

DIGITAL WOODOO, OR THE EARLY FUNNY STUFF  
EP 01001: "TRAGEDY PLUS TIME"

PAN: An overcast day. It could be any British high street in the mid 90s. New Labour are about to get in, but here it's all WH Smiths bags and chip wrappers. We're in Leamington Spa, a surprisingly uncharismatic and fighty spa town. We travel down the high street until we arrive at The Body Shop.

Suddenly the calm is disrupted. A door to the street opens. Brief blast of uncompromising industrial music. An INCONGRUOUS CYBERPUNK WOMAN runs out of The Body Shop in floods of tears, charging into a crowd of teenage girls, and upsetting a display of White Musk toiletries. Bottles and soaps spill out into the street.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT: A grimy office above The Body Shop. There are four tatty desks. One corner of the room appears, in fact, to be a Body Shop store room. Boxes, cardboard cutouts of animals in danger, that sort of thing. They've got this on the cheap. Inside two people, NICK LAND and SADIE PLANT, are busily fiddling with speakers.

NICK LAND

Am I not a palsied mantis constructed from black jumpers and secondhand Sega circuitry, stalking the crumbling corridors of academe systematically extirpating all humanism?

[LAUGHTER TRACK]

SADIE PLANT

Mate

NICK LAND

Instead of summoning or invoking, you're setting up a magical event that will be cut across from the forces of the Outside, so unanticipated events will happen.

[UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER]