The UWA Pantomime Society presents

Captain Harlot and the EDF Travesty

An Original Pantomime

Directed by
Zackary Sheppard and Benjamin “Chips” Reynolds

Head Writer: Zack Sheppard
Producers: Katherine Italiano, Drew Thornton, and Bradley Walker
Stage Manager: Adam Heap Lighting: ??? Sonic Engineer: Bronwyn Hughes
Costumes, Props, and Sets Coordinators: Adam Heap and Alice Pugliese
Cast List

Travesty Bridge Crew
Captain Harlot  Liam Smith
2IC Kane  Amy Moylett
Hugh Mann, Intelligence Officer  Jack Dawson
Pontius Pilate, the Blind Pilot  Stephi Ivers
Astrid, the Astrogation Officer  Shanii Austin
iCrate4.0, the Robot  Ruby Breen
Cindy Calforward, Comms Officer  Jason Lowe
Tick Tackle, Tactical Officer  Ian

Travesty Support Crew
Buck Hardfist, Marine Captain  Andy Connell
Marine Blake Hamstring  Emma Kitching
Marine Brock Lockjaw  Ash Heitman
Ace Tornado, Pilot Captain  Alice Pugliese
Fighter Pilot Scarlett Falcon  Jennifer Bylund
Fighter Pilot Dick Whiplash  Ryan Nicholson
Dr Mallory Practise, PhD  Sarah Coulton
Fernando, the Perfect Latin Lover  Julian Coleman
Barb Tender  Claire Abbott

Aliens
Prince Steiner  Bradley Walker
Space Nazi Officer  Byron Wheeler
Space Nazi Crew  Daniel Anderson-Deakin
Alien Queen  Hayley Edwards
Alien Advisor  Parveen Gupta
Alien Guard 1  Steven Correia
Alien Guard 2  Matt Scattini
EDF Travesty 100 ft Space Mech  Zack/Chips
Alien Space God Monster  James Heitman/Chips

EDF Officers
Commander Sheppard  Alex
General Mardukas  Katherine Italiano
Major Kaichou  Avory Allen
Drill Sergeant  Stuart Patton
President of Earth  Drew Thornton
Pastor  Laura Hodge
Captain Fluke Spacerunner  Matt Scattini
EDF Space Captain 1  Dan Hu
EDF Space Captain 2  Steven Correia
Secretary/Cleaner  Ruby Blakeway
Scene 1: The Space Man with the Space Plan

Curtains up on the EDF High Command. DRILL SERGEANT is addressing the CAPTAIN SPACERUNNER, EDF SPACE CAPTAIN 1 and EDF SPACE CAPTAIN 2.

DRILL SERGEANT: Aten-hut!

CAPTAINS snap to attention.

DRILL SERGEANT [shouting]: Listen up, you good for nothing slimy sons of sow-legged shorebounds! You are about to be briefed on the most important mission of your miserable lives. The fate of the Earth hangs in the balance, the world is in your hands. But before I let you be briefed on the mission, I need to know that you remember the two principal rules of space fighting in the Earth Defence Force. Rule one!

ALL: No mobile phones in the space theatre!

DRILL SERGEANT: That's right, they mess up the astrogational equipment real goodlike, and we don't want none of that just because some dufus had to update their tweeter with “war selfies”!

EDF SPACE CAPTAIN 1 [stage whispering]: That, and the Drill Sarge never learnt how to operate a smart phone, and he doesn't want to feel left out during awkward pauses in group conversations.

CAPTAIN HARLOT tries to sneak in from behind.

DRILL SERGEANT: And TWO, if you see any enemy fighters breaking off for some kind of sneaky from-behind flanking manoeuvre, you need to radio HQ immediately and let them know...

ALL: He's behind you!

DRILL SERGEANT turns to see CAPTAIN HARLOT sneaking in.

DRILL SERGEANT: Harlot! Late again, I should have known. If you were still under my command I'd have you stripped of all ranks and privileges for such tardiness. But given your heroic rescue of Admiral Nike, and the fact you're probably all about to die in the upcoming battle anyway, I'll let this one slide.

HARLOT: Don't be ridiculous Sarge, do you think you'll be able to kill me off that easily, after I survived that massacre off Mars?
MAJOR KAICHOU, GENERAL MARDUKAS, COMMANDER SHEPPARD, PRESIDENT OF EARTH and SECRETARY enter.

MAJOR KAICHOU: At ease Captains. Now then. As you may be aware, we are not dealing with your average Space Nazis. [To ALL] These are ALIEN Space Nazis. The meanest, leanest, GREENEST little alien men in the galaxy. You wouldn't wanna run into these kinda guys in a dirty back alley behind a motel on Earth late at night... because that would mean we already lost the war.

GENERAL MARDUKAS: We've got less than 24 hours before the Space Nazis ship us all off into labour camps, or make us wear those horrible prisoner of war outfits with the scratchy material and unflattering creases [shudders]. So Commander, what's the plan?

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Right now, we've only got one lead on how to win the war, and we believe it has something to do with this...

A PICTURE of the DEUS EX MACHINATE is shown. It is a RED HERRING (no really).

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: We call it the “Deus Ex Machinate”. We have no idea what it is, or what it does, only that it is an object of immense power capable of destroying an entire armada.

GENERAL MARDUKAS: Unfortunately, it is located on a planet far, far away. The journey will be tough, so we need as many ships from the EDF to get through the Space Nazi blockade as possible.

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Captain Fluke Spacerunner!

CAPTAIN SPACERUNNER steps forward and snaps to attention. He is dynamic, stylish and charming.

CAPTAIN SPACERUNNER: Sir!

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Captain, time after time you have proven yourself a hero in the line of duty. You are an exceptional strategist, leader of men and a simply fantastic lover. We'll need you to lead our escape attempt. Your skill and valour will guarantee victory - after all, you are the only human Captain ever to destroy a Space Nazi ship.

CAPTAIN SPACERUNNER: Sir! I won't let you down, Sir!

GENERAL MARDUKAS: Listen carefully, this may be the most important thing you'll ever he-

SECRETARY: General! We're receiving an incoming transmission on the hologram device. It's flagged as "urgent".
GENERAL MARDUKAS: In the middle of a briefing? If this is Cindy calling to ask if latex is vegan, I will stock the ship she is on with organic, gluten free, vegan, new age arsenic.

SECRETARY: No sir, it's coming from... the Tyrelian flagship!

A hologram of the SPACE NAZI PRINCE STEINER appears.

PRINCE: People of Earth! Do not adjust your television sets. I am Steiner, Prince of the Tyrelian Empire. Shelterer of the Weak, Destroyer of the Unjust, Tallest Man in Space. Do not be afraid, your primitive world will soon be inducted into our socialist collective utopia. Our civic terraforming will not harm you if you are compliant. Cease your resistance and accept the Tyrelian lifestyle as your own.

MAJOR KAICHOU: For the love of peer review, these damn Space Nazis will even stoop to pushing their disgusting agenda of love and tolerance in our emergency briefing! It makes me sick.

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: The Earth Defence Force will never surrender! Not while we have Captain Spacerunner, the only man who could single-handedly wipe out every last one of you, do you hear me?

PRINCE: Oh, is that so? We thank you for your generous warning. Prepare to die Captain, or don't, I don't want to oppress you in your final moments.

PRINCE STEINER makes a sinister space-motion. CAPTAIN SPACERUNNER falls to the ground choking for as long as it remains funny, and eventually dies.

PRINCE: Consider yourself lucky Commander Sheppard - unfortunately I can only do that to minor characters in the play. Now, I bid you adieu.

PRINCE’S hologram disappears.

GENERAL MARDUKAS: We're doomed! That man was our best pilot, and our only hope of breaking the blockade! Who else would be so crazy as to attempt such a thing?

CAPTAIN HARLOT has fallen asleep.

EDF SPACE CAPTAIN 2: Captain Harlot should go, sir. After all, he's a hero! He saved the Admiral from the Battle Of Mars, and he keeps boasting in the mess hall that his new ship, the Travesty, is as fast as a recent current event… or a sex joke!
COMMANDER SHEPPARD: The Travesty!? That old bucket of bolts can barely make it to warp 5, let alone sustain a cloaking device while doing so.

CAPTAIN HARLOT wakes.

CAPTAIN HARLOT: Ah, what, yes, me. Hero! Yes I am... I'll do it!... What exactly do you want me to do now?

GENERAL MARDUKAS [to MAJOR/COMMANDER]: Captain Harlot? Are we really going to let him do this?

COMMANDER SHEPPARD [to MAJOR/GENERAL]: Without Spacerunner it's a suicide mission anyway, we might as well let him try. [To HARLOT] Captain Harlot, we need you and your vessel, the EDF Travesty, to challenge the enemy fleet head on and distract them, while the rest of the EDF fleet maneuvers into position behind the enemy, and wipes them out!

CAPTAIN HARLOT: Yes sir! Just one question sir! Even with my famous captaining skills, how are we supposed to survive the battle without being immediately blown to smitheroons?

EVERYONE rolls their eyes at HARLOT.

GENERAL MARDUKAS: How about this Harlot, we'll... we'll...

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Install a phantom… fleet... dispersal… unit onto the Travesty...

GENERAL MARDUKAS: Which... you'll activate as soon as you get near the blockade, which will project the image of the entire Earth fleet around you, as if they had all just come out of hyperspace!

CAPTAIN HARLOT: Oh, I get it! And while the Space Nazis are distracted by the holograms, the real Earth fleet will go in for a surprise attack!

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Uhhh, yeah, sure! And then once we have wiped out the alien invasion fleet we can go off to find the Deus Ex Machinate, without worrying about Earth being molested by Space Nazis while we are away.

CAPTAIN HARLOT: By science, that plan just might work! I'll ready the ship and crew immediately!

CAPTAIN HARLOT leaves. Everyone watches HARLOT incredulously.

PRESIDENT OF EARTH [standing up]: There's no way that plan is ever going to work, is there?
COMMANDER SHEPPARD: No, but I think we can salvage this situation... Mr President, do we still have that 3000 Megaton nuclear device lying around here somewhere?

PRESIDENT OF EARTH: The one we kept to fix global warming with a nuclear winter?

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Yes, that one.

