

**Pirates of the Aegean
Or Greece: The Musical**
An OUSFG Punt Party Panto for 2004

Prelude:

Homer: As the great sage Sturgeon said:
 “If the parts of spec. fiction
 Be counted as ten,
 Thrice three go to bollocks,
 One tenth is good, then.”
 It’s for you, the audience, to decide which category this particular work falls
 into...

PROLOGUE

Enter Eris.

Eris: Hail Eris. (*pauses*) For I am her. Damn them all, over there, enjoying their
 party. Why would they not invite me, were they worried it might get a bit
 chaotic? Well, with this Golden Delicious apple, I’ll show them all.

*Eris tosses the apple. Camera focuses in on the apple as it spins, displaying the word Kallisti
inscribed thereon. The camera tracks the apple as it reaches the height of its arc, and then
pans back to display it landing in the middle of the three goddesses, Hera, Athena and
Aphrodite, obviously at a party, carrying glasses of retsina and cocktail sausages on sticks.*

Hera picks up the apple.

Hera: For the fairest? Well, that was thoughtful. I wonder who passed this to me?

Athena: For you? I don’t think so.

Aphrodite: Absolutely. Pass it over.

Hera bitch-slaps Aphrodite. Catfight ensues, with lots of pulling of hair and scratching.

Enter Hermes.

Hermes: Break it up, ladies. Zeus has said we’ll get the handsomest man in the world
 to judge this contest. He’s currently herding cattle down in the lands around
 Troy. Let’s go meet him.

Exeunt omnes. Enter the chorus.

ACT 1

Scene 1:

Paris is herding cattle. Enter Hermes.

Hermes: Paris, since you are as handsome as you are wise in the affairs of the heart,
 Zeus commands you to judge which of these goddesses is the fairest.

Paris: Will it be enough to judge them as they are, or should they be naked?

Chorus: *drool* Urgh, BRAINS!

It appears the chorus are zombies, which could make the singing a little awkward.

Paris: In that case, would they kindly disrobe?

Hermes: It's time to introduce our contestants. Naked. (Heavy sigh.) Contestant number 1, what's your name and where do you come from?

Enter Hera, naked.

Hera: My name is Hera, I am Queen of the Pantheon of Olympus. I was born of the titan Cronus and his sister Rhea. My primary portfolio is of marriage and birth, but I am known for being jealous and angry.

Hermes: Excellent, please take a seat. Contestant number two, what's your name and where do you come from?

Enter Athena, naked.

Athena: I am Athena, goddess of wisdom, war, the arts, industry, justice and skill. I was not so much born as I sprung out of Zeus's head fully formed. My mother was Metis, although I think my father would have preferred an aspirin over another daughter and his skull split open.

Hermes: Thank you, please do sit down. Contestant number 3, could you now introduce yourself?

Enter Aphrodite, naked but for a girdle.

Aphrodite: Thank you, I am Aphrodite, goddess of love. Also, beauty and sex. Actually, mostly the sex. There's some debate on my parents; the polite version is my father was Zeus and my mother Dione. The accurate version is Cronus castrated Uranus and threw his godly balls in the sea, from which I arose.

Hermes: Aphrodite, I see you're still wearing your girdle. The rules are nudity, I'm afraid.

Paris: Yes, that's right, no clothing.

Aphrodite: But it's a magic girdle, it makes everyone love me. Makes me teh sexah!

Hermes: I'm sorry, rules are rules.

Aphrodite: Damn.

Paris: Damn.

Aphrodite strips down to be completely naked.

Paris: Question number 1: If we were to have a child together, how would you conceive? Number 2, this question is for you.

Athena: Well, while I am a mother, you could not be a father with me; I'm afraid I am and will remain a virgin.

Paris: Hmm, I see. So, no nookie then. Number 1, same question to you.

Hera: I am faithful to my husband, Zeus, and you don't want to be pissing him off. But you could try feeding me lettuce, that's been known to work before.

Paris: A romantic dinner with a side salad, but no action afterwards? Number 3, same question.

Aphrodite: Well, to be honest, the sex is the thing. Much sex, which leads to children in much the normal way. Ask your father's cousin, I'm sure he could explain.

Paris: My father? Cousin? My father has no cousins.

Aphrodite: *(whispered to Hermes)* Hang on, does he know who he is?

Hermes: *(whispered to Aphrodite)* Not yet. I wouldn't worry anyway, your son Aeneas is in his own epic, this is based on the Iliad.

Aphrodite: *(to Paris)* Anyway, so, yes, lots of the sex.

