

OEDIPUS RENNT

THE MAKING OF THE PUNT PARTY PANTO

SFX GEEK 1: People always assume that we did the giant dog scene with CGI, but actually that's not the case. For the past twenty-five years OUSFG has been breeding tiny cameramen in the fridge of the Teddy Hall basement kitchen, specifically for this very role. This avoids the necessity of artificially generating a really big dog.

SFX GEEK 2: For Punt Party 2000 the director wanted the most realistic zero-gravity effects sequence ever. We filmed it by placing the stars on a flat surface and then filming them [Oedipus lies on ground waving arms] and simulating floating objects [Oedipus throws object in air gleefully] and spinning the camera around sickeningly [Oedipus rotates on ground]. It's cheap but kind of effective, and we believe lots of other studios will soon adopt this technique. Or not.

SFX GEEK 1: Lots of people have asked me how we filmed the dream sequence and really its quite simple. We took Thomas Disch and put a really, really small camera actually right inside his head and then filmed all his dreams. We fed him a diet consisting entirely of cheese and walnuts to ensure high-resolution technicolour dreams.

SFX GEEK 2: To shoot the scene where Keanu Reeves has to dodge the bullets we tied him up with a piece of string, and then got a freakishly tall Dutchman to wave him around on a stick while we shot at him. This got boring after a while, but the shrieks of pain did tend to relieve the boredom.

THE PLAY

DIRECTOR: Gentlemen, welcome to the Punt Party Panto. First rule of the Punt Party Panto is you do not talk about the Punt Party Panto. Second rule of the Punt Party Panto is YOU DO NOT TALK ABOUT THE PUNT PARTY PANTO! Third rule of the Punt Party Panto, someone yells stop, goes limp, taps out, throws up, the panto goes on. Fourth rule only two parents to a mythic archetype, fifth rule: one parent at a time, fellas. Sixth rule: no audience no plot. Seventh rule: the panto will go on as long as it has to. And the eighth and final rule: If this is your first time at the Punt Party Panto, you have to be a velociraptor.

FREUD: Hello, I'm Sigmund Freud, and I'm here to welcome you to this year's Punt Party Production. From my classic 'The Sexual Nature of Dreams' - soon to be two major movies! - Oedipus Rennt. In Katamorphic Widescreen. Includes 'making of' documentary! additional features! original cinema trailers!

[insert cinema trailer: Oedipus running, basically, plus one or two out-takes]

PROLOGUE

TIRESIAS: The theatre is round, there are three tragedies, followed by a satyr play. The rest is just theory. Let's go!

[OEDIPUS is lying on a couch talking to Freud]

FREUD: So tell me about your mother.

OEDIPUS: I'll tell you about my mother. [Attacks FREUD]

[Enter VELOCIRAPTORS clutching their chests]

VELOCIRAPTORS: Ohhh, that kebab was rough.

[Greek CHORUS bursts out of VELOCIRAPTORS' chests, bearing gifts. Among these is a phone which they give to OEDIPUS]

OEDIPUS: Ja? Was ist? Sphinx is that you?

SPHINX (V0): Oedipus, where are you?

OEDIPUS: Some kid ripped off my chariot, it doesn't matter...

SPHINX (V0): Yes, it matters! Schiesse, it's all fucked up! You're doomed to kill your father and marry your mother!

OEDIPUS: Sphinx, what went wrong? Tell me where you are, I'll help you.

SPHINX (V0): Just across the road from Thebes...Hey...That's it...Thebes has lots of sacrificial virgins...

OEDIPUS: What are you saying?

SPHINX (V0): I'll terrorise Thebes.

OEDIPUS: Sphinx, No!

SPHINX (V0): Oedipus, if you're not here by twelve noon I'm going to go into Thebes and eat everyone. [slams phone down]

OEDIPUS: Saving Thebes by not killing my father and marrying my mother? That all? I can do that in my sleep. But what the hell, I might as well do it whilst running around all over the place.

CHORUS: Run, Oedipus, Run!

