

Neon Genesis Craig-Insertion

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Neon Genesis Craig-Insertion

by [imprimatur13](#)

Summary

Craig Ferguson and his robot sidekick, Geoff Peterson, find themselves in Tokyo-3 just before the Sachiel attack.

Essentially a WEIRD retelling of Episode 1 of Evangelion.

Notes

If you don't know who Craig Ferguson and Geoffrey Peterson are: Craig was the (sinfully funny) late night TV talk show-host/comedian on CBS's "The Late Late Show with Craig Ferguson". Geoff was his robot-skeleton sidekick. Look up "Craig Ferguson" on Youtube, to get an idea of how the show worked, and of his and Geoff's personalities.

In writing this, I did my best to present Craig & Geoff as in-character as possible. However, I fear some aspects of Arthur Dent, Ford Prefect, and myself, may have leaked into Craig. In addition, Ritsuko, Gendo, and, to a lesser extent, Misato, are all out of character. This is for the sake of stream-of-consciousness "crack fic"-style humor, and I hope you will forgive me. The biggest fanfic influence was probably the amazing How Not to Write Evangelion Self-Insertions.

Now, with that out of the way, please enjoy! (And please leave comments -- this is my very first fic, and I need all the feedback I can get.)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The man looks around, puzzled.

"Hey, Geoff! Where are we?" he asks the ribald robot next to him.

"I don't know, Craig. Last I remember we were in your dressing room, playing with some *BALLS*," the computerized companion answers.

"Hey, Geoff, don't go spoutin' crap like that on the TV, there. Cameras might still be on, and I wouldn't want to give anyone the wrong impression of our activities."

"Don't you mean, our *BALL*-playing?"

Craig just smiles slyly at his cybernetic servant, and quickly composes himself.

"So, as I was *SAYING*, Geoff," he says in a patronizing tone, "Where in *CENSORED* are we?"

"Well, Craig, I see buildings, and poles," the mechanized man says with a grin (not easy without facial muscles).

"Electrical poles, Geoff."

"Best kind..." Geoff says. "Anyway, I see a boy over there, trying to get a payphone to work."

Craig opens his mouth wide enough to fit in a Ramiel or two. "A PAYPHONE? In this day and age? My God, Geoff... where in the *CENSORED* bloomers of *CENSORED*, the *CENSORED* of the Himalayan *CENSORED*, are we?"

Geoff raises his hand (again, difficult without... you get the idea). "Craig, wait! It must be working! He's talking to someone... and now he hung up. *HARD*."

"Well, Geoff, I think we should go there and ask him what's going on."

They hear the boy saying, "*De wa, doushitara ii n deshou ka...*"

Craig taps him on the shoulder, eliciting a powerful reaction from the brown-haired adolescent.

"Hey, don't worry, I'm not gonna hurt you; you didn't hafta curl up into the fetal position like that," he says, paternally.

"Geoff likey," says Geoff.

"No, Geoff. Bad Geoff." Craig admonishes.

"Ooh. Oh, daddy. Geoff needs to be-"

"THAT'S enough of that." Craig says, as he removes the head of the electronic emissary of the end. "No need to traumatize the poor lad."

Meanwhile, the boy is still curled up, whimpering, "*Kaa-san... Shinitakunai... Tasukete... Hentai kara tasukete... Kaa-san...*"

Craig approaches him slowly, careful not to trigger any more deep-seated trauma. "Excuse me, lad, but do ye speak English?"

The boy begins to rock back and forth. He soon stops rocking, and progresses directly to violent shaking.

Craig moves toward the phone booth, and picks up the phone. "Hello? I need an ambulance. There's a boy here, and I think he's seizing- Wait, what does "*Nihongo de kudasai*" mean? Does no one here speak English?"

He moves the phone to its resting place, when he suddenly drops it. He falls to the ground, sheltering the boy with his body.

"The *CENSORED* is wrong with ye? Ye almost killed me! And there's a boy here! What would you've done if you'd ended the poor laddie's life, while still a virgin?" He looks to the boy, who nods. "Hehe... I knew it." He looks back at the car that nearly decapitated them, with a look of such ferocity as only a sober Scotsman (rare sight, that) can muster. "Now, what do ye have to say for yourself, you *CENSORED*-stick?"

