

Pythagoras – The Musical¹

An histor^eical entertainment for children² and adults
by Joe Laredo

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- Time:** 510 BC
- Place:** Croton and Sybaris in southern Italy
- Characters:** Pythagoras of Samos – a philosopher, about 60
Milo – a wrestler, about 30
Cylon – an ambitious Crotonite, about 30
Smindyrides – a wealthy Sybarite, about 30
Dite – a poor Sybarite, about 25
Sophia – Smindyrides' cook, about 50
Chorus (a minimum of two people; four or more if possible) – double as horses
Extras to act as soldiers in Act II Scene 5 if possible
- Set:** The scene alternates between Croton (colour scheme silver and white) and Sybaris (colour scheme red and gold). The chorus should make a simple scene change each time it comes on, e.g. by revolving panels that create a backdrop of each city in turn. Note that both cities appear in Act I Scene 7, so there should be an even number of panels, and that Act II Scene 5 takes place in a plain, which might be indicated by a backdrop behind the panels, which are left end on to the audience ...
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¹ The story is based on real people and events.

² The play is aimed at secondary-school children and is probably unsuitable for those under 10.

ACT I

Scene 1 – Croton

Enter Chorus, who chant

Chorus³ Two great cities, both alike in dignity,
In southern Italy, where our play is set,
Were fierce rivals back in antiquity.
It's all true – it's on the internet.

Things came to a head in five ten BC,
Two thousand six hundred years ago,
When the Greeks ruled over Italy
And Britain was barely a sideshow.

Times were changing for the aristocracy,
The people were bored with the antics of the gods.
They wanted new beliefs and democracy,
Both of which they knew were against the odds.

We begin in Croton, the city to the west,
Which is governed by Milo, a world-famous athlete.
It's envious of Sybaris, which believes it's the best
Because everyone there lives the life of an aesthete.

'What's an aesthete?' did we hear someone ask?
Well, that's one of the things you're about to learn,
But first here is Cylon, whose most urgent task
Is working out how many drachmas he can earn.

Enter Cylon with an abacus

Exit Chorus

Cylon *(to himself)* Now, if I buy a hundredweight of silver for a thousand drachmas and make ten dozen necklaces and sell them for twenty drachmas each, I'll make *(calculates on his abacus)* lots of money. *(to audience)* They're so dumb, those Sybarites, you know. They'll pay anything for a silver necklace. You can practically name your price. *(imitating a Sybarite)* 'Oh, a silver necklace! It's absolutely enchanting [sic]! I simply must have it. How much do you want for it?' It's like taking ham off a baby. You see, in Croton we have silver mines. They have iron and tin mines. All they can make is saucepans. I mean, talk about a tin-pot town.

³ With apologies to Shakespeare.

Song: You Choose

The Sybarites, they think they're really something
Despite the fact that all they do is nothing
They spend the morning preening
So they're ready for the evening
The afternoon's for dozing
Then it's time to do some posing

Refrain:

What kind of life should you choose?
Do you want to win or do you want to lose?
A life of self-indulgence, idleness and excess?
Or of enterprise, exploitation and success?

We Crotonites, we're healthy and hard-working
For us there's simply no such thing as shirking
We start with morning training
Yes, even when it's raining
Then all day long we're slaving ...
If we ain't misbehaving

Refrain

(spoken) You choose

Mind you, those Sybarites, they've got money to burn. You see, they control the road, across the toe of Italy. They stop everyone and charge them a troll. And if you're selling anything, you have to pay them booty. *(using his abacus again)* Let me see, booty at fifteen per cent on ten dozen times twenty ... Oh, it's too much. I'll have to sell them on the slack market.

It's that pompous plonker Smindyrides, their leader, who thinks he's so wonderful. He's the one who bleeds us dry – and then spends all our money on himself. 'Sindyrides', I call him. Did you know, he has a thousand cooks? I'm serious. All he does is eat – when he's not drinking or parading around in a chariot. He never walks anywhere. Oh, no. Much too important to have his feet in contact with the ground.

No wonder the Sybarites have only ever won one medal at the Olympics, about a hundred years ago. Third in the Boys' Boxing. Ha. At the last Olympics, the first seven finishers in the 200 yards were Crotonites. I'm pretty quick myself, you know. I never actually won a medal, though.