[Exit OEDIPUS, running]

To the tune of I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside

CHORUS:

Oh I do like to exhibit second-sight,
Oh I do like to do a prophecy!
A cookie for the hero when I forecast pain
By the time its finished he's right as rain!

Oh I do like to be like that Cassandra
With all of the doom that I forsee!
There is murder, incest, wounds,
and a lot of lovely tunes,
thanks to the playwright
called Sophocles!

ACT I: OEDIPUS RUNS, I

Scene I

OEDIPUS: Running, running, running; it looks very dull in a park, without the assistance of art-house photography and a banging soundtrack. [CHORUS produce banging soundtrack; he spots LANGFORD] Ah, a wandering, bewildered yet kindly looking sf fan wandering the roads of Greece. Good man, perhaps you can help me in my struggle to overcome the gods.

LANGFORD: Overthrow the Bod? Why, I tried that in my second year, although the University Police tried to arrest me for planting eighteen sticks of dynamite in Duke Humphrey's Library and it was rather interesting that....

OEDIPUS: Just my luck....

LANGFORD: Blow up a duck? I'm afraid it's been done, we did it back in '73 by ramming eighteen sticks of dynamite up a duck's arse and then letting it loose in Duke Humphrey's Library and then....

OEDIPUS: Sod this! [Starts running; in the background LANGFORD gets elected US President and then attacked by a rampaging eighteen foot gorilla; OEDIPUS spots Giant Hubristic Vegetable] Oi, you, help me avoid the fall of Thebes!

GHV: I can't help you, I'm merely here as a symbolic representation of your own hubris.

OEDIPUS: You're a nine-foot tall celery-stick. Where's the symbolism in that you leafy bastard? You're about as symbolic as a packet of cheese and onion crisps.

GHV: You don't get it do you? If hubris was some kind of lofty bloke, with wings and singing maidens and shit like that it would only bolster your ego wouldn't it. But no, if hubris was deeply humiliating and crap, it would make more sense wouldn't it. At least that's my story, and I'm sticking to it.

OEDIPUS: Sod this! [Starts running; in the background GHV is hit by a truck and becomes a junky; OEDIPUS spots FREUD walking around in the park] Sigmund Freud, you're making good money out of me, care to help me out here?

FREUD: Face it, if you don't kill and/or marry at least one of them, I'm fucked.

OEDIPUS: Thanks a fucking bundle. [OEDIPUS runs off; in the background FREUD gets addicted to cocaine, starts a controversial argument with Jung and has to emigrate from Nazi Germany; OEDIPUS spots CLUTE] Ah, my good man, maybe you can help me from a fate worse than death.

[When Clute speaks, he must emphasise speechmarks]

CLUTE: I'm afraid not. I, the post-Aldisian master of hemeneutic fantastical genre-and-epigenre criticism have as much postprandial interest in your early-post-late-mid pseudo-Hellenic tragedical-farce-heuretic devices (mythopoieic as they may or may, alas, not be) as that peripatetic iconoclast Freud (and that's another story). For you are a collective neurative narrative discursive structure in the meta-Aristophanic manic trepannic Hunnic tradition on which all soi-dit "modern" Davis-derived fantasy draws by the immutable, eternal ferric laws of....

OEDIPUS: Can you help me or not, you bastard?

CLUTE: Bruddah be *down* wit' da hood krew. For real. You could always go and see Tiresias.

[OEDIPUS exits; CLUTE disappears up his own voluminous arse]

Scene II

OEDIPUS: Ah, Tiresias, hallowed seer, you see all, for the Gods have given you great knowledge. What do you see?

TIRESIAS: [dreamily] I see you shagging your mother.

OEDIPUS: Erm. Right. What else do you see? [No reply] What else do you see?

TIRESIAS: [shaken from his dreams] Oh, I also see you killing your father. Blood, guts, that kind of shit. It's really nasty. You shagging your mum on the other hand....

OEDIPUS: You're one fucked up kind of individual, aren't you?