Major Misato Katsuragi exits her Renault. Immediately, she sees her charge smothered by a - - surprisingly attractive -- man, and her mouth opens wide enough to fit 5 Shamshel's in there.

She composes herself, and yells, "*Oi! Dare da? Nani shiteru wa?*"

Craig erects himself. Not looking up, he places his palm upon his face, and says, "Oh, God... er... English?"

Misato ignores him, and pushes him aside.

“*Shinji-kun! Daijobu desuka?*” she says, shaking the boy.

The boy slowly opens his eyes to her. “*Misato-san? Ano... hentai ga...*” His eyes close again.

Misato glares at Craig. She grabs him by his shirt. His palm departs from his face. He opens his eyes, and then his mouth. The opening is wide enough to enclose Giant Naked Rei within his jaws.

“My God, you’re beau-”

“*Shinitai?!? Shinitai ka?!?*” she roars.

Craig is dumbstruck for a moment. “English? Please?”

Her expression immediately softens. “*Aa. Sou ka... Issho ni kite.*” She beckons him to the open car.

Craig smiles. “Ah, at least one thing here’s right... the car’s drive on the right side. Wait. What about my friend over there?” he says, pointing to Geoff’s lifeless form.

“*Aa... We don’t take.*” she says, in English. “No room.” She points to the back row, of which only one seat is available; the others being covered in junk food/wrappers thereof.

“Ah, so you speak SOME English, then. And you have wonderful dietary habits, I see... Are you SURE we’re not in America?”

She just looks at him, a confused expression on her face. “Don’t worry about it, lass.” he says, smiling. He points to the seat, and then to the boy. “For him?”

Misato smiles, and says, “Yes.”

The two lift Shinji into the backseat. Craig places Geoff’s head in the trunk. “Mustn’t forget you, old friend. Your body, on the other hand...” he chuckles.

Craig moves to open the passenger’s side door for Misato. She smiles, but raises a hand to politely decline. He nods.

She begins rounding the car to the driver’s side, when Craig opens the door yet again for her. She blinks audibly, and blushes. He smiles at her, and she returns the gesture.

She enters the car, and he joins her on her left. She winks at him, and begins driving.

He is taking in the scenery, when he is jolted by the sensation of his body nearly penetrating the windshield.

He adopts a pleading tone. "Please. Slow."

She smiles at him, and shakes her head. "I don't understand."

"Let me drive, then. I don't know where we're going, but I'd much rather get there alive." he says calmly, reaching for the steering wheel.

She is silent for a second, as if deep in thought. "*Aa. Sou da!*" she suddenly ejaculates. "*Sore ja...*"

She begins driving more carefully, while Craig closes his eyes, clasps his hands together, and intones "Thank you, Lord in Heaven."

They arrive at NERV HQ. Misato exits the car, and opens Craig's door with a wink.

"Oh, you prefer it that way, eh?" he says, with a shrug. "Well, whatever floats your boat, I'm okay with."

Misato looks at Shinji's still motionless body, and looks away, shaking her head.

"I suppose there's no need to bring a limp fella like him with you, eh? Ah, if only Geoff were here... Oh, wait!" Craig says, as he rushes to the trunk, and pulls out Geoff's curvaceous cranium. "I've got him here. I'll take him along; who knows, maybe the cameras in his eyes're still working, and he'll record all the stuff he sees here. Where is here, by the way?"

"*Sore wa...* NERV!"

"Ah, I knew a club in L.A. with a name like that... so, can I expect German men wearing a lot of leather, and not much else?"

Misato just smiles, nods, and walks on down the corridor. Craig follows, toting the holy head of the dead.

She leads him through a door marked, "CAUTION".

"Wow! That door just opened right up for us! Did you see that? Even *I* could fit in there. Eh, Geoff... Geoff?" Craig says, as he shakes Geoff's head. "Come back to me, lad!" He

hangs his own head in resignation. “Ah, it’s no use.” he says, letting Geoff’s dangle at his side, held by three of his fingers.

