

DYSTOPIAPIAPIA

---

A comedy in one act

By Alex Coulombe

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MINSTREL, our singing narrator

MILEY, a female miner

CYRUS, a male miner

PUPPY, a space bear

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE, a deranged warlord

COLONEL GOTYE, his henchman

PRIVATE STING, a wild-eyed soldier

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN, a mysterious soldier

PRIVATE MICHAEL JACKSON, a high-pitched soldier

SETTINGS

Jupiter Diamond Mine

Secret Technology Cave

Virgin Galactic Space Academy

Outer Space

PRODUCTION NOTES

Although this play contains numerous characters, locations, and is set in the future, it's intended as a fast-paced, minimally-designed production. For example, rolling chairs may represent all spacecraft, and stagehands may carry anything floating through space (as opposed to rigging wires). Ideally, the final 'outer space' sequence would have as many extras as possible to enhance the sense of bumper-car-like chaos, but this is not crucial. The minstrel may be male or female. The actor who plays Cyrus should also play Private Bob Dylan. The actor who plays Colonel Gotye may also play Private Michael Jackson (though their costuming should be markedly different). The puppy may be played by an actor. LowStars speak with Irish accents. HighStars speak with all manner of accents and may or may not sound like their namesakes.

SCENE 1

*Alone stands MILEY. She cries and swings her pickaxe into a diamond, becoming more upset with each swing.*

*MINSTREL enters, singing over guitar. Everything echoes hopelessly, helplessly.*

MINSTREL

(singing)

Here... in... Dystopia... pia... pia. Where your mother has died and your father has died and your children, well, they have all died. The lowest of the low in Jupiter's diamond mines, where they work and work and work until they die. Here... in... Dystopia... pia... pia.

(During the above, CYRUS, also a miner, starts offstage, but uses the follow-through of each of his swings to move closer to MILEY until he's right next to her. He has a sad birthday hat on and carries a bag that reads "For My Dear Brother." MINSTREL recedes into the background and continues to play ambient music throughout the show.)

CYRUS

Hi Miley.

MILEY

Cyrus.

CYRUS

Miley, why do you cry as you cry?

MILEY

I cry for a great many reasons Cyrus. I cry because my back hurts. I cry because my mother was killed for baking unauthorized bread.

## MILEY (CONT'D)

I cry because my father was hung for forming a Sunday book club. I cry because now we have neither bread nor books... nor Sundays.

(As Miley becomes more hysterical, Cyrus attempts to continue her mining duties, sometimes swinging her arm for her.)

## CYRUS

Oh Miley. I wish I--

## MILEY

I cry because out of all the castes we could have been born to, we came into this world the lowest of the low: the Miley Cyruses, while at the top the Elvis Presleys and David Bowies rule over us with naught but a tear for our plight. Is this the future, I ask? Is this the future humanity envisioned?!

## CYRUS

Calm your sweet little head Miley. Do you know what today is?

(She stares at him.)

No matter. Look, I saved for weeks and bought a skyBerry for us to share on this special-

(She grabs it and eats it before he finishes speaking. She smiles for a moment, then returns to sadness.)

Oh Miley. We may not have much, but at least we'll always have each other.

(She considers him, then becomes more upset. He grows visibly uncomfortable, then pulls out of his bag...)

And this puppy!

(Real, stuffed, or played by an actor, the puppy is the definition of cuteness.)

MILEY

Whaaat are you thinking?! You'll get us killed.

CYRUS

Psha! The Miley Cyruses in Techno Quadrant have a pet giraffe-

MILEY

It's a work giraffe!

CYRUS

There's not a lot of things to be happy about here in Dystopia-pia-pia. No food, no rest, no sunlight-- but that doesn't mean we can't have a good life! So we're gonna take this adorable puppy and raise it like the child we can never have, and we're gonna teach it tricks, yeh? And my brother will help and the puppy'll run errands for us with its little floppy ears, and we'll make some spacebucks on the side- just enough so that one day, maybe in twenty years, we'll buy our own spacecave.

MILEY

(wistful)

Our own spacecave...

CYRUS

Like a normal cave...

MILEY

But in space!