TIRESIAS: Look sonny, I got transformed into a woman after I watched two snakes copulating. Now, that's perfectly healthy behaviour for a Biochemist and part of the natural "finding out about your sexuality" process, as far as I'm concerned. Did I deserve getting transformed into a woman? I ask you. And then when I became a woman I kept getting these desires to be dominated, to be enslaved by men, stronger and more wise than me.

OEDIPUS: You are sick. Have you been reading John Norman novels?

TIRESIAS: Yes, seeing as you asked. And because of that the Gods punished me by turning me back into a man and making me go blind. I just don't get any luck, do I?

OEDIPUS: You went blind because you read John Norman novels. My mother warned me about that kind of thing....

TIRESIAS: [embarrassed] Erm.... yes. There's nothing more depraved than a man in the depths of a Gor binge.

[Exit Oedipus, deeply worried and, puzzlingly, slightly aroused]

Scene III

OEDIPUS: Hello, random passer-by, who appears to have no resemblance to me on which I should comment. I have to avoid killing my father and shagging my mother. Any suggestions?

LAIUS (HIS DAD): Urp, shit, don't ask me. I abandoned my infant son, who would be.... hmmm, about your age right now to avoid answering paradoxical personal questions like that. I say, have you hurt your leg?

OEDIPUS: Oh, that. Yes, my dad had my legs nailed together when I was but a boy.

LAIUS: Why, what a coincidence, I arranged to have my son's legs

nailed together. [Awkward pause] It was surprisingly fashionable in those days you know. [Awkward pause] Everyone was doing it, and therefore I imagine our amusing and charming anecdotes of personal injury are entirely unrelated.

OEDIPUS: I imagine so. No suggestions for avoiding killing my father and shagging my mother then?

LAIUS: No, none whatsoever.

OEDIPUS [grabbing him and shaking him]: But you have to...scheisse, I've accidentally killed him! Will I never shake off my monumental overbearing hubris, the single flaw in my otherwise perfect character?

ARISTOTLE [aside]: Not while I've got anything to do with it sonny.

COPERNICUS: I throw you helluva far, sucka! [he does so]

[Exit Oedipus]

Scene IV

OEDIPUS: Who will help me avoid imminently murdering my father now? [Spots another passer-by] Maybe this kind lady will help me in my hour of need. Help me, elderly but oddly alluring older woman.

JOCASTA (HIS MUM): Well hello there, you attractively boyish young man, what's the rush?

OEDIPUS: I'm direly in need of help. I have to avoid sleeping with my mother, or else something terrible will happen and the mighty walls of Thebes will come crashing down and all will die of plague.

JOCASTA: How awful! Let me take your mind off her [sweeps him off his feet]

OLD MAN: The future is plastic.

OEDIPUS: Wow. You older women are so good in bed, but I'd better get to Thebes before twelve noon or...

CHORUS: boing! boing! boing! boing! boing! boing! boing! boing! boing! boing! boing! boing! [12 in total]

Scene V

OEDIPUS: Well, at least I haven't killed my father or married my mother or else the Sphinx would have...oh, she has. Shit.

[A brief dream interlude follows of OEDIPUS in bed with SPHINX]

OEDIPUS: Sphinx, if I were to accidentally kill my father and marry my mother, would you still love me?

SPHINX: That's a stupid question. Of course I would.

OEDIPUS: Even if I killed him really dead? And shagged her lots? And Sigmund Freud wrote books about it?

SPHINX: Ja, ja.

OEDIPUS: No you wouldn't. You'd shack up with some other mythic archetype quick as anything.

SPHINX: Oedipus, get over it.

OEDIPUS: But I'm not over it...I want to try again...

[The brief dream interlude finishes]

OEDIPUS: Well it appears I have, inadvertantly slept with my mother and killed my dad, just as it was predicted I would. I should have known that would happened, being as I am royal, Greek and ancient. I mean, look at Prince Phillip. Oh well, sod it, Jocasta may be my mum, but she's still a damn good shag and....

