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The Greek Mythology Olympiaganza

By Don Zolidis

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The Greek Mythology Olympiaganza (full-length)
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Full-Length Comedy
5w, 5m, 10 any gender, expandable

Two battling narrators attempt to cover the entirety of Greek mythology using audience participation, cross-dressing, and general theatrical insanity. Famous myths such as Pandora's Box, Jason and the Argonauts (the original Super Friends), and Hercules: Intern God jostle for space with obscure, weird myths such as the myth of Linus and the legend of the Argus. Culminating in a bizarre, musical dance-influenced version of The Iliad complete with a full-scale battle of little green army men, this play is wild, silly, and a complete blast for audiences of all ages. (A one-act version and an Iliad! only version of this play are also available.)

List of Scenes

I. Introduction
II. The Birth of Zeus—parenting: Greek Style.
III. Prometheus Creates Man cause he's lonely and desperate.
IV. Pandora's Box. The Feminist Version.
V. The Inappropriate Myths.
VI. The Labors of Hercules: Intern God.
VII. Jason and The Argonauts—the original Super Friends.
VIII. Greek Bedtime Stories
IX. Icarus. I can Fly! Sort of.
X. Destroy all Monsters!
XI. Orpheus and Eurydice. The Original Emo Love Story.
XII. Iliad! Iliad! Iliad!

Author's Notes:

1. *Be Flexible. The Greek Mythology Olympiaganza is broken down into chapters. Feel free to eliminate any of the chapters you wish in the interest of time, casting requirements, simplicity, appropriateness for your audience, etc… 10 of the Chapters would probably make a fine full-length play.*

2. *Casting: This play is performable with a cast of eight insanely talented performers. Performing the play with a cast this small requires costume changes in direct view of the audience, cross-casting, funny accents, and a lot of silliness. The narrators also would assume roles in most of the scenes. It can also be done with one performer in each role, leading to a cast size of somewhere between 50 and 100. (I haven't counted them all up.) The perfect cast size is probably somewhere around 20, with each actor playing three or four parts.*

3. *Parts for girls: Although these scenes have been taken from Greek Mythology, there are still a lot of parts for girls, although most involve being supporting goddesses or monsters. NARRATOR 1 should definitely be played by a female.*

I've written NARRATOR 2 as male, but that role could be female as well. Feel free to cross-cast as many of the parts as necessary.

4. *Chapter XII can be performed as a complete one-act and is available in a separate, condensed version. There is also a one-act version of the rest of the play available.*

5. *Have FUN!*

List of Characters

(this list works best if read out-loud without taking a breath—try it!)

NARRATOR 1
NARRATOR 2
CHAOS
STAN
CRONOS
RHEA
URANUS
ZEUS
POSEIDON
HADES
LEDA
APHRODITE
HERMES
CHILD
MOTHER
FATHER
TITAN
PROMETHEUS
MAN
PANDORA
POLICE OFFICER
HERA
HERCULES
JOEY
ALCMENE
GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
BOSS
WOMAN
TV NEWS ANCHOR
JASON
ATALANTA
ORPHEUS
CASTOR
POLLUX
EUPHEMUS
HARPIES
SIRENS
LONELY SINGLE WOMEN
MEDEA
ZOMBIE
BROTHER
CHILD 1
CHILD 2
LINUS
MARYSAS
APOLLO
DAEDALUS
SUE
KING
BOB
ICARUS
PLANT
EURYDICE
CHARON
FURIES
GREEKS
TROJANS
TROJAN CHEERLEADER
ACHILLES
HECTOR
PARIS
MC
ATHENA
HELEN
MENELAUS
TRICIA

Act One

Chapter I. Introduction.

(The set may truly be anything. Greek pillars. A school. A bare stage. Perhaps a complete Dionysian temple with roasting spits of pigs if you have that kind of budget. If you don't, perhaps toy pigs.)

(NARRATOR 1 enters with a stack of note cards. She is well-dressed and somewhat nervous.)

NARRATOR 1

Hello audience.

(she flips her note card.)