CYRUS

Complete with a pool of stagnant water, purifiable by way of a simple forty-two step process. Oh with our canine companion at our side, we may yet retire by age ninety-three, assuming we're not randomly murdered. What hope he brings! Us, and this puppy, together, forever-

MILEY

-can we name him Ethan Hawke, after the hero of Olde Earth?

(The barrel of a gun begins to emerge from offstage, its gargantuan size and length becoming clearer with each passing moment.)

CYRUS

Certainly dear! And, we can take him out at night when no one's looking. We'll hold him up over the great lead canyons and say the great mining prayer--

MILEY & CYRUS & MINSTREL

In our dreams we see the sun. In our dreams we have a son. In-

(A gunshot, and Cyrus with the puppy fall into Miley's arms. GENERAL DAVID BOWIE enters with COLONEL GOTYE. They both wear an eyepatch.)

COLONEL GOTYE

Good shot sir.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Twelve points to me.

(Colonel Gotye pulls out a camera and take pictures of General David Bowie posing over Cyrus like a big game hunter.)

CYRUS

(cold)

You'll see... you'll see me again. Soon. Miley...

MILEY

Cyrus...!

(Cyrus dies. A long pause.)

COLONEL GOTYE

Was that somebody that you used to know?

(He laughs. Miley is in shock. She holds the puppy close.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Colonel Gotye, bring me that puppy.

COLONEL GOTYE

What puppy?

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

The puppy with the power.

COLONEL GOTYE

The contraband canine. Oo!

(Miley comes to her senses and holds the puppy close, but Colonel Gotye wrestles it out of her hands, slapping her away. The puppy yips and he slaps the puppy multiple times. He presents it to General David Bowie.)

COLONEL GOTYE

A gift to a most worthy recipient.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

I shall name him Ziggy Stardust The Motion Picture Part Two.

MILEY

(to herself)

His name... is Ethan Hawke.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

What did it say?

(They have an epic stare-off.  
Finally, Miley breaks it.)

MILEY

Nothing.

COLONEL GOTYE

Do you know who you're talking to? That's General David Bowie-- the hero who will lead us to glorious victory in the Diamond Wars against the Neptunians!!

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

They're aliens or something. At ease, Colonel Gotye-- these people know not of what we do. The sacrifices we make.

(They both touch their eyepatch softly. Miley spits on the ground.)

General David Bowie bends down  
close to her.)

Don't be cruel to me. I'll be cruel to you.

(Another long stare. Finally, he  
pats her on the head.)

There's a good girl.

(He moves to exit with Colonel  
Gotye, cooing the puppy.)

And who's a good boy! Yes you are. Yes you are!!

(Once they leave, Miley continues  
to hold Cyrus' dead body as  
Minstrel's volume increases.)

MINSTREL

(singing)

Here in Dystopia... pia... pia. Where your mother has died,  
and your lover has died and your puppy will probably die. In  
the arms of--

MILEY

(rising)

Aunty Beiber! I need your help.

MINSTREL

Anything for you little Miley!

(Minstrel continues to play, but  
now builds a more rock-infused  
melody.)

MILEY

(loud whispering)

Are you still in league with the rebel forces?

MINSTREL

You bet your diamond-crusted bottom!



MILEY

I quest to kill General David Bowie. Oh, I should've done it right then and there-

MINSTREL

You had two pickaxes.

MILEY

But now I know what I must do.

MINSTREL

(excited)

Yes! Now are you ready? To train like no Miley Cyrus has ever trained before? To shape your body and your mind into one of the greatest soldiers ever to have lived? Are you ready Miley?!

MILEY

You mean now? Like now now?

MINSTREL

Of course!

MILEY

I mean, yes to all that, but I thought we'd be shooting for when he returns at the next inspection, you know in like a year or whatever. I mean I know inspections are supposed to happen every six months, but let's be--

(Minstrel loses her music groove,  
drops her guitar and gets serious.)

MINSTREL

No, no no no. To kill David Bowie you must infiltrate his ranks as a HighStar-- at least a David Byrne or a David Crosby or a David Lee Roth. Basically someone named David.

MILEY

But alas, I was born a Miley Cyrus and cnyl be a Miley Cyrus.