Not like our 'great leader', Milo. You've probably heard of him. Everyone else in Greece has. 'The world's greatest wrestler'. Olympic champion, Pythian champion, Isthmian champion, Nemean champion. Five times he's won it – the 'Grand Scam' or whatever it's called. No one else gets a look-in. And, of course, he gets all the girls chasing him. Like greyhounds after a rabbit, they are. Till they discover his brains are in his biceps ...

Enter Pythagoras, in a simple outfit, plucking a lyre tunelessly

- Cylon** Hello, who's this? He's not a Crotonite. Crotonites don't do music. Not that I'd call that music. Perhaps he's a spy, sent by Sindyrides to find out how much silver we've got. I'll pretend I don't know anything about anything (*glance at audience*). I'll soon find out what he's up to. (*to Pythagoras*) Greetings, stranger. What brings you to Croton?
- Pythagoras** Greetings, friend. I come in peace.
- Cylon** (*to audience*) That's what they all say, and before you know it they're trying to take over the place.
- Pythagoras** My name is Pythagoras and I am in exile.
- Cylon** (*to audience*) I might have guessed – an asylum-seeker.
- Pythagoras** (*pointing west*) I come from Samos in search of shelter and sustenance.
- Cylon** Shelter and sustenance, eh? It'll cost you, you know. They don't come cheap round here. I mean, you're looking at four hundred thousand for a two-bed semi, plus your food–
- Pythagoras** It is spiritual sustenance that I seek, nourishment for the soul.
- Cylon** In that case, you've definitely come to the wrong place. The only 'spiritual' activity in Croton is what goes on down the pub, if you know what I mean. It's Sybaris you want. (*pointing east*) Just keep going. They're into nourishment. They'll welcome you with open arms. Only another ten miles or so. Shouldn't take you more than two or three (*he looks at Pythagoras*) weeks.
- Pythagoras** I have heard tell of the Sybarites, of their excesses, of their debauchery ...
- Cylon** Really?
- Pythagoras** ... Which is why I came here. They say the Crotonites lead healthy lives.
- Cylon** Oh, yes, we're healthy all right. It's all those exercises Mr Wonderful makes us do. You'd have to get yourself in trim, lose some of that flab.
- Pythagoras** I fear my running days are over.
- Cylon** We'll put you in for the twenty k walk, then. Looks like you've had plenty of practice.
- Pythagoras** I am a man of simple needs. I ask only for a roof over my head, a bed to sleep on and sufficient food to keep me alive.

Cylon Hm. And it's just you, is it?

Pythagoras Just I?

Cylon I mean, you're not going to click your fingers and out pop your wife and your fourteen kids and thirty-seven grandchildren?

Pythagoras I had a daughter. I called her Myia. But I lost her a long time ago.

Cylon I'm sorry. Did she die very young?

Pythagoras No, I must have left her somewhere. So now I'm a solitary wanderer, devoted only to the search for truth. For the meaning of life.

Cylon Well, I can tell you that. The truth is what nobody tells and the meaning of life is 43. Is that right?

Pythagoras I see you're a man of numbers.

Cylon Well, I know when the barman's having me over ...

Pythagoras Numbers are the key to everything – the workings of the world, the existence of the gods, the secrets of the universe. Numbers are the path to wealth, to the greatest riches imaginable.

Song: Divide and Rule

Multiply, divide or simply add and subtract
 I do so love the clever way that numbers interact
 Even numbers, odd numbers, round numbers, squares
 Manipulating numbers is my way of saying prayers

Refrain:

Numbers, numbers everywhere
 I see them here, I sense them there
 They're in the sky and in the sand
 They're in the fingers on my hand
 I hear them in the notes I sing
 What joy, what comfort numbers bring

Ordinals and cardinals and, even better, decimals
 But more than all the others I adore infinitesimals
 Positive and negative, irrational and prime
 Some are natural, others supernatural and sublime

Refrain

Digits, fractions, integers, what could be more diverse?
 Finite and infinite, they rule the universe
 In the future numbers will become so highly prized

That everything in life will be completely digitised

Refrain

Cylon Did I hear you say 'riches'? 'A path to wealth'?

Pythagoras I could have shown you, my friend, set you on the way, but I see I must continue my mission alone. This way, you say?

Pythagoras walks eastwards

Cylon No, no, hang on. Wait a minute. Look, Pysagorus, Pystaggerous–

Pythagoras Pythagoras.