My name is—

(she flips her note card)

<ACTOR'S REAL NAME> and I'm here today to give my presentation on Greek Mythology in an informative, entertaining and

(flips card)

Entertaining manner.

(realizes she's written "entertaining" twice and destroys note card.)

Now I know what some of you are thinking.

(she laughs in a very forced manner.)

I hate Greek Mythology.

(points to someone in the audience.)

I hate school.

(points to someone else in the audience)

I hate my hair. But—

(flips note card)

You are in for a treat, because my partner *<NARRATOR 2's real name>*—

(NARRATOR 2 storms onto the stage, wearing an outlandishly nerdy outfit. NARRATOR 2 is the exact opposite of nervous.)

NARRATOR 2

ALL RIGHT PEOPLE ARE YOU READY TO LEARN ABOUT THE GEEKS!!!? Yeah! That's what I'm talking about! GEEEEKS!! Who's with me! Scream it! Scream it! GEEEKS!

(NARRATOR 2 is unimpressed with the audience reaction.)

That's cool, all right, I know what you're doing then. You're just like, feeling me out—okay, I got it. So… Let's talk about Geek Mythology. According to Wikipedia, there are many different types of geeks. You've got your physics geeks, your sci-fi geeks, your theatre geeks

(He points sneakily at NARRATOR 1)

Your historical re-enactment geeks, your computer game geeks, your fantasy adventure role-playing geeks, but this is what you gotta know.

NARRATOR 1

What are you doing?

NARRATOR 2

I'm giving my presentation. It rocks. Thank you. Now your basic geek can be identified by their lack of social skills—they may have a difficult time hitting on girls—

(hitting on a girl in the audience)

What's up?

NARRATOR 1

We're supposed to be doing a presentation on Greek Mythology. Greek.

(NARRATOR 2 stops.)

NARRATOR 2

Why would we do that?

NARRATOR 1

Because that's what we've been studying for the past two months.

NARRATOR 2

Seriously?

NARRATOR 1

Have you been paying attention at all?

NARRATOR 2

I've got an Ipod, I don't pay attention to anything. Ipod ROCKS!

NARRATOR 1

Shut up. Why did I get partnered with you?

NARRATOR 2

You were sick the day people were choosing partners.

NARRATOR 1

Right. We're supposed to be doing a presentation on Greek Mythology. All of it.

NARRATOR 2

All of it?

NARRATOR 1

All of it.

NARRATOR 2

Dang. Okay, here's what we do: we go to Wikipedia, we copy and paste it onto our computer—and then we just turn that in. Bam.

NARRATOR 1
First, we are giving the presentation right now. Second, Wikipedia is totally unreliable. Anybody can just go in there and write whatever they want and change things around—

NARRATOR 2
Yeah, you should check out the entry on you.

NARRATOR 1
There's an entry on me?

NARRATOR 2
I put one in last night. I think I got the basic facts right, but there's a lot of things I had to invent. Like I don't even know what kind of wax you use on your mustache.

NARRATOR 1
Listen, doofus—

NARRATOR 2
Ooh, doofus—harsh words.

NARRATOR 1
We have to do this right now, all of Greek mythology, are you in?

NARRATOR 2
All right, all right, but we gotta… jazz it up, you know? Like make it interesting and… I got some ideas, just go with me—
(NARRATOR 2 grabs NARRATOR 1 and whispers in her ear.)
Hold on people.

NARRATOR 1
That's not legal in this state.
(He whispers something else to her. She looks out at the audience.)
You think so?

NARRATOR 2
They won't even know the difference.

NARRATOR 1
All right. Well let me get my chart.

NARRATOR 2
You don't need your chart.

NARRATOR 1
I spent a lot of time on my chart and I just—

NARRATOR 2

You use a chart and I walk.

NARRATOR 1

Fine.

(She takes a deep breath.)

All right—we're on the same page now—

NARRATOR 2

Exact same page.

NARRATOR 1

And we're gonna start this over—

NARRATOR 2

Starting over ROCKS!

NARRATOR 1

So just um… we'll be right back.

(NARRATOR 1 and NARRATOR 2 run off.)

(Lights go down.)