(She scuffles her feet and kicks a  
few diamonds.)

MINSTREL

Mmmhmmhmmhmmhmmhmm. Follow me.

(They walk in a big circle. Cyrus rolls offstage. Minstrel produces a little ditty and we hear a giant door open.)

MILEY

(dropping her pickaxe)

Wow.

MINSTREL

I know, right? I've been building this facility in secret for years, using stolen technology from the HighStar weapons lab.

MILEY

To what end?!

MINSTREL

The prophecy foretold this day would come. A day, when a young Miley Cyrus with a birthmark in the shape of a blob would rise up to bring down the Virgin Galactic regime. I wanted the tools to be ready for this day. Tools not unlike those in the mines, bestowing the power to craft the roughest of diamonds into the strongest... of diamonds.

MILEY

I never understood what we're doing here.

MINSTREL

Do any of us? You shall pose as a HighStar-- look like them, walk like them, become them. Ah, the prophecy never said which Miley Cyrus it would be. But I'm so glad it's so clearly referring to you, my dear dear Miley Cyrus.

MILEY

Well, I don't want to change the world or anything-- just avenge my husband and get sweet little Ethan Hawke back.

MINSTREL

(patiently)

Sure. Fine. Are you ready to train?

MILEY

Okay.

(She stretches, hops up and down,  
performs breathing exercises.)

MINSTREL

Hooray. First, we pick your caste. Remember, it needs to be a birth level that could believably rise to the top of the Virgin Galactic Army. And I'm sorry, but you know how they feel about women, so--

MILEY

Mark McGrath.

MINSTREL

Fleck no.

MILEY

Ozzy Osbourne.

MINSTREL

Pluto-based.

MILEY

Jack Johnson.

MINSTREL

Not the warlord type.

MILEY

Rick Astley.

MINSTREL

There's naught but one Rick Astley.

MILEY

Dave Matthews.

MINSTREL

Who?

MILEY

Ringo Starr.

MINSTREL

Not a star.

John Mayer	MILEY
Too crazy.	MINSTREL
Billy Joel.	MILEY
Too mainstream.	MINSTREL
Billy Idol.	MILEY
Too gaystream.	MINSTREL
Michael Bolton!	MILEY
Pick someone named David.	MINSTREL
Bon Jovi!	MILEY
Any David really.	MINSTREL
Bono!?	MILEY
Any David at all.	MINSTREL
Tupac!!	MILEY
David...	MINSTREL
Franz Ferdinand!?! (maniacal)	MILEY

MINSTREL

Sure! Fine! Franz Ferdinand. Moving right along to body...

(Minstrel draws a simple beard and curly mustache on an oblivious Miley while she speaks.)

MILEY

Aunty Beibs, I was thinking, I'm a crazy good miner right? So maybe that can be my thing, y'know, my special skill, and we can use that precision and hand-eye coordination to--

MINSTREL

(proudly)

Unnecessary!

MILEY

Wait, this... this can't be it.

MINSTREL

No. There's this too.

(She puts an eyepatch on Miley.)

MILEY

But... I've heard HighStars are crazy strong and they're actually missing an eye. Some kind of humility thing, yes?

MINSTREL

At the age of twelve they gouge out an eye with a rusty spoon. But no one's gonna look in your eyehole- that'd be rude.

MILEY

Alright, but what about the crazy strength?

(Minstrel stabs her in the arm with a hypodermic needle then hands her a diamond from the ground.)

MINSTREL

Crush this diamond.

(Miley squeezes it and  
it crumbles.)

Pow.

MILEY

Fine, but now surely I need to spend months of sleepless  
nights memorizing all that they study. Military tactics.  
Thousands of years of law and history and--

(Minstrel uses the same hypodermic  
needle to stab her in the head.)

Olde Earthe had indoor plumbing?!

MINSTREL

They got some things right.

(Just then the notes that we heard  
earlier play, and we hear the cave  
door begin to open.)

My next appoint-- I mean, someone unexpected! Whoa that's  
weird! Your papers are forged, classes start tomorrow, speak  
with the correct accent, and don't be a girl. Off you go!