PRESIDENT OF EARTH: One of the warheads we were meant to have dismantled after the foundation of the United Earth Government? The one expressly forbidden by every disarmament pact, treaty, and alliance we ever made?

COMMANDER SHEPPARD [firmly]: Yes, that's the one. Do we have it or not?

PRESIDENT OF EARTH: Well of course, we keep it right out the back.

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Good. I want it on-board the Travesty when that madman Captain Harlot flies it right into the middle of the Space Nazi Armada. In fact, hook it up to the bridge, with a big red button labelled “Holofleet”. That should do the trick. Then when they're reeling from the blast, the fleet will swoop in and mop up the survivors. Badda bing, badda boom.

DRILL SERGEANT: Meeting adjourned. All ships, commence launch preparations immediately! Do I make myself clear? Dismissed!

*End scene.*
Scene 2: Welcome to the Travesty, Emergency Exits and Located Here and There

Lights up on the Cargo Hold of the EDF Travesty, an empty stage with a single raised platform, CREW are lined up facing the platform casually talking. Enter 2IC KANE who steps onto the platform.

2IC KANE [coughing]: It is expected of enlisted soldiers to stand to attention and salute when a ranking officer enters a room.

MARINE LOCKJAW [laughing]: Only one thing will be standing to attention when you enter the room officer! And ranking? You'll be ranking on my “to bang” list.

2IC KANE [whispering to self]: Brock Lockjaw, Marine. [Louder] Corporal Lockjaw, front and centre if you have anything to say!

MARINE LOCKJAW walks up to the 2IC KANE, who punches him hard in the stomach.

2IC KANE: I expect discipline and respect for officers while this ship is under my watch. The Captain is the heart of the ship; its father, its protector, and it is our job to respect their responsibility and authority. So let’s try that again, Tactical Officer, if you may?

TACTICAL OFFICER: If I... Ahh...... Attention?... Ranking Officer on Board?

CREW stands to a sloppy attention. Some of them laugh, 2IC KANE sighs.

2IC KANE: I, Fleet Officer Kane, have been stationed to the EDF Travesty as a replacement after your former Captain and second in command accidentally tied fuel barrels to their own feet and fell out of the airlock.

Some of the MARINES high five and chuckle thuggishly.

2IC KANE: Given that the Captain is currently at a mission briefing, as Executive Officer on board, allow me to give a speech in his absence. As your XO, I require only one thing... absolute perfection. Tell me Lieutenant Hardfist, as the Marine Captain, what is the difference between a mob of surly thugs, and an outfit in the EDF?

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Well, the thugs were smart enough to burn their draft card...

2IC KANE: It's uniform, the uniform makes the soldier. All I see here is a bunch of preening peacocks, slovenly farmwives, and a gigolo.
FERNANDO: It is I, Carlos Luis Martin Diego Gustavo Eduardo Arturo Fernando! The Perfect Latin Lover, and believe me, if my clothes disappoint, then I am more than happy to remove them! [He shakes a TAMBOURINE.]

2IC KANE [pointing to a SMALL BOOK]: See this? This is the military handbook on uniform, discipline, and protocol. This is your bible, and there will be no atheists on this ship, do I make myself clear?

ASTRID: I'm a wiccan.

PILOT FALCON: I'm vegan.

2IC KANE: The purpose of this speech is to make you realise the situation we are in, and the only course of action we have left to us. I'm sure you have all heard of the defeat of the Mars Expeditionary Force last week, with only two survivors left of the 400 000 strong fleet. These invaders from another solar system, these Space Nazis -

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: We're... I mean they're called Tyrelions.

2IC KANE [to INTELLIGENCE OFFICER]: The Department of Propaganda has officially designated them Space Nazis. [Resuming speech] These Space Nazis are now pushing to Earth, and we have rallied every last ship in the Earth Defence Force to run interdiction in the Earth orbit. I have heard from Command that the Travesty will be given a mission of the utmost importance: to distract the enemy fleet while the EDF armada will escape and retrieve the Deus Ex Machinate that will win this war.

CREW starts yelling at this.

PILOT WHIPLASH: Distraction? More like bait! Oh drat, this is what I get for coming back from that kamikaze mission alive.

2IC KANE: Remember this, while our ship may be the worst in the fleet, we will die as martyrs and heroes, each a life burning more brightly for being swallowed up by the dark, but its light still remembered, as a beacon of hope for all mankind! How we choose to meet this fate is the only thing that will be remembered of us. We can die as rabble, constantly bickering, or we can go down fighting, singing the immortal classical ballad Nicki Minaj's 'Starships are Meant to Fly'.

A short segment from 'Starships are Meant to Fly' plays softly in the background. CREW stand up straight, a few start to shed a tear.

2IC KANE: I want to be able to say that the crew that I died with died with dignity and respect. So tell me, how do you want to be remembered? As disgusting useless slobs, or as disgusting useless heroes?
MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: See here, Officer Kane, I'm not one to be stirred by empty words, but I've been stirred by your empty words. The marines are going to ship up and die heroes!

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: Ha! You marines will never be as disciplined as us fighter pilots are going to be, isn't that right?

PILOTS cheer, MARINES and PILOTS get into a fight over who will be the most well-behaved.

2IC KANE: Thank you. Then let's get ready...

HARLOT walks in, looking like a slob, as normal.

2IC KANE: You there! Soldier, where have you been?

HARLOT: Me? I was [busy], but I'm here now! What's up with the mood?

2IC KANE: As Acting Captain of this ship, I have been inspiring the crew and dictating the standard of soldier I expect. Something you could learn from, in preparation for our Captain's arrival.

HARLOT: Ahh really? Well good job. I'm here now, you don't need to be Captain anymore.

2IC KANE: What!?

HARLOT: Yep, here I am, Captain Harlot, of the EDF Travesty.

2IC KANE: Wh... Wha... Ho... Erhm... Well then, Captain... Harlot, please address your crew on the eve of this battle. They need their Captain.

HARLOT stands up on the platform.

HARLOT: Jeeze, it looks like a funeral in here, who's dying?

2IC KANE: Captain! That is hardly appropriate given the mission.

HARLOT: Mission, ahh yeah, mission. Listen here everyone, we may be going off to fight at any moment, so you should live every day as if it's your last. As such, I have a few changes to make to the rulebook. [He takes 2IC KANE's BOOK and tears it up.] Have fun!

CREW looks shocked.
HARLOT: Now, a crew can't have good fun in those stiff uniforms, and as such, there will be no uniform restrictions on this ship, except for one. Every Thursday is Pants Off Thursday. Other than that, you can do whatever you want...

_HARLOT keeps rattling incoherent orders off, but spoken low. INTELLIGENCE OFFICER and PILATE turn to each other._

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Are you saying that's THE Captain Harlot?

PILATE: Who? I can't see anything.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Harlot, one of the two survivors of the Mars Expeditionary Force. He was just a lowly ammo mule, but somehow he managed to get into an escape pod with the Admiral and saved him.

PILATE: Isn't the Captain meant to go down with the ship? Also, I thought every man was meant to fight to the last.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Well I don't know about that but...

_INTELLIGENCE OFFICER and PILATE quieten to low rumbling, HARLOT raises his voice._

HARLOT: So, let’s say the Travesty is being invaded by a hostile alien force. What’s the first thing you do? Anyone? How about you, Privates?

The MARINES clearly all know the answer but do not want to be the one to answer, and all “Umm…” and “Ahh…” over it.

MARINE HAMSTRING _[enthusiastically]:_ We... go kills us some space Nazis!?!?

HARLOT: Gold Star for effort Private Hamstring! _[He walks up to HAMSTRING and places a GOLD STAR on her LAPEL.]_ Or should I say Corporal Hamstring, but the correct answer was, Do. What. Ever. You. Want.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Alright, let’s go out to celebrate your promotion!

MARINE CORPORAL HAMSTRING: Yeah, let’s all get krunk!

HARLOT: That's the spirit!

2IC KANE: C-c-c-captain, this is highly egregious behaviour, I demand you belay your last order.

HARLOT: Tell me, Miss Kane, who is the Captain?
2IC KANE: You are, of course, bu-

HARLOT: Who's the boss of the ship?

2IC KANE [getting run down]: Well, technically you are the boss, bu-

HARLOT: Who's your daddy?

2IC KANE slaps HARLOT across the face and immediately looks shocked.

2IC KANE: Sir, I'm sorry, I will submit to the will of a court martial immediately.

HARLOT [rubbing cheek ruefully]: At ease, at ease... Remember, Do. What. You. Want. As for the rest of you, I, Harlot, Captain of this ship, will do my best to keep some of you alive. I am known as the luckiest Captain in the fleet. Well actually, this is my first time being Captain, and all the other Captains laugh at me when they say that...

CREW all look disgruntled, 2IC KANE is shaking in her boots in anger.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Well, you heard the Captain’s orders! This mission might not be too bad after all. [He punches ACE in the face.] Lets rumble space cowboys.

CREW breaks into fighting and talking and drinking.

2IC KANE: Captain Harlot, I hope you know what you are doing, for all our sakes!

HARLOT [laughing]: So do I. But watch out, I may just surprise you.

An alarm rings out.

HARLOT: Thank science, the lunch bell, now I can get back to sleep.

TACTICAL OFFICER: Sir, that's the alarm for an enemy presence!

HARLOT: Well then, up space anchor, tack the space sails and let off the space handbrake, ease off the space clutch and press down on the space accelerator, and check your space mirrors, because we're setting sail! In space!

CREW collectively moans. ASTRID starts crying. End scene.
Scene 3: Incompetence Saves the Day

Curtains on a split-stage bridges. On stage left is the Travesty Bridge with iCRATE4.0 sitting alone. On stage right is the Tyrelian Bridge. PRINCE STEINER, SPACE NAZI CREW and SPACE NAZI OFFICER are at their stations, but in darkness. Centre stage is a blue light (hologram display). Alarm is ringing, enter TRAVESTY BRIDGE CREW (HARLOT, 2IC KANE, PILATE, INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, TACTICAL OFFICER, CINDY and ASTRID).

2IC KANE: All crew, to your battlestations!

HARLOT stands around looking confused, sits in PILATE's seat. CREW takes their positions, PILATE looks confused/unsure, like if Hitler took your seat at the Nazi Party Christmas dinner.