<NOTE>: If your theatre can manage special effects, this is the time for it. Otherwise, try to approximate the spirit of what is described.

(A spotlight circles crazily around the dark stage. Loud drumming. Perhaps a sports theme song.)

NARRATOR 2 *(off-stage, on a microphone, booming like a boxing announcer)*

ARRRRE YOU READDY TO LEARN ABOUT GREEK MYTHOLOGEEEEE?!

(Explosions. Flames. High-energy pulsating music and colored lights. Everything you would see before going to a professional basketball game.)

(The lights come up. NARRATOR 1 and NARRATOR 2, now wearing togas over their clothes, explode onto the stage.)

NARRATOR 2

Yi-yi-yi-yi!

NARRATOR 1

Hold onto your seats because in the next two hours you are going to be taken on a journey—

NARRATOR 2 *(providing an echo effect)*

Journey Journey Journey journey—

NARRATOR 1

Into the mind of the ancient Greek.

NARRATOR 2

Thrills! Gyrations! Aggravations! Exhortations! Other things! I'm talking about sons killing fathers who killed their fathers who had some other kids that are like gigantic monsters with twenty five thousand heads and they're all poisonous and eating all kinds of stuff and it's awesome!

NARRATOR 1

My name is *<Actors' Real Name>* and I will be your captain

NARRATOR 2

Captain captain captain

NARRATOR 1

This evening

NARRATOR 2

evening evening evening

NARRATOR 1

And I will be guiding you into the murky depths of mythology and bringing you back out again on the other side—

NARRATOR 2

And my name is *<Actor's Real Name>* and I am the pied piper of cool, the lieutenant Spock to your Captain Kirk, the father of the fable, the legend of legends, and front man of this band of merry misfits!

NARRATOR 1

Joining us on-stage—

NARRATOR 2

The dream team!

(The ACTORS emerge, in various states of preparedness. Some are pushed on. Some don't want to be here. Some are doing calisthenics. Some appear as if they been announced at a basketball game.)

Trained by Stanislavsky, Stella Adler, and a homeless guy named Bernie, they represent the peak of thespianical achievement!

(to the ACTORS)

All right, get off the stage.

(The ACTORS leave, irate.)

NARRATOR 1

Let's calm it down for a moment, shall we? When you think about the Greeks, what do you think about?

(She looks for answers in the audience.)

Anyone? Anyone?

(NARRATOR 2 raises his hand.)

NARRATOR 2

Ooh. Me.

NARRATOR 1

What?

NARRATOR 2

That hairy guy who owns a restaurant.

NARRATOR 1

While it's true that many Greeks are hirsute and do own restaurants—

NARRATOR 2

And gyros. I think about gyros.

NARRATOR 1

You'll be surprised to know that they started Western culture. In fact, if it weren't for the Greeks we'd just be a bunch of naked illiterate savages painting ourselves blue and eating raw deer.

NARRATOR 2

That sounds awesome.

NARRATOR 1

And as punishment for their contribution to Western culture, we've been forced to study them for the past two thousand five hundred years.

NARRATOR 2

Not awesome.

NARRATOR 1

So… for today's presentation we will delve into the relationship between man and myth, the creation of the world, the exploits of the heroes, the nature of the universe, all intertwined on this craggy peninsula we call… Greece.

(NARRATOR 1 exits.)

Chapter II. The Birth of Zeus. Parenting—Greek Style.

NARRATOR 2

In the beginning there was Chaos.

(CHAOS enters.)
Chaos was confused.

CHAOS
What's going on? Hey?! Hey! Can anyone tell me what's going on? I got like land and water and sky mixed up inside of me and I'm sick of it! I'm sick! Uggg…
(CHAOS stumbles off-stage.)

NARRATOR 2
And then somebody took Chaos and separated out earth and sky and sea—

CHAOS *(off-stage)*
Ow! That hurts! Give me back my sky!

NARRATOR 2
Wikipedia is unclear who actually did this. Let's assume it was the god… Stan.
(STAN enters, in a hardhat.)

STAN
All right, let's a put a little land over there and a little sky over there and some water down in this area over here. Hey! Hey! I'm talking to you! Get to work! It's not break time!