Cylon Yes, well, when I said we couldn't help you, what I meant was, you see, there's a bit of a shortage of accommodation in Croton at the moment – particularly for first-time buyers, not that you should be at the bottom of the housing ladder at your age – and if you're looking to rent, well, it's unlikely you'll find anywhere you can play that (*his lyre*) without the landlord getting complaints from the neighbours – you know what they're like – and–

Pythagoras I see that life here in Croton has some way to go before it achieves a state of simplicity.

Cylon You can say that again.

Pythagoras I see that life here in Croton has some way to go before it achieves a state of simplicity.

Cylon (*to audience*) We've got a right one here. (*to Pythagoras*) What I'm trying to say is: if all you need is a roof and a bed and a bit of food, I think I might be able to help you out.

Pythagoras Your generosity is admirable, young man.

Cylon Of course, there's no such thing as a free lunch, as they say, so what I was thinking is, since you're a bit of a whizz with numbers, you might be able to help me out with my ... accountability.

Pythagoras It would be a pleasure.

Cylon Reconditing my income and expenditure, manipularating my tax returns, that sort of thing.

Pythagoras Your books will be works of art.

Cylon (*to audience*) Sounds about right.

Pythagoras They will reveal to you the workings of the cosmos, and through them you will attain true wisdom, the philosopher's vision, which will free you from the wheel of death and rebirth.

Cylon Yes, well, I'll look forward to all that. Cylon's the name.

Pythagoras I am pleased to make your acquaintance.

They shake hands

Cylon Good to meet you, too, Pyabacus.

Pythagoras Pythagoras.

Cylon Yes. It's this way. It's not far. Just round the corner. It's not much, you know, just a two-bed. You'll have your own room ...

Exeunt

Scene 2 – Sybaris

Enter Chorus

Chorus Now we're in the other city, known as Sybaris,
The largest town in Europe and a few miles to the east,
Sloth is not a sin round here, and nor is avarice,
For every day's a lazy day, and every meal a feast.

In Sybaris the favourite dish – you'll never guess – is eels,
And fishermen who catch them are exempt from paying tax.
Cooks are given prizes for the most outlandish meals
And when the Sybarites have had their fill ... what do you think? They relax.

It was Sybarites who first indulged in taking hot steam baths,
The portaloo was their invention – well, the chamber pot –
They had awnings to protect them from the sun along their paths,
And no one was allowed to make a noise or keep a cock.

You've heard about their leader, the degenerate Smindyrides,
Who has twice as many cooks as any Marriott?
Well, you'll never see him walking, as he only ever rides –
Not on a horse, but in a sort of ... chariot.

Enter Smindyrides, in a sort of chariot pulled by a 'horse'

Now he has two things on his mind, and one's a court case.
He's accused of using blackmail and of acting high and mighty,
And if he loses, he'll be bankrupt and – worse – in disgrace.
But what he wants to win far more is the love of a girl called Dite.

Exit Chorus

Smindyrides Whoa! That's far enough. I need a rest. We must have covered at least two hundred yards.

He alights

Smindyrides *(to himself)* Travelling is so exhausting. Especially when you have to sit up. As for standing ...

He collapses on the ground

Smindyrides That's better. There's nothing like being recumbent, is there? You teenagers have got the right idea – spend as much time as possible horizontal.

Song: A Sybarite's Life

There's nothing I like better than reclining
I even stretch out sideways when I'm dining
It's perfect for digesting
And it's just the job for resting
Oh, there's simply nothing quite as good as lying

Refrain:

A life of luxury and splendour
Of opulence and pleasure
It's as simple as A, B, C
A life of wealth and extravagance
Of excess and intemperance
A sumptuous life, a splendiferous life
Yes, it's a Sybarite's life for me

They say we're self-indulgent and pretentious
We should be caring, sympathetic, conscientious
But what's the point in trying to be considerate
When it's such a lot of fun to be degenerate?

Refrain

He forces himself to sit up and then stand

Smindyrides That's my exercise for the day. One sit-up and one push-up. Now I can just relax. *(to audience)* In theory. Life is just so stressful at the moment, what with this court case coming up and ... Do you know, I had the most terrible night's sleep. I had my servants prepare me a bed of rose petals, as I always do when I'm particularly stressed, and I don't know what they were

thinking of, but they managed to fold one of the petals in half. Can you imagine? I hardly slept a wink. I mean, how am I supposed to enjoy myself without proper rest?

Still, at least I live in Sybaris and not in that dreadful place Croton. I mean, just the sound of it makes you cringe, doesn't it. Croton. (*he shudders*) Do you know, somebody told me that the people who live there – the Croutons or Cretins or whatever they're called – they actually have to ... (*to the wings*) Can I use four-letter words in this show? Yes? Okay. (*to audience*) They actually have to work. Can you imagine?