2IC KANE: Captain! Your seat... [She moves HARLOT towards the CAPTAIN'S CHAIR, with the BUTTON.]

HARLOT [looking at COMMS OFFICER CINDY]: Pilot, take us out to space!

CINDY: Sir! I'm like, the communications officer.

HARLOT [pointing at 2IC KANE]: Pilot! Take us out to space.

2IC KANE: I am your second in command, Captain... [She sighs] Bridge Crew! [CREW stands to attention.] Please introduce yourself to our... Captain.

CREW sit down as they introduce themselves.

TACTICAL OFFICER: Sergeant Tick Tackle, Sir. I am your tactical officer. I will keep you informed of the immediate military situation, and operate the high tech strategic hologram display.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER [doing a weird salute, almost... alien]: I am the alien infiltr... Intelligence Officer.

HARLOT: Yes, yes. Very good lad. But what are you called? What is your name?

The INTELLIGENCE OFFICER struggles to make up a realistic sounding human name.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: My name is, ah, Mann. Yes, Hugh Mann!

HARLOT: Hugh Mann? I don't believe it... My father was a man too! What are the chances!? 
INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Uh, haha yes, what are the odds? I will, um, inform you as to the best of my abilities, and be your personal confidant, for any, uh, secrets...[Quietly to self] Yes, tell me your secrets, he he he.

HARLOT: Good, well there is this rash that... ahh... that can wait until after the battle, no point worrying about it if I die, hahaha [laugh trails off into wince, then scratches crotch].

ASTRID: I am your Astrogator, my birth sign is Pisces, I can tell you about every starsign and constellation, and guide you through the great ether of the mother universe.

PILATE: [looking at the audience] I'm your Pilot, Pontius Pilate. I may be near blind, and have a terrible sense of direction, but they told me that modern ships are so automated that the Pilot is basically redundant. Sadly the Travesty is not a modern ship, but I'll make do.

CINDY: I'm Cindy Callforward, your [phone ring] Communications Officer, I do your talking and stuff, and keep you up to date on gossip.

2IC KANE: Those could be our final confirmation orders, aren't you going to answer that?

CINDY: Oh right, I'm such an airhead! [She giggles, then answers PHONE] Hello... Oh my god Jeff, its been sooo long, what? Jenny is pregnant? Hahaha, what a whore! Wait... you're the father!?

2IC KANE walks over and turns off the PHONE.

2IC KANE: Keep the lines open for mission critical communications only.

CINDY: That was Jeff, from HQ. He wanted to say that Commander Sheppard wishes Captain Harlot good luck and hopes he will stick to the plan.

2IC KANE looks like she swallowed a toad.

HARLOT: Enough of your girls' banter, and what about the guy in the box?

iCRATE4.0 talks in a “I. am. a. robot. what. is. my. bidding. master?” style.

iCRATE4.0: BEEP ahh, [obviously holding out a specifications sheet] I am the iCrate4.0, Ship AI and graphics calculator, I can do six figure sums immediately... wait, what?

HARLOT: What is 100 000 plus 100 000?

iCRATE4.0: Ahh, 200 000?
HARLOT: [shakes head] Wow, technology truly is amazing. [He rests his elbow right next to the BUTTON.]

2IC KANE: Captain! What are you doing? That's the button to activate the phantom fleet dispersal system! We need to press that when we are in enemy radar range, so that they think we are the Earth Fleet!

HARLOT: Oh, I'll be sure not to accidentally press it then. Crew, let's set sail!

CREW: Sir!

CREW bustle and look busy, lights down on Travesty Bridge. Lights up on Tyrelian Bridge.

SPACE NAZI OFFICER: My Prince, a single Terran ship has risen up to meet us. What are your orders?

PRINCE: Let us wait for now. Remember the old Tyrelian saying, “Why kill one, when you can kill two?”

SPACE NAZI CREW: I think he means the old Tyrelian saying, “You've got to break a few eggs if you want to count your chickens before they hatch.”

SPACE NAZI OFFICER: Do not speak out of line to his Majesty, you snivelling space worm. Or I'll keelhaul you on the starboard side of the stargazing deck!

PRINCE: Enough idle smalltalk. Proceed.

Lights down on Tyrelian Bridge, lights up on Travesty Bridge. It's pandemonium, HARLOT is frantically swatting 2IC KANE away from the BUTTON, TACTICAL OFFICER is crying, CINDY is chatting away on the phone.

2IC KANE: HARLOT! We must press that button, it's our mission, our one job!

HARLOT: Yes, but you said this is the button that will bring the enemy fleet here.

2IC KANE: Yes!

HARLOT: Which is some 2,000 ships.

2IC KANE: Yes!

HARLOT: And we are one ship.
2IC KANE [quietly]: We're barely half a ship.

HARLOT: So it is decided, we won't press the button. Captain's orders!

*Lights down on Travesty Bridge, lights up on Tyrelian Bridge.*

PRINCE: Ha! See, the fleet is rising up on the other side of the planet! This lone ship must have been a decoy. How could they think us so stupid? Officer!

SPACE NAZI OFFICER: Yes, my lord.

PRINCE: Have the main fleet circle around and annihilate the remnants of the Terran fleet, and prepare an occupation force.

SPACE NAZI OFFICER: And the lone Terran ship?

PRINCE: Ha, let it know its doom. Something to play with to lessen the boredom of destroying an army of idiots. Send two autonomous destroyers, assume direct control from this ship.

*Lights down on Tyrelian Bridge, lights up on Travesty Bridge. Phone rings.*

CINDY: Captain, class one priority call coming in. It's from Commander Sheppard!

2IC KANE: Patch it to the mai-

HARLOT: Let it go to voicemail.

COMMANDER SHEPPARD [over the speakers]: This is the Flagship Yamato calling in light cruiser Travesty. Captain Harlot, respond, you must distract the enemy fleet, we are being wiped out. Argh! Oh science, the gravity control has been destroyed! All medics to the bridge and hanger bay, save anyone you can! Harlot, you have doomed us all.... us all! [*Loud explosion and alarms.*]

HARLOT: See, now there's no reason to press that Big Red Button and have the enemy come down on us!

TACTICAL OFFICER: Captain! Two enemy ships incoming!

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: They are autonomous destroyers. Those markings look like the 3rd recon division, that's directly under the command of Prince Steiner, may he live foreve-

2IC KANE: Bring them up on the Hologram display, Officer Tackle!
TACTICAL OFFICER takes out A PAPER CUTOUT OF THE TRAVESTY, ON A STICK, and walks to center stage, standing in the blue light.

TACTICAL OFFICER: Hologram on, Captain.

Lights up on Tyrelian Bridge (and still up on Travesty Bridge).

PRINCE: Hologram on!

SPACE NAZI CREW runs up with 2 PAPER CUTOUTS OF SHIPS, ON STICKS.

PRINCE: Initiate assault, but don't kill them, target non vital systems.

HARLOT: Lets do this! [Cracks knuckles.] Ouch... So, what do we do again?

BRIDGE CREW all stagger in different directions.

2IC KANE: Launch all fighters!

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Ma'am, this ship does not currently have any fighters, we had to swap them for food.

2IC KANE: Order some more then!

HARLOT: Enough of this, close to ship-to-ship combat range!

TACTICAL OFFICER: We are already that close, in fact the enemy seems to be firing on us!

EVERYONE rocks as if hit. (Appropriate SFX.)

HARLOT: Screw this, fire main gauss batteries 1 through 6, and launch all torpedoes and ship-to-ship missiles! Scatter all the sea mines and launch all the interdimensional depth charges!

2IC KANE: All of them? Are you insane?

HARLOT: No, I'm Harlot, haven't you been listening? FIRE! FIRE!

TACTICAL OFFICER: Firing all 630 torpedoes, and 4000 light cruiser missiles. And 300 mines.

SPACE NAZI CREW removes the 2 SHIPS from the hologram area.

SPACE NAZI OFFICER: Our destroyers have been destroyed, sir.
PRINCE: That must have been their entire supply of ammunition, just to destroy two small ships? What fun is a game of chess, when the opponent just flips the table? Send in the 5th Imperial Fleet to take them out. If overkill is what that Captain wants, it is overkill he will get.

HARLOT: Well that was easy. Now what? I guess we should go find this Deus Ex Machinate and become the sole Heroes of Earth! [He laughs.]

2IC KANE: What!? Was that your plan all along?

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Captain! There is a large Tyrelian fleet incoming!

HARLOT: Astrogator, find us a path out of the solar system! Pilot, activate warp drive.

ASTROGATOR: Mars is rising in the East, and Capricorn is sinking to the West, I suggest taking us past Jupiter, the most honourable of planets!

PILATE: Activating Warp Drive in 10...9...8...7...

HARLOT: Crew, brace yourselves!

PILATE: 5...4...3...2...1... Accelerate!

Nothing happens.

HARLOT: Is that it? Nothing’s happening.

PILATE: Well, I’ve pressed the accelerator, and we are accelerating to warp speeds. But it will take approximately… 7 days to reach cruising speeds.

HARLOT: Dammit!

SPACE NAZI OFFICER: My Prince, they are attempting to flee, and are accelerating to light speed!

PRINCE: Cowards! Chase the fools and take them out.

PILATE: Captain, we are nearing a planet! It might be Jupiter, or it might be a cataract.

HARLOT: Well, get us closer until you can see it.

2IC KANE: Captain, that is against regulations, our ship could be dragged into the gravity well of Jupiter and sink beneath its seas!
HARLOT: CLOSER DAMMIT! I want Pontius Pilate to see for herself!

SPACE NAZI OFFICER: Prince! They are straying dangerously close to the Gas Giant, Sol 5.

PRINCE: Follow them in, anything that ship can fly through, our superior ships can go through as well!

*Everyone on the TRAVESTY starts shaking.*

TACTICAL OFFICER: I don't think we are going to survive this.

*iCrate4.0: I've calculated the odds at 420.69 recurring to 1.*

CINDY: Ugh, numbers remind me of high school. Gross.

PILATE: Captain, yes, now I'm sure it's Jupiter!

2IC KANE: I could have told you that!

HARLOT: Good, then we are going the right way. Turn to... [*spins ASTROGATION WHEEL*] wherever we are meant to go.

ASTRID [*shrieks in dismay at Harlot’s interference with the ASTROGATION WHEEL*]: What are you doing? This is a very delicate instrument!