(A kick and Miley starts to run in  
the wrong direction. Minstrel  
reverses her)

Oh and Miley?

MILEY

(she turns)

Yes?

MINSTREL

You'll need this.

(Minstrel throws her her pickaxe.  
Miley catches it, breaks off the  
top, discards the rest.)

MILEY

For vengeance! And a puppy.

MINSTREL

Now go!

(She exits. End of scene.)

## SCENE 2

*At rise, a training session: choreographed fights and synchronized rituals. The precise staccato of motion evokes the opening of Scene 1. All soldiers have an eyepatch, and a sharp tool held pointed in one of their hands. Miley follows suit with the tip of her pickaxe.*

*The same actor who played Cyrus plays Private Bob Dylan. Miley eyes the familiar, cigarette-smoking trainee and looks to Minstrel in disbelief, who shakes her head.*

*Miley tries to follow the actions of Private Sting, who looks most confident. Every time he imagines making contact, he says 'slap!'*

MINSTREL

(singing)

The Space Academy in... Dystopiapiapia. Miley wishing she were quiet and alone in Jupiter's diamond mines, but she must make General David Bowie die...!

(Miley accidentally bumps into Private Sting.)

PRIVATE STING

Howdy, I'm Private Sting.

MILEY

(bad accent)

Howdy, I'm Private Franz Ferdinand.

PRIVATE STING

What?!



MILEY

What?

PRIVATE STING

What! Just messing with yeh. Weird accent. Are you sure you belong here? Just kidding! Wanna be best friends?

MILEY

Yeah sure. I mean, affirmative. Yes.

PRIVATE STING

Goodie. Let's practice over here. You know EyeHaveYou.

EVERYONE EXCEPT MILEY

Eye! Have! You!

(Private Sting and Miley stand facing each other. Private Sting holds her hands out, puts his hands under hers, stares into her eyes, then slaps her hands. Then he slaps her hands again then slaps her face. Variations on this continue until Miley loses control of herself, grabs his slapping arm and throws him to the ground.)

MILEY

Ah! Sorry.

(She helps him up. He doesn't let go of her hand.)

PRIVATE STING

God you're pretty. I mean, I'm not gay or anything, but your skin is so soft and boy, it sure would be swell if we could get naked sometime and touch each other.

MILEY

Remind me how this works?

PRIVATE STING

Getting naked? You put your right hand--

MILEY

EyeHaveYou.

EVERYONE EXCEPT MILEY

Eye! Have! You!

PRIVATE STING

(giving her a long caress)

You know! We slap each other's hands, and if you miss, the other player gets to stab you through the eye with their handclaw! Just don't do it while we're practicing. I tell yeh! My cousin Elvis, he died.

(They do this a few times, slapping the side of the face instead of eye-stabbing. Miley is not good.)

MILEY

How do you do this without depth perception?

PRIVATE STING

Haha Franz you're so dumb I could just kiss you.

(They stare for a moment. Sting actually attempts a kiss. Miley turns to avoid him. Private Sting stumbles and argues with himself. During this, Miley stabs small holes in her eyepatch with her pickaxe shard.)

PRIVATE STING

Come on Sting-- get your head in the game.

MILEY

Stab stab stab!

PRIVATE STING

Ready? Don't stand so close to me.

(They resume practice: now she's swell, winning every time.)

PRIVATE STING

Wowzers.

(Fanfare. General David Bowie enters with puppy, now dressed to look like a small fluffy version of himself, including the eyepatch. All trainees except Miley immediately turn to stand rigid in formation. Miley slaps Private Sting a few more times before realizing the game is over and falling into formation. They begin the Virgin Galactic Anthem. During the song, General David Bowie inspects the privates, pausing at Miley but ultimately moving on. The choreography of the anthem should begin formal and progress to a stern flamboyance, perhaps a stone-faced chorus line.)

ALL

(singing)

We're here in space to do battle, against whoever else is in space. We're on Jupiter, which is not just gas. Diamonds're mined by lowly lowStar castes! We gouge out one of our eyes, for humility since we know that we are better. We are so much better in fact, that even minus an eye we're still better. We're the best... we're the best... that there has ever was. No forgiveness! No guilty conscience! We rule over us all!

