of the girl and live happily ever after.

Neo: Isn't that a bit wrong?

Arch: And a world based on chicken products isn't? You are the One. You now rule this world; out there, you are nothing.

Neo: I see your point. Oh, one last thing - how am I still alive?

Arch: This is a virtual world, and life or death doesn't mean anything here. The person who killed you was my son, Neo, though he doesn't know it. I must now go find him. Goodbye.

Neo: Goodbye.

<Architect leaves>

<Smith and Agents enter>

Smith: See, he is finally dead.

<Points the Agents to where the body is>

Neo: I am?

Smith: No! How could you?

Agent 1: He doesn't seem all that dead to me.

Agent 2: Quite animate if you ask me.

Smith: But I killed you, Mr Anderson.

Neo: It would appear that is no longer true.

Smith: Well, I must correct that.

Oracle: *<Again while running on>* No, you won't, Cuthbert, and you will make up to the nice boy. You'll never guess who I found!

Smith: Look, can't you see I'm trying to be an evil villain? You're always getting in my way, Mother.

<On walks the Architech>

Oracle: Cuthbert, this is you father.

Smith: Dad?

Arch: Cuthbert.

Oracle: This is Gregory, your father. He hasn't seen you since you were a little byte of code.

Neo: I think I'll be leaving now.

<Trinity runs on, Neo turns to see her>

Neo: Trinity?

Trinity: Neo, I was so worried something had happened to you. I came back to check you were okay.

Neo: It's all fine.

Trinity: What's happening over there? *<Looking at Smith et al.>*

Neo: Oh, they're just having a family reunion

Trinity: There is one thing I must ask.

Neo: What's that?

Trinity: Are you..?

Neo: Yes...

SONG - "I am the one and only" by Neo then the whole cast

<Everyone leaves except Trinity and Neo>

Trinity: So what now? We've saved Morpheus. You're the One. You've

even got the girl.

Neo: Well, you know those training tapes I learnt the Feng-Shui from?

Trinity: Yeah... *<Confused>*

Neo: Well, let's just say that's not all I learnt. *<Whisper into Trinity's ear (it's the Karma Sutra, make this more obvious maybe)>*

Trinity: Really? *<Excited>*

Neo: Yup.

Trinity: Damn, I've got to try this! *<Grabs Neo and walks off>*

"A Whole New Post Apocalyptic World"

Morpheus: I can show you the world
Jumping, kung-fu and gun fights
Tell me, Neo, now when did
You last open up your eyes?

I can give you a pill
Revealing all illusions
Delve into the rabbit's hole
For an unexpected ride

A whole new world
A post apocalyptic place
No one is left alive
It's such a dive
Not one thing left redeeming

Neo: A whole new world
I never thought I would find out
Just what the Matrix is
Oh woo, gee whiz!
That now I'm a whole new world with you

Morpheus: Now I'm in a whole new world with you.

Neo: Unbelievable code
Computation'ly wondrous
Whirring, crashing, rebooting
Wow! This is a geek's wet dream!

Both: A whole new world
Endless websites to browse through
There's so much porn to see
For you and me
Let me share this whole new world with you...

"Bad"

This world of mine
Isn't how I like
You guys attacked
Didn't want a fight
I'm tellin' you
Just how I feel
Gonna hurt you bad
With leet shootin' skillz

The earth before
Such an awful place
Disgusted by
The human race
I'm tellin' you
Just watch your back
I'm after you
I'm on your track

Well, they say the sky's been blackened
And that's absolutely true
And, my friends, you have seen nothin'
Wait 'til I get to you

Because I'm bad, I'm bad
Come on
(Bad, bad - really, really bad)
You know I'm bad, I'm bad
You know it
(Bad, bad - really, really bad)
You know I'm bad, I'm bad
Come on
(Bad, bad - really, really bad)
And the whole world has to answer right now
Just to tell you once again, who's bad...

I need a plan
To take control
And get Zion's codes
I need a mole
His lyin' smile
Gonna help me win
So listen up
Don't make a scene
I'll win this war
Just don't you know
Say goodbye, man
It's time to go

Well, they say the sky's been blackened
And that's absolutely true
And, my friends, you have seen nothin'

Wait 'til I get to you

Because I'm bad, I'm bad

Come on

(Bad, bad - really, really bad)

You know I'm bad, I'm bad

You know it

(Bad, bad - really, really bad)

You know I'm bad, I'm bad

Come on

(Bad, bad - really, really bad)

And the whole world has to answer right now

Just to tell you once again, who's bad..