They emerge into a vast area. There are escalators as far as the eye can see, above and below, and there are workmen hammering, and workmen nailing, things into their proper places.

“Wow! This is amazing!” he says, enthusiastically.

Misato chuckles, and, with a firm grip on his shoulder, leads him onto one of the escalators. He is quite startled by the feel of her hand on him, and by the dizzying drop awaiting him should he fall.

He begins to shake, obviously frightened.

Misato responds by pulling him in for an embrace. In doing so, she causes him to lose his grip on Geoff’s head. It goes tumbling down to the depths below.

“NOOOO!!!!” Craig screams, wrestling himself – reluctantly – from Misato’s arms.
“Geoff!!!”

Craig calms himself down, and turns to face Misato, who has begun to cry. “Well,” he says, with a sad tone of voice, “At least I still have you. Geoff would want me to continue on. I know he would. And even if not, *I* would want me to continue on.”

He goes over to the crying woman, and holds her in a tight hug. He strokes her hair, and says, “I know you can’t understand me, but he told me, that if anything ever happened to him, he’d want me to move on. To be happy. I will honor his memory, with you.”

Misato stops crying for a moment, and looks into his limpid eyes. “*Naicha dame da. De mo, Kaji-san wa...*”

He looks back at her kindly, and says, “I love you too. Come on. Let’s continue, together.”

Holding her trembling hand, he takes her with him onto the escalator.

They move down the escalator, when they reach another door.

“Now, let’s step through here, ok?” Craig says to Misato, paternally.

“U... un...” she says.

They step through, only to meet Dr. Ritsuko Akagi.

“Now, before you say anything, I only speak English. Is there ANYONE here who speaks English?” Craig pleads.

“I do. Now, what is your name, and what are you doing with Major Katsuragi?” says Dr. Akagi, sternly.

Craig’s jaw drops enough to fit, not only Giant Naked Rei, but also Giant Naked Kaworu, simultaneously. “Oh, thank the Lord! An honest-to-God, bona fide, *CENSORED* English speaker!”

Seeing Dr. Akagi’s face of stony silence, he continues, “Er... Well, she kind of brought me here with her. Matter of fact, I don’t even know anything about this place, other than its name. NERV... What kind of place is this, exactly?”

“‘This place’, is a top-secret organization, under United Nations auspices. Anyone not authorized to be here, is technically in violation of international law. However, I’ll give Major Katsuragi the opportunity to explain herself.” Beckoning Misato towards a closed door, she says, “We’ll go in there for a moment. Don’t move.” She smiles widely. “Unless you want to die.”

She closes the door behind herself and Misato, leaving Craig standing there alone. Just as he begins to look around, however, the two women emerge, side by side. Dr. Akagi has her hand on Misato’s upper back, while Misato just looks embarrassed.

“Major Katsuragi has explained the situation to me.” Dr. Akagi says, with a look of disgust. “Apparently, the boy she was *supposed* to pick up, Shinji Ikari, was on the ground, motionless. She saw you on top of him, and immediately assumed you had tackled him, and were trying to... ‘assault’ him.” She rolls her eyes, and continues. “She then realized her mistake, and, discovering you only spoke English, decided to bring you here – where she decided I would be perfectly happy to serve as interpreter for her newest infatuation.” At this, Dr. Akagi gives Misato a look not unlike the one a non-sober Scotsman might give to a man who had just drunk the last pint of Guinness.

The Major shrinks down to lilliputian size, and runs away, screaming, “*Kaji-san! Tasukete! Shinitakunai... Hentai no Ritchan kara tasukete wa!*”

“Yeah, you *better* run, bitch-sato.” says Dr. Akagi.

Craig, seeming not to notice what had just happened, laughs. “Her newest infatuation? Aye, I am quite popular with the ladies, if I do say so myself.” He winks at Dr. Akagi, but is nearly blinded by the full brilliance of her mind bearing down on him. He covers his eyes with his palms, and, falling to the ground, begins to wail.

“Ha ha ha ha ha!!!” laughs Dr. Akagi. Returning to her prior, Medusan persona, she says, “I hope you’ll shut your *CENSORED*-ing *CENSORED*-hole now, as I have important things to tell you.”