I went there once, you know. Big mistake. I saw two men ploughing a field and nearly ruptured myself just watching. In fact, I get a pain in my side every time I think of it. As for the way they eat ... urgh. Foolishly, I accepted a dinner invitation from one of their military leaders. Never again. He told me his warriors do not fear death. Having eaten with him, I can understand why.

Now, you're probably wondering why I've made all this effort to travel so far from home when I could have just stayed there in the shade of a palm sipping a cool drink. Well, you see, I was hoping to run into a young lady called Dite. She lives just there and I'm rather taken with her – even though she's only a humble girl. I mean, of course, I already have lots of beautiful women – marble ones – but statues are so cold and hard. It would be much nicer to have a real one – in the flesh – don't you think?

Enter Dite

Smindyrides Ah. My efforts are rewarded. Here she comes now.

Seeing Smindyrides, Dite curtsies gracefully

Dite Sire, what brings you to Nether Sybaris?

Smindyrides (*to audience*) I do love it when she calls me 'Sire'. (*to Dite*) Beauteous Dite, I came for no other reason than in the hope of seeing you, and I am happy to say that the sight of you has made all the travails of my journey worthwhile.

Dite But you only live round the corner, Sire.

Smindyrides Yes, but what a corner. Sharp and dangerous. My horse took it at a blistering trot and I was almost thrown from my chariot. I clung on for dear life, knowing that, should I survive, I might live to see you again, were it for the last time.

Dite After such an ordeal, I should think you could do with a lie-down, Sire.

Smindyrides (*to audience*) That could be misinterpreted. (*to Dite*) Please, call me Smin.

Dite But you are our leader, Sire, and I am but a humble girl.

Smindyrides Your humility is just one of your many virtues, but I no longer wish to be your Sire – *(to audience)* your children's, perhaps. *(to Dite)* Tell me, Dite, have you been receiving my gifts?

Dite I have, Sire. Your cook, Sophia, brings me things almost every day.

Smindyrides The cards and the flowers?

Dite Yes, Sire, but–

Smindyrides The perfumes and the jewellery?

Dite Yes, Sire, but–

Smindyrides The shoes and the dresses?

Dite You are most generous, Sire, but I must tell you that–

Smindyrides Well, today I have brought you the most valuable gift of all. Myself. Because I have realised, fairest Dite, that only one thing matters to me. My near-death experience has confirmed it. Dearest Dite ...

He kneels before her

Smindyrides *(to audience)* And I thought I'd done my exercise for the day. *(to Dite)* Sweetest Dite, will you marry me and be my wife?

Dite Marry you?

Smindyrides Yes.

Dite And be your wife?

Smindyrides Well, they do tend to go together.

Dite You mean, live with you?

Smindyrides Just you and me.

Dite For ever and ever?

Smindyrides Well, for the foreseeable future.

Dite Er ...

Smindyrides You'd have a nice life.

Dite Yes ...

Smindyrides Parties, balls, banquets, dances ...

Dite Yes ...

Smindyrides The finest food, the most expensive wine, the most beautiful clothes ...

Dite Yes ...

Smindyrides It's a yes, then?

Dite No.

Smindyrides No?

Dite I mean, that isn't all there is to life, is it?

Smindyrides Isn't it?

Dite And anyway, I hardly know you.

Smindyrides But I'm Smindyrides, your leader, Prime Swindler, Pillager, Minister of Sybaris. I am immeasurably wealthy, I live a life of unmitigated luxury. What else is there to know?

Dite Sire, I mean, Smin, I mean ... I am hugely honoured that you should ask for my hand in marriage, but, you see, well, it's just that ...

Smindyrides Spit it out, girl. My knee is in absolute agony.

Dite I don't love you.

Smindyrides But love is something that grows and develops over–

Dite I love another.

Smindyrides springs to his feet as if bitten by a snake

Smindyrides What?

Dite I am in love with another man, Sire.

Smindyrides Another man? What man? Another Sybarite? One of my subjects? A mere underling?

Dite No, Sire.

Smindyrides Not a Sybarite? Who else could you possibly love?

Dite A Crotonite.

Smindyrides A what? A Crouton? A Crayon? A pathetic, worthless Cretin?

Dite Yes, Sire.

Smindyrides You want to lead a life of boredom and slavery? Without prosecco or eels? Without so much as a steam bath? You want to work for a living?