Paris: I think number 3 wins the first round. Second question, if I were to worship you in a ceremony in your temple, how would you instruct me in your mysteries? Number 1.

Hera: If you travel all the way to Argos, the Heraia has a woman-only version of the Olympic games.

Paris: But I'm a man.

Hera: Yes, but the woman will all be naked.

Paris: But I won't be allowed in, will I?

Hera: Well, no.

Paris: Ok, number 2, then, same question.

Athena: My statue gets dressed up in fancy clothes once a year. You could help with that.

Paris: I'll bear that in mind. Number 3.

Aphrodite: One of the primary methods of worship is sexual intercourse with my priestesses. So, lots of the sex.

Paris: Excellent. Last question, to win this contest, what will you offer me? Number 1.

Hera: I will make you lord of all Asia and the richest man alive.

Paris: Dude, sweet! Err, I mean, I am not to be bribed. Number 2.

Athena: If you display the wisdom to judge me the fairest, I will make you victorious in all your battles, as well as the handsomest and wisest man in the world.

Paris: I can't see how that would be useful; are there likely to be any ten year wars any time soon? I don't think so. King Priam is a wise and just king and I can't

think of any reason why anyone would declare war on him. Maybe if he had a crazy son who went and offended a Greek king, but Hector and his other sons are not likely to do anything like that. Number 3, your turn.

Aphrodite: Paris, why waste your time herding cattle? Move to a city; I guarantee you could pull Helen of Sparta, who's as beautiful as me and no less passionate. She might be married to Menelaos now, but that's no obstacle. Trust me.

Paris: Fair enough. Number 3, the apple Kallisti is yours.

Aphrodite: Suck it down, losers! I am teh win, you are teh lose!

Paris: Ok, I'm off. I've heard Priam needs a prize bull for a festival, and I reckon one of my herd should do the job. I've got a good feeling he would feel to me as a father to a son if I provide him with the best specimen.

Exeunt omnes.

Scene 2:

Paris and Helen on stage, Aphrodite in the wings.

Homer: And Paris, Prince of Troy, did go to Sparta (in Greece), where there was a curious plague of zombies. There did he meet Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, whose face may launch a thousand punts at some point in the future, but we don't know that yet.

Paris: I am really great. Come away with me to Troy.

Helen: Oh, but that would be bad. What about my husband Menelaus?

Paris: Yes, but I am really great, so it doesn't matter.

Aphrodite: *(to Helen, Mrs.Doyle-style)* Oh, gwan, gwan, gwan, gwan, gwan!

Helen: Oh, okay then.

Helen: *(to the obvious tune, with the chorus accompanying as best they can, groaning)*
I've got chills, they're multiplyin', and I'm losing control.
'Cause the power you're supplying, it's electrifying. *(points at Aphrodite)*
Better shape up, 'cause I need a man, and my heart is set on you. *(pointing at Paris)*
Better shape up, you've gotta understand, to my heart I must be true.
You're the one that I want.
You are the one I want,
Ooh, ooh, ooh Paris!

Paris: Please stop.

Chorus continue groaning in tune.

OUSFGer: Who the fuck thought zombies would make a good chorus? They can't sing. All they can say is brains.

Chorus: Brains!

Chorus continue the tune with this exciting word.

OUSFGer: See, you're a rubbish chorus. Shoo, go away.

Chorus look confused and do nothing.

Exeunt chorus, beset by OUSFGer with baseball bat.

Paris: I hope you suck as hard as your lyrics.

Exeunt omnes.

Scene 3:

Menelaos and a servant in the palace.

Menelaos: Where is my wife, who also happens to be the most beautiful woman in the world?

Servant: I don't know, master; last I saw, she was talking to Aphrodite, goddess of love.

Menelaos: And where is Paris, Prince of Troy, who is a young, good-looking guy, unlike myself.

Servant: Err..

Menelaos: Damn them both. For this we must go to war.

Exit Menelaos, fuming.

Scene 4:

Agamemnon is resting in his palace.

Enter Menelaos

Agamemnon: What brings you to my door, oh brother of mine?

Menelaos: My wife has been stolen by Paris, Prince of Troy.

Agamemnon: Gosh, darnit. All of Greece's men must go to war. Assemble the punts!

Scene 5:

50,000 hoplites are milling about in a staging area. 1000 punts are drawn up on the shores.

All

of Greece's kings and heroes are present.

Agamemnon: *to the tune of Sorted for E's and Wizz*

Oh, is this the way they say the past is meant to feel?

Or just 50,000 hoplites standing in a field.

And I don't quite understand just what this feeling is.

But that's OK 'cos we're all sorted out for helms and spears.