NARRATOR 2
And that's how France was made. Well, Stan… left—

STAN
I've got another planet to make. I'm outta here.
(STAN leaves.)

NARRATOR 2
And at first there were the Titans.
(CRONOS and RHEA (played by NARRATOR 1) enter.)
The king of the titans was Cronos.

CRONOS
My loyal subjects!
(He looks around and notices only RHEA sitting there.)
Or subject.
(RHEA raises her hand.)
What.

RHEA
Now that you have been elected king, how are you going to work harder to make life better for the little titans out there?

CRONOS

Next question.

RHEA

Where's everybody else?

NARRATOR 2

And there were many titans, people like… Prometheus,

(PROMETHEUS enters)

Epi… Epi…

(PROMETHEUS whispers in NARRATOR 2's ear.)

Epimetheus, and um… Oceanus and another guy and a guy with a hundred hands and this other dude and Uranus.

(He snorts.)

Uranus.

(URANUS enters.)

URANUS

Shut up.

NARRATOR 2

What?

URANUS

Quit making fun of me.

NARRATOR 2

Nobody's making fun of Uranus.

URANUS

That's it! I quit. I said I wasn't going to be Uranus.

(URANUS throws down his crown and is about to leaves.)

NARRATOR 2

Boy that guy's really sore. Uranus—

RHEA

Stop it. This is a family show.

CRONOS

Thank you Rhea. Now, I had a dream the other night that my children will one day rise up and kill us all. Thoughts?

(The TITANS aren't sure what to do.)

URANUS

I've got a crazy idea. Maybe you shouldn't have kids?

CRONOS

Out of the question.

PROMETHEUS

Um… how about you leave them in a basket, put them on the side of a mountain or something?

CRONOS

Seems kinda cliché.

RHEA

How about we simply raise them in a family filled with love?

(The TITANS look at her. Then laugh.)

CRONOS

Seriously, anyone have a good idea?

URANUS

Okay, how about this: After each child is born, you eat them.

(CRONOS considers it.)

CRONOS

That sounds logical.

RHEA

You want to eat my babies?

CRONOS

This is why women can't be in charge of anything. They can't make the tough decisions. Eating babies it is. Nice idea, Uranus.

URANUS

Don't call me that your majesty.

NARRATOR 2

So—Cronos began an enlightened dictatorship where he ruled by moral example over the other titans.

CRONOS

mmm… babies.

NARRATOR 2

And every few years Rhea gave birth to one of his children and he promptly ate them.

Skipping Forward

CRONOS

Great. Stew. Nice work Rhea. I should've married someone who could cook.

(He takes the bowl and chugs it.)

Man, this is… this is…

NARRATOR 2

And just then Cronos puked up all the children he had eaten.

(Everyone looks at him like this is the most disgusting thing imaginable)

I'm not changing anything! This is the actual myth.

CRONOS

I'm not really comfortable with this myth.

NARRATOR 2

Suck it up. Puke.

CRONOS

All right!

(CRONOS mimes puking and various gods begin jumping onto the stage, POSEIDON and HADES leap in first. The others follow.)

POSEIDON

I am Poseidon! It was really dark in there!

HADES

I am Hades and I have a lot of deep-seated resentment towards life based on my—

ZEUS

Look on the bright side, Hades! Let's get him!

(ZEUS, HADES, and POSEIDON pound CRONOS into a pulp.)

RHEA *(cheerleading)*

Go boys! Go boys!

ZEUS

Since I am now ruler, I will take control of the skies and lightning.

POSEIDON

And since I'm second in command, I will take command of the waters!

ZEUS

What will you take, Hades?

HADES

Whatever. I don't care. We're all gonna die anyway.

ZEUS

You shall be in charge of the underworld then!

HADES

Dang it.

RHEA

Oh my boys, Momma loves you! I've missed you oh so much.

POSEIDON

Mom, why did you let Dad eat us?

RHEA

Let's not talk about the past!

(They exit happily. RHEA transforms into NARRATOR 1.)

Chapter III. Prometheus Creates Man cause he's lonely and desperate.