PILATE: Turning for open space.

*Lights down on Travesty Bridge.*

SPACE NAZI OFFICER: The Terran Ship has turned off course and is making a break for open space.

PRINCE: Follow them!

*Wait a few beats.*

SPACE NAZI OFFICER: Sir, they can't, the 5th Imperial Fleet has been caught in the gravity well... They can’t escape!

PRINCE: WHAT! But a ship of that class could not have escaped the gravity where our ships failed, unless that's a new ship. Or... using all of those munitions on our recon ships, could their
Captain have been lightening the mass of the ship for this very reason? Has he so expertly played against my hubris?

SPACE NAZI CREW: My Liege, such a challenge is rare - should we celebrate?

PRINCE: Of course. This is precisely the reason we installed a big red celebration button. [He pushes the BUTTON and somehow is given CHAMPAGNE.] A salute, to a most glorious opponent!

SPACE NAZI OFFICER: Hail!
SPACE NAZI CREW: Hail!

PRINCE: Have I finally met the one man who is my equal in this universe... why does my heart beat this way?

SPACE NAZI OFFICER: Sir, should we search for survivors?

PRINCE: The 5th Fleet is doomed. We should focus on the reformation of Earth. [Raising his GLASS] To a new Utopia!

_End scene._
Scene 4: Bless This Mess

Lights up on the Travesty’s Mess Hall/Bar recreational area. INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, ASTRID TURF and BUCK HARDFIST sit at the bar. ACE TORNADO is nearby with a couple of his colleagues, RICHARD ‘DICK’ WHIPLASH and SCARLETT FALCON. The rest of the MARINES (BROCK LOCKJAW and BLAKE HAMSTRING) are lounging about.

ASTRID: Wow! That battle was so exciting, my horoscope says I’ve never been involved in something like that before, or ever will again.

EVERYONE IN THE ROOM sighs and groans and grumbles.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Would you shut up about the battle!? It’s all we’ve been talking about for days.

ASTRID: Well what do you want to talk about then?

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK [after a pause, he sighs]: I’m just so bored. We’ve been sitting around here doing nothing like the damn fighter pilots for almost a week.

The PILOTS stand up because there is nothing more intimidating than being tall.

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: Cool your jets! It’s not our fault we had to sell our new fighters to pay for fixed-gear bicycles and ironic moustache wax.

PILOT WHIPLASH: Wait, did you say these were ironic, old chum? Pip pip.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Well, a little bird told me that you crashed them into a space-orphanage to collect the insurance money.

PILOT FALCON: Hey, that orphanage came right at us out of nowhere! And I told you that in confidence.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER [snidely]: Oh dear. [He laughs sinisterly.]

MARINE LOCKJAW [antagonistically]: Everyone knows he can’t keep a secret, maybe it’s time we pounded some, uh, discretion into him. Ain’t that right, Blake?

MARINE HAMSTRING grunts approvingly. The MARINES move threateningly towards INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, pounding their fists and chuckling menacingly etc. The PILOTS reciprocate, also ready for a good scrap.

BARB TENDER [appearing in the middle]: HEY HEY HEY! Break it up, you guys.

EVERYONE EXCEPT LOCKJAW stops menacing. LOCKJAW punches WHIPLASH in the face. WHIPLASH says something comically old-timey in pain and collapses.
BARB TENDER: Now, I know you’re all going a little stir-crazy from the travel time, but don’t worry, there’s plenty of dehydrated Space-rum for everyone, so come on, grab a few sticks and let’s have a good time. [She shimmies.]

MARINE HAMSTRING [sincerely]: Alcohol! The one thing that won’t make us more aggressive! [She accepts a STICK OF RUM from BARB.]

ASTRID [also taking a STICK]: Well, you are a Scorpio.

MARINE HAMSTRING [getting up in ASTRID’s grill]: What’s that supposed to mean?

ASTRID: Well excuse me, but I have a degree in social science and astrology from ECU, I think I know what I’m talking about. I had to learn about horoscopes, palm reading, tarot cards, astrophysics. My job is highly skilled, it takes a lot of concentration and nobody who isn’t constantly paying attention to the wheel, vigilantly watching the skies for OH SCIENCE I HAVE TO GET TO A WINDOW! [She hurries away muttering something about Mercury rising.]

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: Hey, hotshot! Call the doctor on your way, tell her Dick Whiplash is in a real tailspin! [DICK groans.]

BARB: Just give him some rum, we have SO much rum.

PILOT FALCON: He needs medical attention!

DR MALLORY PRACTISE, PhD emerges from behind the bar with a mouth full of RUM STICKS.

DR MAL, PhD: I’m here, I’m here. Dr. Mallory Practice, PhD. Give him some rum, he’ll be fine.

BARB: We’ve got SO MUCH rum.

MARINE HAMSTRING: Another round for the marines, Barb! [The MARINES cheer.] And none for the pilots! [The MARINES cheer again.]

BARB TENDER [looks for RUM]: Oh, we just ran out. That Mal, PhD is one thirsty lady.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: SHE IS!? How did I miss that?

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: UGH MAL, PhD, WHY ARE YOU RUINING MY LIFE??

EVERYONE agrees in general ruckus.

DR MAL, PhD: Why are you ganging up on me, it wasn’t my fault! Someone back me up here!

FERNANDO appears throwing ROSE PETALS about himself. There is a flamenco tune to mark his entrance, and he plays along with MARACAS. He punctuates his lines with maraca shakes.
FERNANDO: It is I, Carlos Luis Martin Diego Gustavo Eduardo Arturo Fernando! … Nurse. My
darling Mallory, PhD, Fernando is here to save you in your hour of need.

DR MAL, PhD: Ugh. Anyone but this guy.

FERNANDO [making his way over to MAL, PhD, caressing people as he passes them and they
all love him]: Do not blame our lovely doctor for your bereavement over the beloved booze, it was
the fault of I, Fernando. [He shakes his MARACA sadly.]

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: It WAS?

MARINE HAMSTRING: We ought to throw him out of the airlock!

PILOT FALCON: Smartest thing you’ve said all day.

FERNANDO: But I had a reason! The one reason I have for anything!

PILOT WHIPLASH: Is it love?

FERNANDO: It is love! I love this ship so much, when the Captain ordered me to seal the leaking
bulkhead at all costs, I had to use the single most indestructible material we had. Dehydrated
Space-rum!

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: You DID? Why doesn’t anybody tell me anything?!

PILOT WHIPLASH: Fernando, that isn’t your fault!

MARINE HAMSTRING: It’s that Captain. Ever since he came aboard things have gone from
pretty bad to slightly worse.

BARB: I’m still waiting for him to finish doing the dishes. That’s why you’ve all been “drinking” out
of dirty glasses.

DR MAL, PhD: And he stole all my bandages to make piñatas for Fernando’s birthday.

FERNANDO [quietly]: I love him so much.

PILOT FALCON: What a slobby idiot.

MARINE LOCKJAW [competitively]: No, I think he’s an idiotic slob!

PILOT WHIPLASH: Well I think he’s a bounder AND a cad.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: We’ve put up with this useless Captain for too long already. If I was
the Captain, I’d make sure we had all the rum we could drink and/or chew!

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: If I was the Captain, I’d make sure there was enough rum AND it would all
be fair trade AND I’d serve it from jam jars!
INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: 99% of mutinies end in success, according to... ships that I’ve been on.

MARINE HAMSTRING: What? I don’t want to be part of the 1%! We need to act while we still can!

PILOT WHIPLASH: No, WE need to act while we still can!

PILOT FALCON: I’m gonna mutiny so hard!

MARINE LOCKJAW: We’re gonna mutiny harder than you!

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Oh wait… maybe it was 99% ending in mass executions.

FERNANDO [distracting everyone from INTELLIGENCE OFFICER]: I LOVE mutinies!

Thoroughly roused to mutiny, EVERYONE exits as a mob.

End scene.
Lights up on the BRIDGE. It is suspended, and spans the Sydney Harbour. PONTIUS PILATE has the helm. The ASTROGATION WHEEL is present and primed. CINDY CALLFORWARD is on the phone and 2IC KANE is impatiently waiting for her to finish her call. The iCRATE4.0 is also there.

CINDY: So, like, oh my god, I was like, yeah, and he said “oh my god” and I just did not know where to look, y’know? Aaanyway, what does the timer say now? Wow only 2 seconds? Okay, cut the blue wire and push the yellow button. [There is an explosion sound effect.] Hello? hello? They hung up on me!

2IC KANE: Okay Officer Callforward, now that THAT’s finally out of the way, get the Captain on the bridge.

CINDY [holding a MICROPHONE and poorly lip-syncing to a pre-recorded PA announcement]: Paging Captain Harlot to the bridge. Captain Harlot to the, y’know, bridge.

CAPTAIN HARLOT arrives wearing pyjamas and fluffy slippers.

HARLOT [stretching as though just woken]: Yeah, what is it?

2IC KANE: Captain, leaving the bridge without appointing a Commander is not acceptable conduct! We all thought you’d gone AWOL.

HARLOT: Ha, AWOL! Don’t worry, I was just away without leave. Napping.

CAPTAIN HARLOT sits in his command chair, next to the BIG RED BUTTON, which he fingers mindlessly.

2IC KANE [exasperatedly]: Captain! [Gathering herself] I request permission to speak freely.

HARLOT: Granted! Speak as freely as you like, it’ll do you good to loosen up a bit.

2IC KANE pulls out a large list of complaints.

2IC KANE: Over the past five days, I have created an exhaustive list of all your deficiencies as a commander, and as a man.

HARLOT [disappointedly]: Oh… proceed.

2IC KANE: Item 1. Poor personal hygiene.
     Item 2. Poor administrative skills.
     Item 3. Poor administrative hygiene.

HARLOT: How many of these points are there?
2IC KANE [flicking over the page to check]: Three hundred and forty seven. And a half. Item 4. No playing with the lasers.

HARLOT: But I was giving Pontius laser eye surgery!

2IC KANE: And how did that work out?

PILATE [turning and pointing at her eyes, which are behind THICK-LENSED GLASSES]: I can see colours now in this one! Still not shapes though.

2IC KANE: Item 5. Pants Off Thursdays represent a safety hazard on the engineering deck.