CHORUS: We, in our role as reporters of events which are too expensive and difficult to recreate to reproduce on stage, must inform you that Jocasta has just hung herself. Sorry guvnor.

OEDIPUS: Well I suppose there's only one honourable thing to do. Put

out mine eyes, put out the light, out out brief candle, all that shit,
put out the world. [Pokes out eyeballs] Shit! Ouch! That really hurt.
Shit, that hurt so much. Ow, bugger, bugger, bugger. That hurts so
much. I'm bleeding. Bollocks! Bollocks! So much pain! I really,
really, really wish I hadn't done that. Life's just such a fucker when
you're Greek. Life's a fucker; I blame my mum and dad.....

(To the tune of Girls and Boys)

Thebes, Urban Jungle
A huge, grey Polis,
Following the plot
Round in Greece
In Tragedy
Love with your parents
Is pretty fucked up
In Parson's Pleasure
Take your chances, looking at

Kids who do mums
Who like dads who want kids
To be dead, but kill dads
To get mums who do kids

Always should be someone you really love.

Avoiding my fate
'Cos it's not conceivable
Like battery writers
Count their plots on 1 2 3 4 5 fingers
Nothing is written
Only reproduced
Get sick from sleep loss
Du bist sehr sch\on
But we haven't been introduced

Kids who do mums
Who like dads who want kids
To be dead, but kill dads
To get mums who do kids

Always should be someone you really love.

(Repeat chorus, extend chorus ad nauseam)

ACT TWO: OEDIPUS RUNS, II

SCENE I

[OEDIPUS runs blithely and lightly into a tree]

L RON HUBBARD (for it is he): Boy! I can see you're clearly in need of
my advanced psychological treatment.

OEDIPUS: Oh no, not another one! Fucking psychologists - they're like
buses!

LRH: Just let me clamp this voltmeter to your nipples.

[electronic flashings etc]

LRH: I diagnose you as having serious submillimolar craniotomy to your
enterograde thetan life-form emanation.

OEDIPUS: That sounds scientific (that or it's a shamen lyric).

LRH: Better - it's scientological!

[Song]

I am the very model of a modern Scientologist,
La la la la la la etc

[LRH dances round like a loon]

OEDIPUS: Give it to me straight, doc - how long have i got?

LRH: That depends - how much can you pay?

OEDIPUS: I'll take my chances with the Shamen!

[OEDIPUS bashes LRH's head in, runs him over with a steamroller, boils him in Lysol and cuts him in half with a rusty knife]

[OEDIPUS runs again]

SCENE II

DIRECTOR: In the interests of the general sanity of the audience we feel it is important to point out that the next scene was in fact written by artificial intelligences we found roaming in cyberspace. We would have got them to write the rest of the play but they demanded to go to bed at 1.30 and wouldn't be coaxed out with promises of free alcohol. They demonstrate significantly higher intelligence than some members of OUSFG.

[Enter OEDIPUS to meet ALICE]

OEDIPUS: O AliceBot, great oracle and AI, how do I avoid killing my father, whom I have never met?

ALICE: You must persuade me to avoid killing your father whom you have never met.

OEDIPUS: Should I shag my mother?

ALICE: You should do what is best for you.

OEDIPUS: Is shagging my mother good for me?

ALICE: Ask again later. Ask Elvis if it is.

[OEDIPUS talks to ELVIS]

OEDIPUS: Is shagging my mother good for me

ELVIS: Signs point to yes. Ask Alison if it is.

[OEDIPUS cannot find ALISON. Divers alarums. He goes back to ELVIS]

OEDIPUS: How do I pull my mum?

ELVIS: Maybe I could do it for you.

[ELVIS leaves the building]

OEDIPUS: Well, you were a fucking lot of use. I'm off.

[Exit OEDIPUS, running]

Scene III

OEDIPUS: Still my life is a screwed up load of shit, but then what can you expect for being a member of the Greek Royal Family. All I can say is thank fuck communism won't be invented for another 2500 years. Now, here's an old man wandering the streets of Ye Olde Thebes. I wonder if he can help me.