Dite If necessary, yes.

Smindyrides I don't believe you. It's not possible. It's against everything we stand for, everything we Sybarites believe in.

Dite You, maybe, but not me. I believe in love.

Smindyrides Love. You don't know the meaning of the word. How can you love someone who has nothing, who is nothing, who does anything but nothing? (*to audience*) Think about it.

Dite I would go to the ends of the earth for my love.

Smindyrides We'll see about that, my girl. As from this moment you won't go further than the end of the street. You are forbidden to leave the city, do you hear? If you attempt to do so, you'll find yourself emptying chamber pots. Do I make myself absolutely clear?

Dite You can't do that.

Smindyrides I can do anything I like. I am your leader.

Dite But, Smin, you—

Smindyrides And from now on you will address me as 'Sire'.

Dite Oh, please, Sire.

Smindyrides Not 'Ohpleasesire', just 'Sire'. Do you hear?

Dite Yes, Sire.

Smindyrides You will reconsider my offer and let me know when you've come to your senses. Until then, no more flowers, no more jewellery, no more dresses, no more nothing. Anything. Goodbye, Dite.

Dite Goodbye, Sire.

Smindyrides goes to his 'horse', which is dozing, and kicks it

Smindyrides Wake up, you idle nag.

The 'horse' barely stirs

Smindyrides sighs, takes out a flute (more like a recorder) and plays a simple tune

The 'horse' immediately gets up and starts to dance

Smindyrides suddenly stops playing, ...

Smindyrides Right, that's enough of that.

... gets into his 'chariot' and picks up the reins

Smindyrides (to the 'horse') Get on.

The 'horse' plods off, with Smindyrides in tow

Smindyrides Stop dancing. Not too fast now. And mind how you round that bend.

Dite (to audience) What have I done? I have offended my leader, and now I shall never see my love again. Should I have said 'Yes'? Should I have married him? Should I have agreed to be his wife? I'm so upset, I don't know what to do. I shall have to sing a song.

Song: One Heart

I want to be your bride
But you're on the other side
So near and yet as far
As any distant star

Refrain:

We share one heart
My love and I
Yet we're apart
Milo and I

You mean the world to me
You're my husband-to-be
If we could be together
Our love would last for ever

Refrain

To you my sad heart sings
'If only I had wings
I'd fly to you like a dove
And we'd be one in love'

Refrain

Scene 3 – Croton

Enter Chorus

Chorus Who is this Milo on whom the fair Dite dotes?
What does he have that Smindyrides lacks?
On this question you may soon cast your votes,
For towards us as we speak he's making tracks.

Enter Milo, in a lion skin, with a piece of parchment and a small pot

He puts down the parchment and pot and starts doing exercises

It's his final week of training for the Games,
So his mind is rather fixed on other things.
If he's going to be among the famous names,
It's not for love that he'll have need of wings.

Exit Chorus

Milo (to himself) Seven days to go. Mustn't peak too soon. Follow the programme. Exercise in the morning. Rest in the afternoon. Keep to the weekly diet ...

He reads from a piece of parchment

Milo 'Twenty pounds of meat, twenty pounds of bread, twenty pints of wine ...'
Hm. I might have to increase that a bit. Ah yes ...

He takes something red and stringy from the pot

Milo ... mustn't forget the roosters' gizzards. Perfect for the peroneus longus.

He swallows it, grimacing

Milo No undue stress. Not too much excitement. And, above all, plenty of sleep. Hm. That's the hard bit. (to audience) You see, I'm supposed to be meeting Dite tonight. We can only meet after dark. And at this time of year it's light till nine. And the morning routine starts at five. Cross-country running, press-ups, cold showers – you know, all those things you love about PE. Why can we only meet after dark? Well, she's a Sybarite, isn't she. We're their rivals. They're not supposed to fraternise with us, let alone ... anything else. I mean, if her mother found out ... You know what mothers are like. Well, I'll just have to tell her I've got a headache. She'll understand. She's a very understanding girl is Dite. Very unassuming – for a Sybarite. Very ... grounded.

Song: Down to Earth

I love a girl called Dite
She's anything but flighty
Nor is she high and mighty
She's right down to earth

She's ever so kind and gentle
But not too sentimental
If she cries, it's accidental
She's quite down to earth

She puts up with my training
I never hear her complaining
She knows why I'm refraining
She's so down to earth

Right down to, quite down to, so down to, oh down
to Really down to, truly down to

Extremely down to, terribly down to
Uncommonly down to, remarkably down to
Particularly down to, unbelievably down to earth.