CINDY: Actually, that’s, like, a union thing. Here, I’ll print out the contracts.

iCRATE4.0 [angrily]: BEEP BOOP.

CINDY: Fine, I’ll do it later, but you owe me, man.

2IC KANE [growing increasingly frustrated]: Item 6. Why, of all the people on board, did you ask the nurse to fix the hull leak?

HARLOT: Hey! You leave Fernando out of this, he’s the single most beautiful man I have ever known!

2IC KANE [sighing frustratedly]: Officer Pilate, status report!

PILATE [having trouble reading his screen]: Well, we’re still accelerating up to hyperspeed. But if this mysterious blur is the number I think it is, we should reach our destination in approximately nine months.

ASTRID enters in a rush. She is all a-fluster.

ASTRID: Nine months!? We might be lucky to last nine minutes! If the astrogation wheel isn’t corrected we could plunge headfirst into the core of the Sun! [She approaches the WHEEL.] Oh, what a relief, it’s perfectly fine.

HARLOT [standing up]: Astrid, you’re just in time, I was about to settle my argument with 2IC Kane here. Okay, I’ll make a deal with you. [Moving to the WHEEL] I’m going to spin this wheel thingie and if it lands on the crab, I’ll read your list and do everything it says.

ASTRID and 2IC KANE object.

HARLOT [to audience]: What do you guys think? Should I spin the wheel? Or should I do chores for the rest of the play?

He spins the WHEEL. It spins to a stop hopefully. If it lands on the crab, he says something like “look over there!” and jerks the wheel one position to the side. The Dolphin is on pneumatic lifts and rocks violently from side to side. EVERYONE acts as if the ship is careening out of control.
ASTRID: AH! What are you doing?! The moon is in its seventh house, and Jupiter has aligned with Mars!

2IC KANE: This will send us completely off course! You’ve just jeopardised our entire mission! Pilate, Turf, correct our position immediately!

PILATE: I’m engaging pelvic thrusters, but it’s totally impotent! We’ll just have to ride it out!

ASTRID: I’ll try to get us back on course! [She spins the WHEEL.] Oh science, I’m making it worse! RED ALERT! RED ALERT! WE HAVE ENTERED THE AGE OF AQUARIUS!

After a ‘beat’, the ‘ship’ ‘settles’.

2IC KANE: Where are we headed now?

HARLOT: Wasn’t that exciting? Nothing like a bit of excitement to stave off the Space-madness.

The ‘MUTINEERS’ enter the ‘BRIDGE’. The MUTINEERS support each other with lines like “Yeah you tell him!” etc. where appropriate.

DR MAL, PhD: Captain! We are so space-mad at you right now.

MARINE HAMSTRING [in a separate conversation]: Well I would have him drawn, quartered and cooked in front of the rear thrusters for a day!

PILOT SCARLETT: Well I would slow roast him in the forward engines with the finest herbs and spices this side of Uranus.

HARLOT: What are you guys talking about, it sounds delicious.

MARINE LOCKJAW [ignoring him]: Well if I was killing the Captain, I’d rip of his head with my teeth and make him watch while I played his torso like a trombone.

2IC KANE: This is grossly out of order, return to your stations at once!

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: If you aren’t with us, you’re not against him, so you’ll go out the airlock too.

2IC KANE: I’m against just about everyone on this ship.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: This is a mu-

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE [upstaging BUCK]: This is a mutiny, and we pilots will do it better and more stylishly than the marines could.

HARLOT [thinking this is a joke]: Haha, “mutiny”. Very funny guys, you got me.
MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: We don’t make jokes, Harlot. We are not funny. What do you think this is, a high school pantomime?

MARINE LOCKJAW: [unintelligible grunting]

MARINE HAMSTRING: YEAH YOU TELL HIM, BROCK!

PILOT FALCON: I hate you more than my dad’s new girlfriend!

HARLOT: Come on guys, we’re all friends here, right?

2IC KANE: Don’t you people have anything better to do?

The MUTINEERS look at each other and the general consensus is that they don’t.

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: Nice try hotshot, I can think of three hundred and forty seven reasons to throw you out the airlock.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Not that we actually wrote them down. What kind of nerd would do that?

DR MAL, PhD: Enough talk, let’s lynch them!

MUTINEERS: YEAH!

The MUTINEERS begin to close in on HARLOT. He attempts the following inspiring speech to talk his way out of the situation, and the MUTINEERS periodically interrupt him with angry incoherent shouting, but he talks over them.

HARLOT: If you wait just a moment, just one moment folks, and [floundering] uh… I think you’ll find that, if you just wait one moment and look, deep inside, the things that you’ve been missing have been right in front of us all along. And of course, if there’s one thing I’ve learnt from my time on this ship, if we keep accelerating toward what’s right in front of us, then it will only get closer, and closer until...

PA ANNOUNCEMENT (CINDY, but she is obscured by MUTINEERS): Attention all crew. The EDF Travesty has entered the orbit of a nearby planet. Automated landing procedures have been engaged.

EVERYONE moves out of the way so CINDY is visible to the audience (holding her MICROPHONE) (she’s behind you), and they are like “huh, a planet?”

PILATE [squinting at his screen]: Ohhhh, hey yeah that’s what that big circle is!

2IC KANE: A planet? That doesn’t make sense. Where are we?
PILATE: Well, we’re either at our final destination magically nine months early, or we’re way off course without being anywhere near that and I have no idea where we are. [Happily, with certainty] I think it’s pretty safe to say we’ve reached our final destination.

EVERYONE except 2IC KANE (who doesn’t show a clear response) is like “oh cool our final destination magically!”

ASTRID: Captain, how did you do that? [Falling to her knees in awe] He’s harnessed the power of the astrogation wheel! [Sobbing] I didn’t even know it could do that!

EVERYONE except 2IC KANE (who narrows her eyes at HARLOT suspiciously) and HARLOT (who looks very pleased with himself) is like “woah the Captain did that?” They lower the LASER PITCHFORKS etc. that they had for mutinying, oh we didn’t mention those?

DR MAL, PhD: Fantastic. If we’re landing we can stock up on supplies. Just in time too, I’m starting to sober up.

MARINE HAMSTRING: Maybe we were wrong about you after all, Captain.

PILOT WHIPLASH: We shouldn’t have doubted you old chap.

HARLOT: Alright crew, prepare for shore leave effective immediately!

2IC KANE sighs.

CREW: Yayyyyyy!

Someone throws their hat into the air and the play freeze frames. End scene.

THE END OF ACT ONE.
START OF ACT TWO
Scene 6: Lost in Translation … -ation… -ation… -ation.

Curtains up on the TRAVESTY CREW AWAY TEAM (HARLOT, PILOTS, TACTICAL OFFICER, iCRATE4.0, DR MAL, PhD, INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, and BARB TENDER), who are walking along the planet surface, pretending like it’s low gravity.

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: Wow, I’ve never been on a planet before!

TACTICAL OFFICER: I presume you mean discounting Earth.

PILOT FALCON: Well excuse me Tackle, but I went to high school too, and I’m pretty sure Earth isn’t in space like planets are.

TACTICAL OFFICER: Captain, can you please explain that Earth is, in fact, a planet!

HARLOT: No, no Earth is not a planet. Planets are great big orbs which we invade. Speaking of big orbs, check out the weird alien babe. Hey Barb, pass me some rum sticks.

BARB TENDER: Cap’n remember, we don’t have any rum left, that’s the whole reason I came down here.

HARLOT: Yes, I definitely remember ordering that. iCrate4.0, check the air, see if its breathable.

DR MAL, PhD: You mean it wasn’t checked before? [Sighs, bustles over to CAPTAIN HARLOT and gives a quick, rough inspection.] Well you’re not bleeding out of your lungs, so it must be fine.

PILOT FALCON: Do you think this air is organic?

HARLOT: What?

ALIEN GUARDS 1 and 2 enter.

ALIEN GUARD 1: Well, well, well, what’s going on here, lads and ladettes?

HARLOT: Good afternoon… ladies? [Then to INTELLIGENCE OFFICER] Bring me the big book of propaganda to tell people you’re about to invade!

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER hands him a big Seussish BOOK.

HARLOT [opening BOOK]: We come to bring freedom, democracy and the American dream. Take me to your leader.
ALIEN GUARD 2: Invaders! It’s the Terran ship that we have heard so much about! Hmmm, it is the Holy Week of Peace, so we cannot refuse their audience with the Queen.

HARLOT: What did she say? iCrate, translate!

iCRATE4.0: W-wha.. err. They have heard of us before, and will take us to their queen?

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: The Robot says the aliens say that we are welcome and honoured guests.

ALIEN GUARD 2: Are you getting someone to translate your own language…?

HARLOT: ME NO SPEAKY ALIEN. ONLY NORMAL.

ALIEN GUARD 1: Well, we’ll give you an escort to the Queen.

ALIEN GUARD 2 [to ALIEN GUARD 1]: I’m sure they can provide light entertainment if nothing else.

TRAVESTY CREW look at iCRATE4.0

iCRATE4.0: They are giving us an escort to their queen, they seem to think we will entertain her?

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: The aliens offer us escorts to entertain us!

HARLOT [interrupting]: You mean like an escort service? [Winking at the AUDIENCE] I think we all know what that really means! Let’s follow them.

TRAVESTY CREW cheers and whoops.

They do a loop and meanwhile the ALIEN QUEEN enters behind them, as though they have arrived at her location. Have the GUARDS ad lib some tour-guide stuff if the loop drags.

ALIEN ADVISOR: Welcome to the court of her royal highness, Queen Heliopetra!

ALIEN QUEEN: Alien visitors to our planet! On this most joyous of holidays! [ALIEN ADVISOR whispers in her ear.] Terrans you say? Our allies the Tyrelians have placed quite the priority on finding you, have no fear, this is a time of peace. Hmmm, and with Terrans on the planet the evening news will stop talking about how I ate my entire family to get the throne.

PILOT WHIPLASH: Oh, this must be the local ‘madame’.
iCRATE4.0: She says the Tyrelians are their allies, but she won't tell them about us?

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER [a bit grossed out]: The Robot says she says she’s eaten out her whole family.

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: Her own family? Eurgh.

BARB TENDER [shrugging]: Eh?