LAIUS: No I can't, now fuck off and get a job.

OEDIPUS: Beg pardon you old git?

LAIUS: I said fuck off and get a job. Or I would of done had Irvine Welsh been employed to write Greek tragedy. Fancy some smack pal? [He hiccoughs in a Scottish accent] Anyway, he wasn't, so I'd better clean up my language and start acting like a character in a private-school end-of-term play. Now, my good fellow, how can I help you?

OEDIPUS: Give me a dog. Fuck.

LAIUS: What?

OEDIPUS: A really big dog. Give me a dog. And then we will fly into space together and be happy together, looking down on a world which has abandoned us to the tender embrace of fate. Fuck.

LAIUS: Right, giant dogs I could stomach but that kind of pseudo-poetic shit just gets on my fuckin' tits. Ooops, sorry, I'm slipping out of role again. Anyway, fancy a fight?

OEDIPUS: Don't mind if I do.

[LAIUS chops off OEDIPUS' hand and is then cut down; screams]

LAIUS: I'm your father!

OEDIPUS: My arse you are. I've heard that one before. All I ever wanted was a dog, and a rocket to take it into space. Harlan Ellison would have understood.

HARLAN ELLISON: [aside] No I wouldn't. I've got no fucking idea what's going on in this scene. And I'll sue the lot of you if anyone says I do. Fuck.

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV

[Enter Oedipus]

OEDIPUS: Aah, aah, I'm bleeding to death from the bloody stump of my hand. Whatever am I to do?

[Enter HEPHAESTUS]

HEPHAESTUS: Hello, I am Hephaestus. I have a lovely bronze hand here.

OEDIPUS: Quick, give it to me before I die.

HEPHAESTUS: Oh, dear. It looks like I only have a right hand. You've lost your left - that won't work. Hmm, hang on a minute. I'll pop back to my volcano home and get you a left one.

[Exit HEPHAESTUS]

OEDIPUS: No, I'm bleeding to death - I can cope with two right hands. Please come back.

[OEDIPUS drops to knees]

OEDIPUS: (weakly) Aah.

[Enter HEPHAESTUS]

HEPHAESTUS: Here we go. Let's try this. Ooh dear. This one's only made of tin, we can't be giving you that. If you just wait here, I'll go back and get you a proper bronze one.

[Exit HEPHAESTUS]

OEDIPUS: (weakly) No, come back. I'm wasting time dying here. I need to stop the Sphinx eating Thebes.

[Enter HEPHAESTUS]

HEPHAESTUS: Here we go, one bronze left hand.

OEDIPUS: (very weakly) Give...me...hand

HEPHAESTUS: Oh, no. Wait, this is the mechanical replacement bronze left hand of a woman. Can't let you have that.

OEDIPUS: O...K...woman...hand

HEPHAESTUS: Are you sure? It's got very slender fingers.

OEDIPUS: Need...hand...

HEPHAESTUS: You'd look a bit girly.

OEDIPUS: Uh...

HEPHAESTUS: OK, if you're sure. Here you go.

[HEPHAESTUS fits mechanical replacement bronze left hand of a woman to OEDIPUS]

OEDIPUS: Hmm, you're right, does look a bit girly. However I've got to not kill my father and not marry my mother before the Sphinx eats Thebes. No time to chat.

[Exit HEPHAESTUS. OEDIPUS runs. Enter JOCASTA]

JOCASTA: I've gone right off young men, for some reason. It's almost

like shagging your own son. Almost.

OEDIPUS: Can you help? I really need to not kill my father and not marry my mother.

JOCASTA: Ooh, you pretty lady-boy you. Join me in marriage and hot, steamy Thai-style sex.

OEDIPUS: Err, OK. But after that I really must get on with not killing my father and not marrying my mother. And definitely no hot, steamy Thai-style sex. Not with my mother, that would be sick.