(As the final note rings out, Miley sings just a little too high. Everyone raises their eyebrows.)

PRIVATE STING

Damn.

(They all collapse into a second formation. Miley's late again.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Attention you space cadets! There's been a change in curriculum. Instead of attending five years at the Virgin Galactic Space Academy, those of you with high marks will be immediately deployed to battle.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE (CONT'D)

The Neptunians have attacked, and must be stopped at once!  
They're aliens or something. But first, we need a leader-

MILEY

I volunteer!

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

A leader who must prove their worth to me by-

MILEY

I volunteer as leader!

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

By battling someone here--

MILEY

Ooh! Oh!

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

To the death.

MILEY

ME! Pick me General David Bowie and let me fight you.

(Collective gasps.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

(singsongy)

Silly baby boy, you cannot pick me. That's like a fawngoose  
picking a polopel tree.

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

(aside)

I hate analogies.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Quiet! You may choose anyone else. Perhaps, Private Bob Dylan  
here?

PRIVATE STING

I hate Bob Dylan.

MILEY

Fine. Colonel Gotye then.

(Collective gasps.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Fawny freaky boy, that is also silly! I urge you to pick again. Colonel Gotye is undefeated in over four-hundred EyeHaveYou battles.

EVERYONE EXCEPT MILEY

Eye! Have! You!

MILEY

My choice... remains unchanged.

(Collective gasps.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Very well. And so we commence!

(Miley and Colonel Gotye show off in front of each other a couple times as though they are kung fu masters. The fight begins. It's far more elaborate than the Private Sting practice. Minstrel plays fight music. Private Sting and Private Bob Dylan wall in the fight and tap in time with the music.)

COLONEL GOTYE

Ho ho ho! Little Private Mustache. What fool. Surely you have heard legend of my many conquests.

MILEY

Can't say that I have.

(She gets in a slap and goes for his eye, but he easily dodges.)

COLONEL GOTYE

You do not know of my defeat of the dread Sergeant Pepper?

MILEY

Nope!

(She gets in another attack. A second swift dodge from Gotye)

COLONEL GOTYE

But I defeated his entire club-band of Lonely Hearts!

(He gets in an attack at her. She barely dodges.)

MILEY

Doesn't ring a bell.

(Suddenly they begin a 'patty cake'-esque routine then madrigal around each other before resuming fighting stance.)

COLONEL GOTYE

What about the time that I reached so far down Jack Johnson's eyehole that I pulled out his butt.

MILEY

That... can't be true.

COLONEL GOTYE

It's a very popular parable!

MILEY

A what?

COLONEL GOTYE

Morality tale! All the HighStar parents tell their children to make them eat their skyBerries.

MILEY

To *make* them eat their skyBerries? What trial for those poor HighStar children!

(She attacks aggressively with multiple swipes and he dodges every one.)

COLONEL GOTYE

You seem highly unschooled in HighStar military history.

MILEY

My education was compressed.

COLONEL GOTYE

More like... com... pletely useless.

(He attacks. She dodges.)

MILEY

Well. I do know something... yeh don't know!

COLONEL GOTYE

Ho ho! What is that?

(She kicks Colonel Gotye hard in the groin. He falls to his knees.)

MILEY

Indoor plumbing!

(She grabs his head and stabs him horrifically through the eye. He falls to the ground in slow motion.)

MINSTREL

(singing, dancing)

And Miley Cyrus fought Gotye in the deathmatch, using her hand with the pickax, and she won because she was very very fast, and because she had depth perception.

(During the following, Colonel Gotye comments on his condition and pleads for medical attention.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

(ignoring Colonel Gotye)

Private Franz Ferdinand. You have proven yourself worthy. I hereby award you the rank of Admiral, and wish you luck commanding my top starfighters in the battle against the Neptunians. They're aliens or something. Ziggy Stardust the Motion Picture Part 2: feast upon this disgrace! Good dog.

(Miley prepares to attack General David Bowie, but is distracted by the horrific death of Colonel Gotye by means of her former puppy. General David Bowie places her admiral rank eyepatch on top of her other eyepatch, covering the hole she made.)

MINSTREL

Ahem ahem...