ALIEN ADVISOR: Her Majesty rules over our planet and everyone on it. You must show your fealty to reciprocate the great kindness she has shown you, or face the consequences.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Sounds like she’s in charge of the whole planet.

HARLOT: The WHOLE PLANET is part of this “escort” business? Neato.

The CREW discusses this amongst themselves.

ALIEN GUARD 2: Is everyone in this tour group a complete idiot?

ALIEN GUARD 1: Do you think they realise how our species reproduce? [ALIEN GUARD 1 & 2 giggle to each other].

HARLOT: Quiet everyone! You'll provoke their enforcers.

ALIEN QUEEN: Will everybody stop making so much noise? It's giving my beautiful head an ache. Lets take some publicity shots with these Terrans, put them back on the ship, and pretend we never saw them.

TACTICAL OFFICER: Captain, I'm not sure how this negotiation is going...

HARLOT: It’s not like she’s understanding what I’m saying. You forget that these creatures are aliens, and I only speak American and the language of love. [ALIEN QUEEN glares at him.] But I guess you’re right. You there! Lady in the puffy dress! Tell me where the Deus Ex Machinate is.

ALIEN QUEEN [confused]: Did he just speak to me like I'm a commoner?

HARLOT: DE-US EX MACH-I-NATE. I don’t think she knows what I’m talking about.

ALIEN QUEEN [standing majestically]: Does he not realise that I am Queen Heliopetra, ruler of all I see, True Prophet, Breaker of Chains, Mother of Scripture? Chosen by our Great God, may his light guide us forward, and I speak for His needs.
TRAVESTY CREW looks at ICRATE4.0.

ICRATE4.0: The Queen says that we should pay more respect to her, since she is the representative of their god, the Breaker of Chains?

TRAVESTY CREW looks at INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Supposedly the World is controlled by a giant evil monster, and whoever kills the monsters and breaks the chains will have the eternal gratitude of the entire planet.

HARLOT: Hello, let’s get to being real heroes. Who’s up for slaying the beast? You know, they’ll probably thank us in ALL sorts of ways… if you know what I mean?

PILOTS: Aye-aye, Captain.

TACTICAL OFFICER: And I, and I suggest we do it without telling them first, so it comes as a surprise.

HARLOT: Sounds like we have a plan. Hands in!

ALIENS leave stage, 2IC enters.

2IC KANE: Captain, pre-launch checks have been completed, I have fixed 134 critical errors which would have caused immediate explosive decompression when entering faster-than-light speeds. How did the negotiations go?

HARLOT: Marines! Front and centre!

The MARINES run onstage.

MARINES: Sir!

HARLOT: Prepare for combat! We have a planet to liberate. Okay guys, what do we have that can kill a giant alien despot?

2IC KANE: What are you planning!?

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Well, there’s the 100 ft fighting robot…

TACTICAL OFFICER: But that's bigger than the Travesty, where did you get that?
MARINE HAMSTRING: It’s a self-assembly flat-pack from IKEA. We sold the pilot’s escape pods to pay for it.

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: Hey!

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Give me 6 hours and an allen key, and I’ll have this baby up and wreaking havoc.

*End scene. Then play sounds of forklifts/construction/indistinguishable cursing during scene change.*
Scene 7: Go, Go, Marine Rangers!

Curtains on split stage, on two thirds a miniature city made of once painted cardboard and plastic army men, on the smaller, MARINES standing in formation. MECH enters from left, the steps of the MECH are synchronised with the formation of MARINES.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Ahh I love the smell of a nuclear fusion reactor in the morning.

MECH accidentally knocks over a building.

MARINE HAMSTRING: Cap’n, weren’t we told to keep collateral damage to a minimum?

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK [turning to HAMSTRING]: I’m not a minimum kind of person.

MECH turns when BUCK does, causing another building to be knocked down.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Dammit! Focus people, if our movements and minds aren't at least 25% synchronised, then our fighting efficiency will be non optimal!

MARINE LOCKJAW: Buck! it seems that a large anomalous object is coming straight for us, it is approximately 4000 light nanoseconds away!

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Hmmm, it seems that the smell of blood has awoken the beast and caused it to go into a feeding frenzy! Everything is according to...

MARINE LOCKJAW: Plan?

GOD MONSTER enters behind the MECH.

MARINE HAMSTRING: By Darwin’s beard, what is that thing? What could have made it?

MARINE LOCKJAW: The change in the inherited characteristics of biological populations over successive generations of course.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Who cares, if it bleeds, it can be killed! Fire the ineffective ranged weapon!

MECH shoots or throws something, its not very effective.

MARINE LOCKJAW: It looks like it doesn’t bleed.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Then it looks like we'll have to deal with it the same way I dealt with my parents. Fists!
MECH and GOD MONSTER engage in terribly choreographed hand to hand combat for a suitably long period of time, until the GOD MONSTER appears to have gained the upper hand.

MARINE HAMSTRING: Cap’n, I don’t think we can take more of this!

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Then it looks like we will have to use... the secret weapon.

MARINE HAMSTRING: If we had something more efficient, then why didn't we use it earlier?

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: People will praise us more if we make a heroic comeback! [Aside] And then maybe my father will love me.

MECH pulls some SUITABLY GOOD WEAPON from off stage and starts commencing a beatdown. As the GOD MONSTER weakens the MARINES become more frenzied.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: YES YES! To become a monster, one must kill a monster!

MARINE LOCKJAW: Hack the bone! Hack the bone!

MARINE HAMSTRING just laughs. Then a pager sound goes off.

MARINE LOCKJAW: Buck, its from the 2IC.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: Read it out, but be quick, we’re almost through the skull, and I want to see how this thing ticks.

MARINE LOCKJAW [like reading out an old telegram]: Stop. Stop. He’s already dead. Stop. Return to base. Stop.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: I guess these things can’t be helped, let’s head on home.

MARINES hum a jaunty tune and walk offstage, as does the MECH. ALIEN QUEEN plus ENTOURAGE enter.

ALIEN QUEEN: What has happened, who could have done this?!

ALIEN ADVISOR: It seems it was those Terrans from the EDF Travesty.

ALIEN QUEEN: And after I refrained from killing them due to the Holy Week of Peace, this is how they repay us? By spitting on our offering so violently and killing Him, the one thing that makes us who were are! Well, I will not make that mistake again. Guards!
ALIEN GUARDS: Yes! My Queen?

ALIEN QUEEN: Cancel all celebrations and mobilize the entire fleet. Until we return with the corpses of these Terran scum, I hereby declare a state of mourning!

ALIEN GUARDS: Yes, my Queen.

ALIEN QUEEN: Oh, we will have our revenge.

*End scene.*
Scene 8: What have the Space Nazis ever done for us?

GENERAL MARDUKAS: Curse this Utopia, what is there to do for entertainment nowadays?

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Leisurly strolls through the countryside just aren’t as fulfilling when you aren’t crushing the proletariat under your jackboots.

GENERAL MARDUKAS: Dammit, if peacetime isn’t a fair bit less interesting than a good fight.

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: I know I’d rather see two beasts fighting man-to-man in a battle to the death on an exotic planet, rather than some boring talking scene back on Earth.

DRILL SERGEANT [calmly]: I don’t know, I’ve found myself... More at peace now than I ever have before, like some demons in my heart have quietened.

GENERAL MARDUKAS: The Space Nazis have ruined everything. I still remember when the air was so caustic you could clean plates by throwing them.

MAJOR KAICHOU: My once rough and manly hands are now supple as peaches. Where will this end? I need a sword, or a gun, or a puppy’s throat in my hands once more.

GENERAL MARDUKAS: Well, you’ll be happy to know you’re not the only one with those thoughts.

PRESIDENT OF EARTH enters. GENERALS stand up and salute.

MAJOR KAICHOU: President!

PRESIDENT OF EARTH: Hahaha, sit down, sit down, I may not be President for much longer. The Space Nazis are declaring free and fair elections! [He shudders.]

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: But Mr. President, you were voted in again last year! With 100% of votes cast, surely you will win this one as well?

PRESIDENT OF EARTH: It seems that without the threat of the military, or my death squads, people are actually entertaining the thought of voting in some... moderates...

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Surely not! After all, what have these Space Nazis ever done for us?
DRILL SERGEANT: Ending world hunger...

PRESIDENT OF EARTH: Well I could have done that, but for the same price I was able to buy [counts on fingers] 5 Joint Space Fighters, and food just tastes better when you know someone less important goes without.

GENERAL MARDUKAS: Truly universal health care...

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Hey! I don’t want some scum-sucking alien from Beetlebug 4 lancing my boils, I prefer good Earth doctors.

GENERAL MARDUKAS: Education reforms...

PRESIDENT OF EARTH: And now the people want to vote someone else as President! See, a stupid idea. Also, I heard someone refer to Earth as a planet the other day, sheer idiocy.

MAJOR KAICHOU: End to world conflict...

ALL THREE stare at each other, and then almost on top of each other.

{PRESIDENT OF EARTH: Those bastards!
{GENERAL MARDUKAS: Communist Nazi Scum!
{COMMANDER SHEPPARD: I won’t sleep until at least one person is dead through my actions!
{MAJOR KAICHOU: I am so bored.
{DRILL SERGEANT: Peace?

ALARM rings out

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Yes! The war alarm, thank science, maybe now those shakes will go away.

GENERAL MARDUKAS [reaching into her pocket]: Wait, sorry, that’s my pager.

COMMANDER SHEPPARD sits down dejectedly.

GENERAL MARDUKAS: But wait, we may still have our chance! It’s from the Pluto Relay Station. They have received an IFF signal from Deep Space! Its code matches the EDF Travesty. And they’re being followed by a large unknown fleet that doesn’t fit any known Space Nazi ships.

DRILL SERGEANT starts shuddering.

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: YES, YESESSS. You there! Indentured servant!
CLEANER hesitates.

DRILL SERGEANT [back in Drill Sergeant voice]: Be quick about answering scum bag!

CLEANER: I'm the cleaner, sir.

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: No you aren't, you are now Commander of the 5th Earth Defence Force Militia Division, Congratulations Major! [He salutes.]

MAJOR CLEANER: [saluting] S-s-sir?

DRILL SERGEANT: Did you not hear him the first time? You are not human, you are not even an animal! I've seen more signs of intelligent life on Mars than in your thick skull.