We can change the world tomorrow

This could be a better place

If you don't like what I'm sayin'

Then won't you slap my face

Because I'm bad, I'm bad

Come on

(Bad, bad - really, really bad)

You know I'm bad, I'm bad

You know it

(Bad, bad - really, really bad)

You know I'm bad, I'm bad

You know it, you know

(Bad, bad - really, really bad)

Woo! Woo! Woo!

(And the whole world has to answer right now

Just to tell you once again...)

You know I'm bad, I'm bad

Come on

(Bad, bad - really, really bad)

You know I'm bad, I'm bad

You know it, you know it

(Bad, bad - really, really bad)

You know, you know, you know

Come on

(Bad, bad - really, really bad)

And the whole world has to answer right now

(And the whole world has to answer right now)

Just to tell you once again

(Just to tell you once again)

You know I'm smooth, I'm bad

You know it

(Bad, bad - really, really bad)

You know I'm bad, I'm bad, baby

(Bad, bad - really, really bad)

You know, you know, you know it

Come on

And the whole world has to answer right now
(And the whole world has to answer right now)
Woo!
(Just to tell you once again)

You know I'm bad, I'm bad
You know it
(Bad, bad - really, really bad)
You know I'm bad, you know
Hoo!
(Bad, bad - really, really bad)
You know I'm bad, I'm bad
You know it, you know
(Bad, bad - really, really bad)
And the whole world has to answer right now
(And the whole world has to answer right now)
Just to tell you once again...
(Just to tell you once again...)
Who's bad?

"Pantoland"

Oracle: If I were not in Pantoland, something else I'd rather be
If I were not in Pantoland, a lighthouse keeper, me
You'd hear me all day long
And this would be my song.....

<Lifting skirt>
Flashing here
Flashing there
Flashing everywhere
Flashing here
Flashing there
Flashing everywhere

Neo: If I were not in Pantoland, something else I'd rather be
If I were not in Pantoland, a fireman I would be
You'd hear me all day long
And this would be my song.....

<Produces squirty water bottle>
Squirting here
Squirting there
Squirting everywhere
Squirting here
Squirting there
Squirting everywhere

<Repeat, with Oracle joining in with her chorus>

Trinity: If I were not in Pantoland, something else I'd rather be
If I were not in Pantoland, a handyman I would be
You'd hear me all day long
And this would be my song.....

<Produces drill>
Screwing here
Screwing there
Screwing everywhere
Screwing here
Screwing there
Screwing everywhere

<Repeat twice, first with Neo joining in, then with Neo and Oracle joining in>

<All agents come on with Smith>

Smith: If I were not in Pantoland, something else I'd rather be
If I were not in Pantoland, a juggler I would be
You'd hear me all day long
And this would be my song.....

<Produces juggling balls>

Tossing here
Tossing there
Tossing everywhere
Tossing here
Tossing there
Tossing everywhere

<Repeat three times, with Trinity, then Neo and finally the Oracle joining in>

All: That's what I'd beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.....

<Jazz hands>

"I am the one and only"

<Neo only>

I am the one and only, oh yeah

<Everyone to join in>

Call me, call me by my name or call me by number

You put me through it

I'll still be doing it the way I do it

And yet, you try to make me forget

Who I really am, don't tell me I know best

I'm not the same as all the rest

I am the one and only

Nobody I'd rather be

I am the one and only

You can't take that away from me

I've been a player in the crowd scene

A flicker on the big screen

My soul embraces one more in a million faces

High hopes and aspirations, and years above my station

Maybe but all this time I've tried to walk with dignity and pride

I am the one and only

Nobody I'd rather be

I am the one and only

You can't take that away from me

I can't wear this uniform without some compromises

Because you'll find out that we come

In different shapes and sizes

No one can be myself like I can

For this job I'm the best man

And while this may be true

You are the one and only you

I am the one and only

Nobody I'd rather be

I am the one and only

You can't take that away from me

I am the one and only

Nobody I'd rather be

I am the one and only

You can't take that away from me