“AAAHHH!!! MY EYES!!!” bellows Craig.

“Quiet, insolent mortal,” says Dr. Akagi. “Or do you want to lose your sense of smell as well?”

All was silent.

“Excellent. Now,” she says, “I will tell you, that the boy, whose unconscious body you oh-so-kindly left in the backseat of Major Katsuragi’s car, was to be our pilot. He was selected to pilot the robot called ‘Evan-gelion’, to fight the Angels that are coming to destroy humanity. I don’t know *what* you did to him – nor do I think I want to – but we will have to find a replacement.” She thinks for a moment, then continues. “In the meantime, I shall take you to the Commander. He will decide your fate, lowly worm.”

Ignoring his feeble noises of pain, Dr. Akagi grabs Craig by his head and pulls him up.

“I hope the Commander gives you the death penalty. Or castration by Rei-clones...” She catches herself. “Sorry... Spoilers.”

“Ith pfain,” says Craig, making a valiant effort to speak with a sock in his mouth (put there by Dr. Akagi as a failsafe to ensure his silence). “I’vv ridh thuh manga.”

“Phew.” Dr. Akagi mutters. They continue walking in silence.

They soon reach a gigantic door.

“Are you ready to see the Commander, worm?”

Craig is motionless for a second, then hesitantly nods.

“Hehehehe.” Dr. Akagi cackles. “I look forward to your funeral... wait.” She catches herself. “Sorry, of course there won’t be a funeral.”

Craig looks up, hopeful tears filling his eyes.

“We don’t hold funerals for dead worms.” Dr. Akagi says, with a look of satanic glee.

The door opens, revealing an office large enough to fully contain the destructive power of the Second Impact.

“Commander! I have brought our newest sacrifice... I mean, *visitor*.” Dr. Akagi says, winking satanically to Craig’s barely living form.

Dr. Akagi continues. “He has incapacitated your son, our only hope for the salvation of mankind. He has doomed us all to a fate almost as bad as whatever you and Fuyutsuki do when you’re ‘working late’ together.” She shivers, but regains her composure. “What shall be done with him?”

Gendo “The Commander” Ikari opens his eyes, rousing himself from his sleep of ineffability. He begins to make an utterance of ineffability. “Now, what shall be don-”

“Wait!” shouts Craig, having spit out the sock. “I didn’t *DO* anything!”

“You *dare* speak in the presence of the Commander’s ineffability, worm? I shall-”

“Wait, Ritsuko.” says the Commander’s ineffability. “Let the worm speak.”

“But--” Dr. Akagi begins to say, but is then rendered speechless by the Commander’s taking off his space goggles and shooting a concentrated beam of ineffability at her.

“You amuse me, worm. Continue.”

“Er... thank you, I think...” Craig begins, with great uncertainty. “As I was saying, I had only just gotten here when I accidentally traumatized Your Ineffability’s only begotten Son. I was then almost killed by an insane driver. I’m not sure why, but I drove here with her, surviving only by the extreme Grace of God.

“And then, I finally find someone who speaks English, when I am almost immediately blinded by... Something. I don’t remember exactly what happened, but it was terrible.

“Anyway, I just want to save my friend, and get home! I don’t know anything about these ‘Angels’ or whatever, but--”

“Wait, worm,” interrupted the Commander’s ineffability. “You mentioned ‘a friend’.”

“What? Oh, yes. I dropped his head into the abyss when I was nearly pushed off of those deathtraps you call escalators.”

“Interesting.” said the Commander’s ineffability, as he covered his entire face with his gloved hands.

“To continue,” continued Craig, “I don’t know what to do. Is there any way you could help me revive my friend, and find our way back to Los Angeles?”

The Commander ineffably intones, “I have a better idea.”

“Wait. What in God’s name is this thing?” Craig says, pointing to the purple giant before him. “And why is it so horny?” he adds, with a chuckle.

“It is ‘Evelyn’. You will pilot it, and save humanity from complete destruction. Now, change.” His Ineffability replies, handing him a pilot’s purple plugsuit.

“Wait,” says Craig nervously, “Where’s the changing room?”