MILEY

Ah! Good *point*.

(Miley winks at the audience, then in epic slo-mo, tries to stab General David Bowie through the eye. His reflexes are too fast and he throws her to the ground. Everyone applauds.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

(rubbing his eye patch)

Oww... haha, good my little rumpfileer of teakettles. The customary faux assassination attempt. My eyehole though. Where my eye clearly used to be but isn't anymore. That really hurt Franzzy! Brrrrr. Congratulations to all of our awarded graduates. Condolences to those to be burned alive as work giraffe fuel.

(Everyone collapses into a third formation. A final scream from Colonel Gotye, perhaps because he gets stepped on.)

To war!!

(Everyone exits stage then re-enters in their ships, including Minstrel. PRIVATE MICHAEL JACKSON joins them. General David Bowie puts a cute little helmet on his blood-drenched puppy. They are now fighting a space war.



Rolling chairs, sound fx, and projections aid this high-energy spectacle.)

PRIVATE STING

Woo-ee! What a rush. Just like shooting work giraffes in the lead poison canyons, eh? Boy I hate those LowStars... gross and dirty and stupid. Like to see one of them dumb miners do what we're doing, eh, Franz? Eh?

MILEY

Watch your six, Sting.

(Private Sting narrowly avoids an oncoming Private Bob Dylan.)

PRIVATE STING

Careful Bob Dylan! You almost hit me.

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Sorry. I hate war.

MILEY

All righty... where are my blasters?

PRIVATE STING

Franz you sweet sexy fella-- everyone knows an admiral only runs a commands ship. You tell your fleet what to shoot but don't worry or dirty your pretty little paws. But hey, I'm in your fleet so you can command me to shoot whatever you like.

MILEY

Really? Okay fleet...

(Miley tests her command powers.)

Left!

(She waves one hand left and everyone moves left.)

Down!

(She moves a hand down and everyone moves down.)

Barrel roll!

(She rotates her hands and everyone spins.)

Everybody clap yo' hands!

(She claps her hands in a rhythm and everyone follows in sync.)

Fire!

(She makes guns with her hands and all ships fire.)

Excellent. Sting, watch your left and fire rear blasters. Dylan there's two bogeys on Bowie. Take em' out. Jackson you've got a clear shot at the Neptunian Red Leader at your fourteen. Zap it all! Zap it all to hell!! Bwahahaha!

(Lots of explosions.)

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Franz Ferdinand! This fire is out of control.

PRIVATE MICHAEL JACKSON

We're gonna burn their cities.

PRIVATE STING

Burn their citiiiiies!

MILEY

Private Sting, we're best friends, right?

PRIVATE STING

With benefits!

MILEY

Can you do me a super secret awesome favor mission and assassinate General David Bowie?

(A pause.)

PRIVATE STING

Um, all right! Anything for you Franz.

(He moves to attack General David Bowie.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Time to test out my explosatron space ejecta-blasters. Oh, look, something right in front of me. Pyoo pyoo! Ten points!

(He shoots and Private Sting is launched from his ship, which remains floating. He floats right past Private Bob Dylan, who could rescue him, but doesn't.)

PRIVATE STING

No! I love you Franz... I love you for exactly who you are... whoever you are... sending out an S.O.S... ughhh.

(Private Sting floats offstage and dies.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Blastered!!

MILEY

You bastard.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Ah, was that one of ours? Shame shame shame. For the greater good I suppose.

MILEY

Nope.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Admiral Ferdinand! How's my favorite new hologramic TVC15?

MILEY

Dandy. Just confirming... my fleet will do anything I command?

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

(singsongy)

As you command, they will obey, like two little ants bound for the cit-ay!

MILEY

Goodie. Fleet: I have only one command: Kill General David Bowie.

(Collective gasps.)

PRIVATE MICHAEL JACKSON

What?

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

What?

MILEY

You be cruel to me, I be cruel to you.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Ohhh! You're that miner girl from yesterday. I said that to you and now you're saying it back to me. How terribly clever. You do realize this battle determines the fate of the human race?

MILEY

(gesturing wildly)

Fleet! Pursue! Attack! Clap your hands? Ergh. Fleet!! They're not doing anything... they're supposed to follow my hand commands!