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Go out and find all the young impressionable males with no chance of a steady career or happy family, some pointed sticks, and petrol.

MAJOR CLEANER: Sir!

DRILL SERGEANT: MOVE MOVE MOVE!

MAJOR CLEANER runs out, chased by DRILL SERGEANT.

PRESIDENT OF EARTH: This is our chance! Thanks to Captain Harlot, and with our bloodlust, Earth will once again be plunged into war! My approval rating will go through the roof!

MAJOR KAICHOU: Well, let's get down to business.

End scene.
Scene 9: Clima... sorry, I'm done

Travesty Bridge.

HARLOT: Mother Earth, a sight for sore eyes, isn't that right Pilate? [Wincing] Sorry.

2IC KANE: Captain, are you sure the alien fleet that's following us is on our side? They haven't made radio contact since leaving their homeworld.

HARLOT: Look, it's obvious isn't it? We killed the evil monster that has been threatening their population for millennia, and as thanks, they have sent their whole fleet to assist us in saving Earth.

2IC KANE: I'm not sure about that, Captain. I don't have much confidence in our translation. [She stares intently at both ICRA Te4.0, and INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.]

HARLOT: Pay it no mind, with how evil the Space Nazis are, I'm sure these aliens will be more than willing to help us rid the universe of their presence.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Captain! Space telescope inspection of Earth has shown widespread explosions and fires. It seems as if the Tyreli- Space Nazi garrison is mobilising. We should be getting into communications range now.

Phone rings, CINDY picks it up.

CINDY: Hello?

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Harlot, thank science you're alive. We made Earth a burning beacon for your return! We didn't have the ships to conduct warfare, but we've been blowing up hospitals and soup kitchens, you know, the scum!

HARLOT: Commander Sheppard, I have returned with a way to save Earth. We couldn't find the Deus Ex Machinate but this alien armada is indebted to our cause and will assist us in fighting the Space Nazis, probably.

COMMANDER SHEPPARD: Probably? Never mind, engage the enemy as quickly as possible! We're almost out of aid workers and peacekeepers to kill.

CINDY: Connection lost. There seems to be some kind of jamming occurring between us and the Earth relay stations. Omg, I didn't even get to hear if the 7th book of Game of Thrones has come out yet!

TACTICAL OFFICER: Enemy fleet incoming, on screen!
2IC KANE: Crews to battle stations, ready the marines and fighters to launch!

TACTICAL OFFICER: We don’t have any fighters.

2IC KANE: Why doesn’t this ship ever have any fighters!?

HARLOT: No biggie. Get the torpedoes armed.

2IC KANE: We used all of those.

HARLOT: Really? Sounds like someone made a dumb mistake. I assume we still have the main gauss cannons online? With those should be able to kill [counts on fingers] the Hubble Space Telescope. How many Space Nazi ships are there?

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: It seems that the 3rd Imperial Garrison fleet is still stationed there, and wait... the Royal Guards! And the Prince, may he live forev-,’s Flagship is there too! He never has a reason to remain on such a simple pacification mission!

HARLOT: This is our chance! If we can wipe out the Prince and his Royal Guard, then their entire Space Nazi empire will crumble, moderates will get into power and freedom will be granted to all!

2IC KANE: Tell me, what do you base those assumptions on?

HARLOT: THE FACT THAT THIS PLAY NEEDS A RESOLUTION! There won’t be a sequel, so we need to end it, once and for all!

2IC KANE: Play? Captain, are you feeling ok? Communications Officer, page Nurse Fernando to the Bridge!

CINDY: Yes Ma’am, paging Nurse Fernando to the Bridge, 2IC’s orders!

FERNANDO bustles into the bridge immediately, no shirt on, chest lathered in yoghurt.

FERNANDO: Miss Kane, have you finally decided to book an appointment, with I... Fernando? [He strums a ukulele.] Allow me to sensually seduce you with my perfect Latin love.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER [making a funny expression of frustration]: And I thought I was an offensive stereotype.
FERNANDO: Ah. Officer Hugh Mann! I have long dreamt of you entering my infirmary. One steamy night in space, when I finally find out just what a Huge Mann you are. Has that day finally come?

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER [nervously/conflictedly retreating]: But we aren’t in the infirmary!

FERNANDO: Everywhere Fernando goes is his infirmary! [He strums his ukelele.]

2IC KANE: Nurse Fernando! Please inspect Captain Harlot, he needs to be ready for what is to come.

FERNANDO fusses over HARLOT.

CINDY: Incoming transmission from the Space Nazi Fleet!

PRINCE appears in the hologram.

PRINCE: I am Steiner, Prince of the Tyrelian Empire. Shelterer of the Weak, Destroyer of the Unjust, Terran Liberator, Intergalactic Male Model.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER immediately stands up and starts to bow, before catching himself.

PRINCE: I seek Captain Harlot, of the EDF Travesty, Survivor of the Battle of Sol 4, but I cannot see him.

FERNANDO stands up, revealing HARLOT to the PRINCE, showing off the yoghurt on his bare abs and HARLOT looking flustered and shooing him away.

PRINCE: Well... I... see you’re busy. [Turns red] Terran pre-battle rituals are far different to what I imagined.

2IC KANE: What brings you to hail us, Prince Steiner?

PRINCE: A word on the eve of our final battle; until one of us is dead, let the pieces fall as they may!

2IC KANE: The Travesty calls on you and your fleet to surrender. You and your men will be treated fairly under the Mars Accord. As you can see our fleet is far superior to yours.

PRINCE [confused]: Your fleet? Of one ship? You certainly do think highly of yourselves. But then again, with such a glorious Captain at your helm, I will grant you some liberties.
FERNANDO: Fernando is always granted liberties. He is all about consensual love. [Strums ukulele.]

2IC KANE: Surely your scanners can see our allies behind us, we outnumber you 2 to 1!

PRINCE [looking bemused]: You mean... our Allies?

ALIEN QUEEN and ALIEN ADVISOR appear in the hologram.

ALIEN ADVISOR: You fools have led us right to your homeworld, with our oldest allies, the Tyrelians, here in wait!

TRAVESTY CREW look at iCRATE4.0.

iCRATE4.0: Uhhh.... Beep Boop, it seems that the Aliens were allies of the Space Nazis all along.

TRAVESTY CREW looks at INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: The Robot's translation says that the Aliens have betrayed us for the Tyrelians!

HARLOT: Damn, well that's that buggered. [He goes into a thinking pose.]

TACTICAL OFFICER: The Alien fleet has moved to join the Space Nazis!

PILATE: Captain! I can see an opening, if we cancel deceleration and re-engage warp drives, we can fly right through them!

2IC KANE: Pilate, that would collide us straight into Earth! At such relativistic speeds, we may very well destroy all of life on Earth by ourselves!

PRINCE: Well, I see you have decisions to make. I will enjoy our battle Harlot, it has been too long since I have had a real fight.

ALIEN QUEEN: YOU WILL DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS FOR KILLING OUR GOD! YOUR ASHES WILL BE TURNED TO DIAMONDS THAT WILL BE SHOT INTO THE HEARTS OF YOUR FAMILY! YOUR SHIP, A CASKET FOR YOUR ENTIRE RACE!

TRAVESTY CREW looks at iCRATE4.0.

iCRATE4.0: Really... the whole thing? Beep boop?
INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: The Robot says that the Alien Queen still thanks us for destroying the monster attacking their planet, but that sometimes in war, one must side with the enemy to survive. She also notes that we will sparkle in the hearts of our race for all eternity.

TRAVESTY CREW looks sombre, nodding sympathetically. After a beat 2IC KANE steps forward, prepared to make an inspiring speech. As she speaks, dramatic music probably begins to swell.

2IC KANE: Listen up, crew. Today we face insurmountable odds. Not one, but two enemy fleets stand before us, prepared to scatter our broken bodies to the dark void of space. But the EDF Travesty does not give up so easily! Our outdated ship, crewed by the rejects of the Earth Defence Force single handedly destroyed the Tyrelian 5th Imperial Fleet. Our soldiers destroyed the tyrannical overlord of an oppressed planet. Our brave Captain was one of two survivors of the most destructive battle in humanity's history. Today, we may die, but I know we will fight bravely and the Travesty will be remembered as the greatest ship in entire Earth Defence Force!

HARLOT [looking up for the first time]: We surrender!

TRAVESTY and ALIEN CREW look absolutely shocked.

2IC KANE: C-c-captain! We cannot surrender, Earth itself is burning on the hope that we can save them! Surely there is something we can do! You've managed to get us this far!

HARLOT: Well, I don't want to die, so we surrender. [He holds his arms out as if for handcuffs.]

PRINCE: But why? Will you deny me this final battle? But then, I would not relish killing such a worthy adversary. Very well, we will accept your surrender.

ALIEN ADVISOR, PRINCE, and ALIEN QUEEN walk from the hologram onto the Travesty Bridge (well, boarding was easier than expected…). 2IC KANE reaches for a pistol/sabre sword, as does the ALIEN ADVISOR.

HARLOT [putting a hand on 2IC KANE's shoulder]: Now, now. That's no way to treat our honoured guests. [Bowing deeply] I, Harlot, Captain of the EDF light cruiser, the Travesty, welcome the Tyrelian Prince and the Alien Queen into our humble abode.

BUCK HARDFIST and ACE TORNADO enter with weapons.

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: I heard that we'd been boarded! Quickly! Protect the Captain with your lives!

HARLOT: Everyone put your guns and stick or whatever down, I invited them here to accept our surrender.
PRINCE: I swear that none of you will be hurt.

HARLOT: Actually, can I have one last request of you?

PRINCE: A captive, asking a favour? My, that's bold. But for you, a worthy enemy, I will allow it.

HARLOT: Can you let the crew go free?

TRAVESTY CREW protests.

2IC KANE: Captain, it would be dishonourable for me to leave while the Captain remains on station.

PILATE: I can't see the exit anyway...

iCRATE4.0: Beep boop! But what else will I do for a job?

FERNANDO: Captain, if I cannot go down with you, then life is no longer worth living.

HARLOT: Prince, you may have noticed, but the crew on this ship are hideous thugs and vile criminals. They are not worthy of your presence. Let us celebrate battles fought without their pessimism and disrespect.