“What changing room?” asks His Ineffability.

“Ah. I see...” Craig says, beginning to strip.

“Oh, baby.” His Ineffability intones, as if it were some ancient incantation, long forgotten by mankind.

“AH! I’m drownbhbhbhbhmfm!” Craig says, from inside the entry plug. “Oh, wait. I can breathe... this is cool! If only Geoff were here to see this...”

“Now, try to walk. Worm.” says Dr. Akagi. She thinks to herself, “Unbelievable! His sync rate is over 200%! How can this be, with absolutely no training?”

Craig begins to walk, and, to his – and everyone else’s – surprise, he maintains a casual gait, with hands in 01’s pockets.

“Like this?” he asks.

“Y-yes, worm.” Dr. Akagi answers, flustered. She turns to the Commander’s ineffability. “Your Glorious Ineffability, how is this happening? I just don’t get it...”

The Commander just smiles from under his tented hands, and proceeds to cover his entire body at once with them.

“GEH!!” Craig bellows, as the Third Angel continuously penetrates 01’s head with its phallic ulna. “BLEARGHHGHGH!!!” he ejaculates.

“What the *CENSORED* hell can I do? This bastard’s stronger than all the bodybuilders in Austria!” he implores Dr. Akagi.

“Just concentrate, worm. Clear your mind of all its many worm-thoughts, and try to concentrate on your bond with Evangelion.”

“All right, all right...” Craig says, as he tries to empty his mind. Not easy, considering the fact that he feels like his head is being raped.

Suddenly, he hears an indistinct voice. He somehow knows, that it is the voice, of Evangelion.

“Evangelion! It’s me, Craig! Your pilot! Please, help me kill this mother-*CENSORED*-ing mother-*CENSORED*!”

The voice begins to grow clearer... “Craig, can you hear me?” it says.

“Yes! I can hear you!” Craig says. “Wait... why do you sound so familiar? I have vague associations with... spherical objects...”

“Don’t you mean, *BALLS?*” the voice answers.

“Geoff! It’s you!” Craig says, happily.

“Of course it’s me. Who else would let you enter them with that... *entry plug*, of yours?”

“Oh, Geoff! It’s really you! How did you get here...” Craig says. “Wait... more importantly, we’ve gotta kill this *CENSORED*!”

“Read you loud and clear, Craig. Let’s do it.”

“IT’S A GREAT DAY FOR AMERICA, YOU PHALLIC-ARMED BASTARD!!!” they shout in unison, while ripping Sachiel’s head clean off his body.

“I always love a squirter.” Geoff says.

“So, Your Ineffability, how did Geoff end up in the Evangelion with me?” Craig asks.

The Commander’s Ineffability removes his hands, that are covering his whole ineffable body with their tenting. “Simply, heroic worm, when you dropped your even-less-worthy friend’s head off of my patented Escalators of Doom(TM), it fell into the sea of LCL surrounding Evangelion. At which point, its soul merged with Evangelion.”

“I see,” Craig says. “So, how can we get him out of it?”

“You cannot. Once one has tasted the taste of Evangelion, one cannot remove oneself. One is an eternal slave to it.”

“NOO!!!!” Craig screams, falling to the ground. His tears fall like waterfalls, and, having torn out all his hair, is now apparently trying to remove his scalp as well. “GEOFF!!!!”

Meanwhile, Geoff thinks to himself, “You know, being penetrated by that Angel’s arm-penis wasn’t all that bad. Maybe I could get used to this ‘Evangelion’ thing, after all...”

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Here, before you leave feedback, I shall give some prod. notes.

I had originally killed Geoff simply because his creepy lines creeped me out. Then, I gave him a purpose, after the fact.

I make numerous allusions to Geoff being Kaworu (electronic emissary of the end, holy head of the dead). I don't know why. Perhaps b/c he has no head?

Satanic!Ritsuko was based on a shot in JA episode, and a comment on the fan geek commentary.

Geoff/Craig piloting together was filled with Gurren Lagann vibes.

The term "ejaculate" was used with full intent. Important. (Carries sexual undertones...)

Misato's daddy issues were used to their full extent, in her Craig-shipping.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!