Milo Oh, no. That's all I need. Here comes Cylon. He'll be wanting me to turn a blind eye to another of his hare-brained schemes. *(to Cylon)* Greetings, my friend.

Cylon Greetings, Milo.

Milo What news? Nothing too disturbing, I hope. You know I must focus my energies.

Cylon All you ever focus on is yourself.

Milo For the glory of our city.

Cylon For the glory of Milo.

Milo I do hope you haven't come just to criticise. You know I must avoid all negative energy.

Cylon As a matter of fact, I've got something positive to say.

Milo You mean, two negatives.

Cylon Eh?

Milo Never mind.

Cylon I have good news.

Milo Really? Are you feeling all right?

Cylon I've never felt better. You see, we're going to be rich.

Milo Oh? How do you know that?

Cylon I have it on good authority.

Milo I don't remember telling you.

Cylon You didn't.

Milo Well, what other authority is there?

Cylon But in order to get rich, we have to change things.

Milo Change things?

Cylon Yes.

Milo What things?

Cylon Lots of things.

Milo For example?

Cylon Well, first ... It's too complicated to explain.

Milo But how can we change things if you can't even explain what the things we need to change are?

Cylon I can't, but I know a man who can.

Milo Oh?

Cylon You see, yesterday, this bloke turned up. An old bloke. Looking for somewhere to sleep and I offered to put him. Just temporarily, you—

Milo Oh, Pythagoras.

Cylon Eh?

Milo Why didn't you say so?

Cylon What?

Milo The chap with the lyre.

Cylon How do you know?

Milo I bumped into him this morning. He was up even before me. Chanting or something. We had an interesting little chat.

Cylon You did?

Milo Yes. Quite fascinating, in fact.

Cylon What about?

Milo Oh, you know, things.

Cylon Things?

Milo Yes, things.

Cylon What thi— (*as actor, to prompt*) Haven't we just done this bit?

Prompt (*off*) 'You mean, about numbers?'

Cylon Oh, yes. (*as Cylon*) You mean, about numbers?

Milo Numbers, music ...

Cylon Purity?

Milo The purging of the soul, yes, yes, all that.

Cylon Philately?

Milo The contemplation of scientific truth, yes ...

Cylon And the universe?

Milo Well, you can't have a conversation with Pythagoras without discussing the universe, can you?

Cylon Well, no, I suppose—

Milo Did you know that he used to be a butterfly?

Cylon A what?

Milo Yes, he reckons he's had at least seven previous lives. As well as a bird, a fish and a butterfly, he was a fisherman, a prophet, the son of Mercury and some chap who fought against Hercules or Achilles or someone ending in 'ease'. Didn't kill him, mind you, because he doesn't believe in violence. That's why he doesn't eat meat.

Cylon Because he doesn't believe in violence?

Milo No, because he was a butterfly. And a fish and a bird.

Cylon Eh?

Milo Well, he's worried that, if he eats a lamb chop, he might inadvertently be tucking in to his great aunt Agatha.

Cylon Right, so you know all about him?

Milo All I need to know, yes. The guy's a raving lunatic.

Cylon What?

Milo Well, I mean, he thinks if you're good, you'll come back as ... someone like me, whereas if you're bad, you'll be a dog or a pig or a ... tree.

Cylon That is worrying.

Milo No, but come on. Writing on the moon, listening to the planets, drinking water? He's as nutty as a fruitcake. Now, if you don't mind, I must be off. Things to do, people to see. You know how it is. When one's a national hero. Nice talking to you, old fruit. Toodle-oo. Oh, by the way, I hope he's paying for his board and lodging, this Pythagoras? I wouldn't want to think you were being taken for a ride.

Exit Milo

Cylon throws a silent tantrum, then pulls himself together

Cylon Be calm, Cylon. Think of the universe. The Golden Hind. Mean. Section. The Golden something. The Sequence. That's it. Now what was it? One, two, three, five, eight ... er ... Just when you need an abacus. Never mind. Things are going to change. No more running up and down for measly medals, eating wholemeal bread and being laughed at by those dodecaphonic Sybarites. I'll show him, that Milo. I'll show him who's the lunatic. I'll show him what being a leader means. Croton will be great, Croton will be powerful, Croton will put Sybaris in its place. Once and for all.

He marches off

Cylon One, two, three, five, eight, twelve, nineteen, twenty-s— Oh, to hell with it.