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Within reason Admiral Ferdinand, within reason. If you told a snowball to unfurl itself back into the hillside, that wouldn't give you any cake at all now would it? Here is the true command fleet: assassinate Franz Ferdinand.

(Collective gasps.)

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

That could start a war!

MILEY

No!!

(Miley ejects out of her ship right before it explodes, dodges other ships while she floats to Private Sting's abandoned ship, gets in.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

(singsongy)

Ah, you think you're clever but no, you're not so clever,  
ooo! I'll show you clever. Fa la la lalala la.

(Minstrel kicks her music into high gear as Miley zooms around the stage pursued and attacked by everyone. General David Bowie finally gets a hit on her.)

Powzers! Goom! Strung out on lasers and slash back blazers!

MILEY

Fleck this!

(She takes off her eyepatch. Collective gasps. She now flies much better.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

How dare... of all the oxygen tent... grraaAAAH!

(He takes off his eyepatch. He also has both of his eyes. Collective gasps.)

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Wha?! He has two eyes!

PRIVATE MICHAEL JACKSON

General! A man who has not followed our society is no man.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Shut up Michael Jackson.

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

You cannot lead and you are our general no more!

(Bowie powers up. He has now entered 'Boss Mode.')

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Come now fleet! One lapse of custom against the battle to save humanity! Let's keep this in perspective.

PRIVATE MICHAEL JACKSON

I wouldn't know. I don't have any.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

I will swat down this bothersome fly, then bring this war to a swift judicious end. The sun machine is coming down and we're gonna have a party!

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

I hate parties. And analogies. And I still hate war!

(Private Bob Dylan exits. The rolley-chair space battle continues as they chase each other around, firing rapidly and pulling off 'expert maneuvers.' Private Michael Jackson continues the Neptunian battle separate from them.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

You cannot win! I have superior birth, firepower, I'm covered in muscles, and history is on my side, Franz Ferdinand. Surrender now and I will be king and you... will live as my personal slave. You can be like Ziggy Stardust here, obedient, quiet, and amenable to pats on the head.

MILEY

His name... is Ethan Hawke. After the hero of Olde Earthe!

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Ethan Hawke was nothing!!

(He gets a lock on her. Her controls seize.)

MILEY

No! My ship... Minstrel, I'm sorry.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Grabatron 2000 activated. I have you now! Zap zap zap!

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

(from offstage)

No, eye have you!

(Private Bob Dylan flies in out of nowhere and, carrying General David Bowie's gun, shoots at his ship.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

What?!

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

YEE-HOO!

(The ship explodes and both General David Bowie and the puppy fly out into space.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

Ziggy Stardust the Motion Picture Part Two! Also the war for the human race!

(Miley holds her breath and ejects out of her ship. For a moment, it looks like she's going to save General David Bowie. He reaches out, but she grabs the puppy, then kicks General David Bowie in the groin. This propels her in the opposite direction and she almost flies offstage before being caught by Private Bob Dylan.)

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

(floating away)

Space is cold...

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Gotcha kid!

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

...and I'm floating in the most peculiar way...

(He dies and floats into a seat in the audience marked "Reserved for David Bowie." During the rest of the show, PRIVATE MICHAEL JACKSON continues to casually fight the Neptunian battle on his own, giving little 'nyah!'s and 'yow!'s as he sees fit.)

MILEY

Cyrus you're alive! I knew it.

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Wait, no, I--

(Miley drowns out his protests with intense, passionate kisses. He struggles to hold onto the puppy.)

MILEY

I knew you couldn't die. True love conquers all!

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Miley, listen, I--

(More kissing. She pulls him down onto the stage floor and pulls off both of their clothes. She reveals her miner clothing underneath and manages to pull his shirt half-off when he manages to speak.)

I'm not Cyrus! I'm Cyrus' brother. You know, Cyrus!

(Miley immediately rolls off of him and convulses in dry heaves. A lot. She starts to put her clothing back on, wiping her mouth with it. He takes a long drag from his cigarette)

Well, um, all right.

MILEY

You're... you're *that* Cyrus? I didn't know you were twins!



PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Sorry, I guess? I worked in the lead poison mines and he worked in the diamond mines so he was always cleaner.

MILEY

What're you doing here?

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

I was so angry after my brother died. He told me he was getting me a puppy for our birthday, but then I never saw him and I heard what happened, and then Justin Beiber invited me to this crazy cool warehouse place and I was like 'okay!' and then told me about a prophecy and I've got this blobby birthmark right here under my--

MILEY

Flecking jazzmatak... of all the rotten... GRAH!

(She slaps herself.)

Look, I came here for vengeance and a puppy. Took care of the vengeance, now just give me the puppy.

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Well the puppy's mine. His name is Mr. Snuffles.

MILEY

(getting angry)

But... my Aunty Beiber... so both of us? When I was leaving-!

MINSTREL

Hey! Great job guys... the both of you. Together. The both of you. Ah come on! Look at it from my perspective-- any sensible epic journey mentor has gotta hedge their bets. A lot of things could've gone wrong and... come on Miley, you gotta understand why I didn't tell you. I mean you are not-

MILEY

A man?

MINSTREL

- emotionally stable or particularly intelligent.

MILEY

Because I'm a woman?

MINSTREL

I'm not sexist! Hello!? Miley, I apologize for not telling you I had a backup for you but the whole 'hero's journey' thing-- well it's not so very practical.

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Whoa whoa whoa. You said she was my backup.

MINSTREL

Could you guys please just, you know, finish off the attack? This great big space adventure, well, it's not quite done yet! The war for the human race is up there!

(They stare at her. She starts to weep.)

Please? Can you just... get back in your ships, command your fleet and all that and we'll talk all you want afterwards. I'll buy you a great bowlful of skyBerries. Just don't... don't let all of this be for...

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Wow. I didn't know your Aunt Beiber here was such a jazzakk. Not cool Beiber, not cool. Sorry for the confusion Miley. You can have Mr. Snuffles.

MILEY

Ethan Hawke.

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Eh. I'm just glad David Bowie's dead.

(Cyrus hands the puppy over.)

MINSTREL

We all are! Both of us! All three of us.

GENERAL DAVID BOWIE

(from the audience)

Booo! Bowie says boo!

MINSTREL

Okay! Back to the ships, eh? Eh? Guys? You're both real good at this epic battle thing and there's not much time left so I think we--

MILEY

So Cyrus, you picked the Bob Dylan caste, huh?

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

And you picked Franz Ferdinand? That's not a caste!

MINSTREL

Hello?!

(Minstrel grabs Miley's clothing to try to pull her back, but just ends up grabbing the clothing she had just put back on and falls backward.)

MILEY

Really?

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Hahaha whatever.

MINSTREL

The Neptunians are loading up some big gun or something and we gotta take it out before they charge it and poor Michael Jackson just needs a little help.

MILEY

Where are we even standing right now?

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Who knows?

MILEY

You know, you're kinda cute.

MINSTREL

Wait! Listen... I've got a song! Listen to my sweet sweet song!

(Snapping her fingers, a techie brings her guitar. Miley and Cyrus continue to walk toward offstage. Just then the lights start to brighten as we hear a growing hum. They turn to look.)

PRIVATE BOB DYLAN

Is... is that the sun?

MILEY & CYRUS

In our dreams... we see the sun.

(A boom as lights go to full  
brightness. Instantly Miley,  
Private Bob Dylan, Private Michael  
Jackson, and the techie who brought  
Minstrel her guitar all drop dead.  
The lights cut to black.)

MINSTREL

Not again.

(Silence. A single light on  
Minstrel. She surveys the carnage.)

MINSTREL (CONT'D)

(singing)

And the humans, well, they lost the Diamond War, and  
survivors were eaten alive, by the Neptunians who were  
definitely aliens. And all the people, well they did all die.

EVERYONE EXCEPT MINSTREL

(singing)

Neptunians, Neptunians, they definitely were aliens.  
Neptunians, Neptunians, yeah.

MINSTREL

(singing)

Here in Dystopiapiapia, here, in, Dystopiapiapiapiapia...

EVERYONE

(singing)

The End.

(Blackout.)

End of Play.