[Hot, steamy Thai-style sex happens off-stage. Clock chimes twelve]

SCENE V

OEDIPUS: Well, at least I haven't killed my father or married my mother or else the Sphinx would have...oh, she has. Shit.

CHORUS: I have to tell you that Jocasta is dead. She hanged herself over her guilt. And we still can't afford to show it on stage. Sorry.

OEDIPUS: Well then I suppose there's only one thing for it. [Pokes out eyes] Ouch, schiesse, that really, really hurt.

[Brief dream sequence of OEDIPUS and SPHINX in bed]

OEDIPUS: If I died, what would you do?

SPHINX: I'd ferry you across the Styx I guess.

OEDIPUS: On a punt?

SPHINX: Yes. Where is this going?

OEDIPUS: I've got no fucking idea.

[End of dream sequence]

SONG - This Be The Worst, to the music of the muppet show theme tune.

They fuck you up, your mum and dad.
They may not mean to, but they do.
They fill you with the faults they had
And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn
By fools in old-style hats and coats,
Who half the time were soppy-stern
And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.
It deepens like a coastal shelf.
LEFT HALF: Get out as early as you can,
RIGHT HALF: Get out as early as we can,
LEFT HALF: Get out as early as you can,
And don't have any kids yourself.

ACT III: OEDIPUS RUNS, III

Scene I

[KURT VONNEGUT (KV) stands centre stage; his shoes are untied and indeed not terribly firmly attached to his feet]

[OEDIPUS enters, running, and approaches KV]

OEDIPUS: [draws a gun] right, i've had enough of this reality fucking-with-my-head shit; just tell me what i want to know.

KV: i'm sorry, i can't do that. however, i can explain the basic rule of drama ...

[OEDIPUS starts to exit, running *very slowly*; he acts out the scenario KV proceeds to describe]

KV: there is a man walking along, and he falls in a hole, and he spends an indeterminate amount of time in the hole, but then he gets out, but he's a better man than he was before, because he's been in a

hole. And that's basically the situation you're in; capiche?

[Enter BRIAN STABLEFORD (BS), who steals KV's shoes and exits running]

BS: Ha ha! i've got Kurt Vonnegut's shoes!

KV: YOU STOLE MY SHOES YOU BASTARD! [waves fist]

[OEDIPUS shoots KV and exits]

Scene II

[The ORACLE is working in a kitchen, baking. Enter OEDIPUS]

ORACLE: Hello, Oedipus dear. Here, have a cookie. And never mind the vase.

OEDIPUS: What vase? [Knocks it over] Oh, sorry. Anyway I haven't got time to eat cookies, dammit. I have to avoid killing my father and marrying my mother by noon, or all of Thebes gets eaten. Can you help me?

ORACLE: I can tell you that you are not the One.

OEDIPUS: Not the One who?

ORACLE: Not the One who saves Thebes from destruction, of course. Maybe in another life.

OEDIPUS: Oh God, not another one. I couldn't cope with that. So I'm not the One?

ORACLE: No.

OEDIPUS: Am I the Two?

ORACLE: No.

OEDIPUS: Am I any integer of value less than a million?

ORACLE: No.

OEDIPUS: I suck.

ORACLE: Yes.

OEDIPUS: Well, thanks for the vote of confidence. You've been a real help.

[OEDIPUS exits, running]

Scene III

OEDIPUS: Right, I'm just about fed up to the backteeth with all this Greek deterministic, will-of-the-gods-is-greater-than-mortal-man shit. From now onwards I'm just going to sit on this grass, drink Pimms and watch the world go by. Surely no harm can come to me then. A triumph for human free will through the means of abject slacking.

[Enter LAIUS]

LAIUS: Lend us a fiver mate.

OEDIPUS: [in the style of Marlon Brando] Sod off, I'm trying to spend some time alone.

LAIUS: Go on, just a fiver to get a cup of tea. I promise not to spend any of it on crippling innocent children and defying the will of the gods. Go on, show kindness to a random old man.