And tell me when the punts start out 'cos all this has just got to mean something

In the middle of the night,
It feels alright,
But then tomorrow morning,
Oh then you come down

Oh yeah, the Delphic oracle told us what was going to be.
Got the punts off some fucked up bloke in Mycenae
Oh and no-one seems to know exactly where Troy is.
But that's OK 'cos we're all sorted out for helms and spears.
At 4 o'clock my brother's wife seems very, very, very far away.
Alright.

In the middle of the night,
It feels alright,
But then tomorrow morning,
Oh then you come down

Just keep on moving...
Everybody asks your name,
they say we're all the same and it's "nice one", "Achaeae"
but that's as far as the conversation went.
He lost his wife, I dance alone,
it's six o'clock, I wanna go home.
But it's "no way," "not today,"
makes you wonder what it meant.
And this hollow feeling grows and grows and grows and grows,
and you want to phone Clytemnestra and say,
"My wife, I can never come home again,
cos I seem to have left an important part of my daughter somewhere,
somewhere in the port in Aulis."
Alright.

In the middle of the night,
It feels alright,
But then tomorrow morning,
Oh then you come down

What if you never come down?

Enter oracle.

Oracle: Oi, have you been sniffing the fumes in my cave? I'm supposed to be the one spouting nonsense in a drug haze. Anyway, with that sacrifice you just mentioned, you should be able to get across the sea safely. These pirates can sail the punts for you. You really should have trained all those heavily armoured hoplites how to use a bloody punt if you wanted to go all the way to Troy, shouldn't you?

Enter new chorus.

Chorus: Arr, brains, matey.

The new chorus also appear to be zombies, although they can converse and sing.

Agamemnon: *(Appears to have come down, despite his fears in his last line).* Let's go.

1000 punts sail across the water. NB: if the budget only stretches to one punt, sail it across

the
water 1000 times. NBB: If the budget does not stretch to one punt, then wading may be in
order. NBBB: Paper boats and jelly babies may be the solution to some of our problems.
Exeunt omnes.

ACT 2

Troy is besieged for ten years. Insert "Go Greek Fighting".

ACT 3

Scene 1:

Troy is still besieged after ten years; the best of the Greek warriors is Achilles.

Achilles: (to the tune of Look at me, I'm Sandra Dee)

Look at me, I'm Achilles,
much.

Careless with my dodgy heels
Won't go to Greece until Helen's released.
I can't, I'm Achilles

Paris: That don't impress me

From overseas, I'm Achilles, greatest of the Greek armies,
whose blood can't be spilled, who cannot be killed
like Protesilaus.

Fear me Priam, for I braid my riah
and posed as a lady in Scyros
I'm dressed in a skirt and my feelings were hurt,
at the death of my best friend Patroclus.

As for you, Orlando Bloom, I know what you wanna do
You've got your arrows but I'm not Jack Sparrow
I'm still Achilles

Paris, Paris, let me be, keep those quills away from me,
Go back to Oenone, you omi palone
I'm the bona
Achilles

Scene 2:

Achilles is still outside the walls of Troy, as are many Greek hoplites, who now seem to be
indistinguishable from the chorus of pirate zombies, still on punts. Paris is on the walls of
Troy,
with many Trojans.

Homer: Locking Step and grave ripe flesh, a decade of decay.

Paris: Relentless motes, these fuckers float. Long range lead away. (shoot lead stuff)

Homer: A Hollywood pimp's toe's friend gives out. (they shoot Achilles' heel)

Achilles: Hey, scamps, I'll see you 'round. (dying)

Paris: The only wave from us you'll get's when you fuckers run aground. (to chorus)
Our love, our life, our lead for you, 'cause you're the toast of town.
Hey, fuckers, take your death's last breath, 'cause our love is your kiss down.

Homer: A slice of damp whose food is dead does scream and take a bow.

Chorus: I guess we'll keel for this last deal as this game's done for now.

Scene 3:

Agamemnon and Odysseus are on a beach covered in driftwood, surrounded by the chorus

Agamemnon: OK, team, you've got 24 hours to come up with a monster fighting machine...from the local driftwood.

Odysseus: Great, who's going to design it?

Agamemnon: You are. I'm going to spend the time eating Kit-Kats.

Exit Agamemnon

Odysseus: Right, and if this wooden badger doesn't work, I'll ask my mates to build an even bigger one to smash it up.

Chorus: Arrr! *[chanting]* Smash it up, smash it up *[ad nauseam]*

Odysseus: It's got to be, like made of rubber bands, like, and then, to make it double dangerous and then, like, we line it with Kit-Kat wrappers, 'cos your youngest Spartan'd sooner eat a pair of scissors than get into a scrap with us: it does their pupils in, y'see. Get in gear, you freak nuts!