PRINCE: But of course. Surely they cannot engage on the level at which we speak, and I have much to discuss with you. Possibly a chance of friendship.

HARLOT: Really? I am interested in staying alive.

TRAVESTY CREW all look terribly hurt.

2IC KANE [shaking in rage]: After all that's happened... after everything we have been through, this is how you treat us?!

HARLOT: Captain's orders! Leave this ship.

TRAVESTY CREW file out, sadly, some with scornful looks at HARLOT.

PRINCE: You there, Agent Drommel. Surely you will want to return to your home planet?

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: Sorry, I think you have the wrong person.

PRINCE: Forgiveness, you look just like one of us.
INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: I get that a lot.

TRAVESTY CREW is gone.

PRINCE: Let me tell you a story Captain Harlot.

HARLOT: Oh, yes please. Why not sit in my Captain’s chair? Surely it is yours by right of conquest. If not, then consider it my gift to you.

PRINCE [sitting down]: Why thank you, you are a most honourable man. 80 years ago, our solar system was engulfed by war, between planets, within planets. I was from a small mountain village and every day I would pray for an answer on how to achieve peace... Until a strategic bomber bombed our village, strategically. To this day, I don’t know what country, planet or species owned that bomb, but it shattered through the roof of our shrine, destroying the altar, but not detonating. At that point that I realised the only way to guarantee peace: to become a force so strong that no one dared to take up arms. 20 years of blood and battle led to my coronation as First Imperial Prince of the Tyrelian Empire. I brought peace and prosperity, but other planetary systems feared our newfound strength. I realised that only through becoming the ultimate power in the galaxy, could I create lasting peace. Harlot?

HARLOT: Yes?

PRINCE: I want you to help me. We must ascend to the power of gods. We must protect the galaxy, until the day they no longer need us. Will you join me? [He extends a hand.]

HARLOT [accepting the hand and rising]: Of course, you have a noble dream, one that any honourable man would support, perhaps we should drink a toast to this future galactic peace?

PRINCE [noticing the big red BUTTON]: Ahh, your race too has a “Big Red Button of celebration”! I see that in many ways our customs are the same.

HARLOT: To the end of death and war!

PRINCE: Officers! Prepare to raise the roof.

PRINCE presses the button, white light flashes, curtain down. End scene.
Scene 10: Funeral dirge for the dead

It’s a funeral, it looks like… a funeral. There is a photo of HARLOT mounted next to the podium. Various human characters from the play are seated in mourning. A PASTOR approaches the podium.

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: Hey look, it's one of those religious people.

PILOT WHIPLASH: I didn’t know they still existed.

MARINE HAMSTRING: Yeah, I think they call them Pastors.

PILOT FALCON: Pastors? Oh no! I’m gluten intolerant!

PASTOR: Dearly beloved, soldiers of the EDF, honoured guests, Your Majesty Mr President. We are gathered here today to mourn Captain [coughs over first name] Harlot. He died in the line of duty, making the ultimate sacrifice for his people and his home. Now, the Captain opted for a religious funeral on his enlistment form, but for some reason he ticked all the options and wrote “May as well hedge my bets”. So I’m just going to throw some stuff out and see what sticks.

When the Travesty was destroyed, I received an automated message from its Captain, confessing his sins as a Catholic. Boy-howdy, there are some real doozies in there, he sinned every day and every night, he sinned all over the walls, in fact there’s some of his sin in all of us. And it can only be removed by the Church of Scientology and their magic technology, available now for a small, massive fee. I invite you all to meditate on Captain Harlot’s life and achievements, so that we too may glean the wisdom that he lead his life by. [Pausing for a beat] Jehovah’s Witnesses.

Now that that's out of the way, we have an open opportunity for any guests to speak about their time with the deceased. See ya later, alligator.

PASTOR exits. The PRESIDENT OF EARTH takes his place at the podium.

PRESIDENT OF EARTH: Captain Harlot was the noblest and most tactically advanced Captain I’ve ever met, truly an inspiration to us all. As President of Earth, and now ruler of the Tyrelian Empire, I award him the Nobel Peace Prize for Genocide and hereby posthumously promote him to the rank of Commander. Commander Harlot, earth salutes you. [He salutes] Hail me.

The PRESIDENT OF EARTH returns to his seat. MALLORY PRACTICE, PhD and FERNANDO approach the podium.
FERNANDO: Harlot was a beautiful man. I'll never forget the time he confessed his love to me followed by a passionate night of romance. He wasn't saying he was in love with me, of course, it was a purely physical thing. Then we spent all night fu-

DR MAL, PhD: Woah there tiger! There's probably children here, save it for the after party! [Takes a swig of something, and ushers FERNANDO away.] Next! Come on, before anyone dies of old age.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK and PILOT CAPTAIN ACE approach the podium, struggling to hold back their tears in a stereotypical manly fashion.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK [struggling not to cry]: On behalf of the ma-marines and fighter pilots of the EDF Travesty- [He breaks down, sobbing into ACE's shoulder.] I can't, I can't!

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: [To BUCK] It's okay. [Resuming speech, speaking as if obviously reading] We declare Captain Harlot an honorary Marine and have named our latest Fighter Ship after him. [To BUCK] For science's sake, pull yourself together Hardfist.

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: [sobbing] I'm sorry. [He gathers himself.] It's just that Harlot was the greatest commanding officer I've ever known. I feel like we had a real bond. I would kill for him without a moment's hesitation.

PILOT CAPTAIN ACE: Oh yeah!? You think you're so tough? I had so much more respect for the Captain than you, I would have died for him without a second thought!

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK: That's good. I've been waiting to do this for months!

MARINE CAPTAIN BUCK brutally murders PILOT CAPTAIN ACE in a manner that is appropriate to the staging. And/or he brutalises him backwards offstage. There is a pause. It becomes apparent that everyone expects 2IC KANE to make a speech (maybe someone coughs her name (if everyone looks at her hopefully the AUDIENCE will make her do it) or pushes her up). As she reluctantly approaches the podium, she is intercepted by FERNANDO. He is being sexually forward but in a caring and affectionate way.

FERNANDO: Will you be needing comforting tonight Miss Kane?

2IC KANE: I'm sure I'll be fine. You should really get some therapy for your sex addiction.

FERNANDO nods like someone in touch with his emotions and exits stage leaving 2IC KANE at the podium. As she is saying frank and/or rude things about the CAPTAIN the other funeral attendees feel awkward and silently shuffle offstage.
2IC KANE: So, it shouldn’t come as any surprise that Captain Harlot and I had a complicated relationship. The day I met him, he struck me as the single worst officer, no, worst person, I have ever met. He was lazy, cowardly and disrespected the regulations. Frankly, it amazes me to hear you people saying such positive things about him. And he’s gone now. For the whole mission, I waited for this day. But when he sacrificed himself like that... [The funeral should be almost empty by now. She addresses Harlot’s portrait or grave.] It’s strange, I – I don’t know how to feel. I mean you were incompetent, foolish and downright irresponsible. But you actually sacrificed yourself to save us all. Before you walked onto that ship I was prepared to steer myself and the whole crew to certain death to give the main fleet a chance to defeat the vile enemy. Their policy of free health care and interest free HECS debt was in direct opposition to our way of life, after all. But, as frustrating as you were, in the end everything has worked out for the best. Maybe that’s all that matters. Thank you Captain, this uniform violation is for you. [She checks if anyone is watching missing the Captain, then makes her hat sit wobbly or undoes a button on her cuff, something small.]

HARLOT is there. “He’s behind you!” 2IC KANE listens to the audience and looks behind her, sees Harlot and is somewhat confused. If the audience is a bunch of plebs and says nothing he sneaks up behind her and says BOO!

2IC KANE: Captain!

HARLOT: It’s Commander now.

2IC KANE: Wha... how are you...?

HARLOT: I’m good thanks, how are you?

2IC KANE: But you’re dead, you died.

HARLOT: Could I really die if I was never really here in the first place?

2IC KANE: What? Cap- Commander, there was an explosion, you couldn’t have survived?

HARLOT: You’ve been so strict, so uptight. And after [dramatic look to audience] THE HORRIBLE FIRE from your childhood, it’s understandable you would have a bit of a psychotic break, sign up for an EDF suicide mission and develop a dissociated personality. You were so hard on yourself, pushing yourself to be perfect, to never let anything like that happen again. You needed me to balance all that out. But now, look at you. You’ve grown so much, changed so much. For Darwin’s sake, you’re violating uniform code and it’s beautiful. [He smiles proudly.] You don’t need me anymore. Good bye. [Starts to walk off stage leaving 2IC KANE looking stoic and ponderous.]
2IC KANE [continuing as if never interrupted]: Don’t be ridiculous. This Tyler Durden story is an insult to everyone who hears it. What are you doing here and how are you alive? [Worried] And how did you know about the fire?

HARLOT: Ok, I’ll admit it. I came for the free food.

2IC KANE: There isn’t any food.

HARLOT: WHAT? This is a travesty!

2IC KANE: Why haven’t you told everyone you’re alive yet?

HARLOT: Partly because I love surprises, but mostly because I wanted to hear the nice things you were going to say about me. I know it’s hard for you to open up so I thought I’d give you this opportunity to tell me how you really feel. You’re welcome.

2IC KANE [throwing his hand away and moving to face him]: I am going to get you dishonourably discharged for this!

HARLOT: Now now, you can’t say bad things about dead people.

2IC KANE [ignoring him]: How did you survive?

HARLOT: Ever heard of the twin paradox?

2IC KANE: Of course, it’s an analogy that explains time dilation when travelling close to the speed of light. You see, to the observer the two sets of twins age at diff-

HARLOT: Wait, is that what it is? Oh, well then I have no idea how I survived. But hey, [picking up the MEDAL that was left on the coffin] Commander Harlot, not bad! Let’s go let the others know I’m alive. [Puts his arm around 2IC KANE and walks her off stage to the wake while finishing his lines.] I wonder what kind of ship I’m getting now, because just between you and me, that last one is a write-off. I hope it has stripes. RED ONES, with a fluorescent brown logo, and speed holes! Oh and of course the Captain’s quarters needs a jacuzzi, nothing like a hot ‘cuze while cruising through hyperspace…

Fade in some music that will be used for bows while this bullsh*t is being said.

THE END.