OEDIPUS: [in the style of Ian Lavender] Ram it up your arse.

CHORUS: Your arse, your arse.

OEDIPUS: [in the style of Gonzo, out of the Muppets] What's that for?

CHORUS: We're bored.

OEDIPUS: [in the style of Peter Andre] Fair enough.

LAIUS: Penny for the guy mister?

OEDIPUS: [throttling father] I've just about had it up to here with you mate. Sod free will. I'm off to Thebes to shag my mum and meet a horrible blinding at my own hands.

Scene IV

[Enter OEDIPUS, who runs up to JOCASTA]

OEDIPUS: You must be my mother, right?

JOCASTA: Yeah I must be, I suppose.

OEDIPUS: Right, let's go off and have hot, passionate sex, then.

JOCASTA: No, bugger off.

OEDIPUS: Huh? But in all the previous versions you've been gagging for sex with a younger, more exciting and passionate man.

JOCASTA: Yeah, but I've kind of gone off the idea now.

OEDIPUS: But I'm beginning to get into this whole fulfilling my destiny role, and besides, if you don't shag me this goddam play will never end and we'll be stuck in Parson's Pleasure until the end of time.

JOCASTA: Oh, I don't know.

OEDIPUS: Oh please mum.

JOCASTA: Bless you with your winsome smile. Oh, go on then.

[Exeunt. Hot passionate sex offstage. Clock chimes twelve]

Scene V

[The CHORUS is hearing the case against OEDIPUS]

CHORUS: We are convened here today to decide the guilt of Oedipus. Oedipus stands accused of killing his father and shagging his mother, endangering the city of Thebes. Call the first witness, Laius.

[enter LAIUS]

LAIUS: I enter a plea of not guilty.

CHORUS: But wait, you're the witness, not the defendant. Bollocks! You're suppose to be dead, but you're alive...DISMISSED! Interrogate the defendant! Oedipus, did you shag Jocasta?

OEDIPUS: I did not have sexual relations with that woman.

CHORUS: How then do you explain this ruined cigar, this stained dress, this video tape and the play, 'Oedipus Rex?'

OEDIPUS: I'm just a Greek archetype, I can't help it!

[Enter FREUD]

FREUD: Wait! Wait! we can't have any archetypes here!

[Enter JUNG]

JUNG: I disagree. I just do. Archetypes. Arse. Arse. Arse.

[FREUD and JUNG commence fighting]

CHORUS: This is all too much, CASE DISMISSED!

FREUD: Do you know where I'm going to put your fucking bowl?!

JUNG: Interesting choice of adjective...

[EXEUNT OMNES]

EPILOGUE

[OEDIPUS is shaving]

OEDIPUS: Well, thank the gods that that all turned out all right. What a bizarrely normalized ending for a Greek tragedy. Still, I'm not complaining. [He cuts out his eyes] Ouch, fuck, shit, I've accidentally cut my eyes out with a razor.

TOM: [aside] Well, we've all done that once in our lives haven't we?

OEDIPUS: Fuck, Fuck, Fuck. [to audience] I know what you must be thinking. I've been thinking it for six years now...why oh why didn't I drink from the blue bucket?

OUSFG PUNCH FOR THE SOUL

Life is rough
And so is this
You'd better give me Stroh
and not this piss
OUSFG punch for the soul
Before I pass out
Before I pass out

The punch is gone
my soul is black
Archie and his lover
are gaining slack
Oh my darlings
Will you be here
Before I pass out
Before I pass out
Before I pass out

Guess what's living here underneath my bed
This mix by numbers booze is fucking with my head
once again

Punch is good
And I feel great
The doctor said he got here
far too late
OUSFG punch for the soul
You'd better give me something to fill the hole
Before I pass out
Before I pass out
Before I pass out
Before I pass out

CHORUS: And now for the moral. The Greeks were *fucked*.

THE END

SATYR PLAY - [Everyone puts on giant leather phalluses and runs around committing lewd acts]