Chorus: Heave ho, me hearties! *[chants]*

Chorus: Fifteen zombies on a live man's brains
Yo ho ho and a bottle of ouzo

Odysseus: No, you idiots, not the ouzo, we'll never finish on time if you break out the hard stuff¹...

Zombie kittens wearing flat caps join in the building of the Badger, singing 'Charlie's Angels' in

Yorkshire accents. Exeunt, pursued by an emperor penguin, a polar bear, a kung-fu stickman,

Kenny Loggins and a red 'x' where an image has failed to load.

Zombie pirates: Woo! Yay! Hoopla! Pieces of brains!

Odysseus: Twats! Where's the coffee? *(Exits disgustedly).*

Interlude:

Homer: *(In a dramatic voice)*
It was the dusk of the bronze age of mankind,
10 years after the start of the Trojan war.
The wooden badger was a dream given form
Its goal: to prevent another war by utterly destroying the enemies of Greece.
Two million five hundred thousand grams of shining Kit Kat wrappers
All alone in the desert.

¹ A fitting warning for future punt party panto writers, too.

The year is 2258 BC.
The name of the place is
TROY

Scene 4:

Homer: Sunset goes down across the land,
deep reds spread across the sand.

Driftwood silhouettes move like daggers,
pointy, sharp and biting,
Great dark cast shadow of that strange badger
looking quite inviting.

The tall thick doors creak slowly open wide,
Trojan guards silently surround the beast against
the sound of the incoming tide.

Compact wheels, a handy pull-cord and sturdy base,
an artist briskly paints this vision on a vase.

The guards hustle the badger through the thick door
behind the walls of Troy.

Now on even ground, the badger crawls on more quickly.
Lit only by firelight and moonlight.
The Beast's hide and flank are revealed with dark and sun-bleached driftwood.
A Gift of black and white.

Cue crescendo of Chorus of 'Badger'

Scene 5:

Homer: And the moon did rise and the Trojans did retire to their beds, for their heads
were sore. And then...

*Hoplites, or zombies, whatever, ten years of siege warfare in the company of pirate zombies
is
going to addle the best hoplite anyway, climb out of a hatch in the belly of the wooden
badger.*

Invoke the imagination of the audience.

Zombie 1: Brains. Me 'arty.

Zombie 2: Arrrrr. Brains - matey - brains.

Hoplite: Fuck, it was hot in there! (*zombies look at him suspiciously*) Oh...um...
(*groaning*) yo ho ho and a bottle of brains.

*Zombies spread out through Troy, sacking, pillaging and burning, etc. Since zombies only
move
at 0.8m/s the Trojans should have very little trouble escaping. However, they're surprisingly
inept, and all but Helen are killed and eaten. She moves to front-right and watches, aghast.*

Paris: Arrrrr. Brains.

Homer: And so Troy did burn to the ground². Verily they were sore wroth, and Helen

² The best way to simulate this is clearly with fireworks inside a lovingly crafted scale model of the city. Ideally this should be 1:1, but half size is adequate.

did weep, for her beauty had caused this all to pass.

EPILOGUE

To the tune of 'Summer Loving' from Grease.

Helen: Summer fightin', set in the past.
Paris: Summer fightin', set to music at last
Helen: Went to Troy, we had to flee.
Paris: Met a girl [*gestures to Helen*], cute as can be...
Lit-er-ally...
P&H: That was dumb, something's begun
Like -oh- say ten years of war...
Chor.: Oh warra warra warra oo
Tell me more, tell me more.
Paris: Will the Greeks win the war?
Chor: Tell me more, tell me more.
Helen: Like, will there be a hor... se?

Paris: Summer siegin', trapped in the city,
Helen: Summer seigin', it's all turned shitty,
P&H: We're in Troy, we've gone to ground,
Chor: We're outside, hanging around.
H&P: We aghast, how long will this last?
Chor: Maybe -oh- say ten years of war?
Oh warra warra warra oo
Tell me more, tell me more.
Helen: How will they pass the years?
Chor: Tell more more, tell me more.
Paris: I guess they'll become queers...

Helen: It's gone colder, here's where it ends...
Paris: So I told her, we'll still be
Menelaos stabs Paris
Helen: Then I made... my true love vow (*Takes Paris's hand*)
(*To Menelaos*) What the fuck, I'm back with you, now...
Chor: Ten years gone, what have we won?
Just -oh- this incorrigible... whore.