NARRATOR 1

Now clearly, the Greeks have some issues with anatomy. Imagine this scene.

(CHILD enters with MOTHER.)

CHILD

Mommy, where do babies come from?

MOTHER

Um… ask your father.

(FATHER enters.)

CHILD

Daddy, where do babies come from?

FATHER

Well… I'm glad you asked because I've got a few ideas of my own. There are a number of places babies come from. You, for instance, sprouted from my head after I had a really bad headache one day.

CHILD

Wow.

FATHER

That's why you're such a pain. Ha ha. Just kidding. But seriously, you are a pain.

MOTHER

A lovable pain.

CHILD

Can I have babies out of my head?

FATHER

If you're lucky. Also, if you make a statue pretty enough it can come to life and you can make babies that way.

CHILD

Wow.

FATHER

Or plant dragon teeth in the soil. So there's three ways.

MOTHER

What if you're like a hydra and your head gets chopped off and then another body grows up around the head?

FATHER

Ooh right. Good thinking.

CHILD

If my head gets chopped off will another body grow around my head?

FATHER

Um… let's find out, shall we?

NARRATOR 1

And so child-rearing was a process of trial and error. Because Greek knowledge of the world was, well, imperfect.

NARRATOR 2

Stupid. They were stupid.

NARRATOR 1

Or that. But we do have a myth which explains where humans came from. You see, once upon a time, there was a Titan.

(PROMETHEUS enters.)

Now, he wasn't just any Titan. He was the smartest Titan. Prometheus.

NARRATOR 2

And the smallest Titan. He was picked on a lot by the other Titans.

(A TITAN runs out and stops. He looks at PROMETHEUS, then pushes him over.)

TITAN

Ha ha ha ha. Loser.

PROMETHEUS

I'll get you all! Someday I'll have my revenge! On all of you!

NARRATOR 1

So he helped out Zeus and betrayed the rest of his people to Zeus and all of the other Titans were chained up and thrown into a lake of fire and tortured for eternity.

(TITAN returns.)

TITAN

Wait a minute, what?

PROMETHEUS

I betray you and you're imprisoned in a lake of fire and punished for eternity. And that's what happens to bullies.

TITAN

I just pushed you down. That's it.

PROMETHEUS

And now you will be tortured until the sun dies. I think it's a fitting punishment.

TITAN

This is totally not fair. We're just jockeying for position in an adolescent mind-set.

PROMETHEUS

Tough.

TITAN

Dang it.

(TITAN leaves.)

NARRATOR 2

But after you destroy everyone else like you—there is a little problem.

PROMETHEUS

I'm lonely. I wish I had someone to talk to.

NARRATOR 1

Ooh. I know. Chop off your head and see if another one of you grows.

NARRATOR 2

Plant your teeth in the ground?

NARRATOR 1

Have a headache?

PROMETHEUS

I know. I'll use my Boy Scouts arts and crafts badge to make a human being out of mashed potatoes.

(An ACTOR brings PROMETHEUS a little person made out of mashed potatoes.)

NARRATOR 1

Missed that one.

PROMETHEUS

This is kinda gross.

NARRATOR 2

But it was disgusting so he made a second human being out of clay.

(The ACTOR takes away the mashed potato man and brings in a clay figure.)

PROMETHEUS

Much better. So… I'll name you: man. Seems like a good name.

NARRATOR 1

So Prometheus finally had a friend.

(A Happy friendship song plays like "Just the two of us" or "Happy Together".)

They went everywhere together. To the beach.

(PROMETHEUS lays out the clay man on the ground.)

On long walks.

(They walk.)

They even went dancing.

(They dance. PROMETHEUS tosses the clay man up into the air and drops him.)

PROMETHEUS

Whoops.

(PROMETHEUS fixes the damage to the clay man.)

Oh… gosh it's good to have a friend. Sorry about dropping you.

(PROMETHEUS picks up the clay man and talks through him with a high-pitched voice..)

`No problem, Prometheus. I love you.'

I love you too, Man.

`But not in a, you know, relationship, kinda way.'

I understand that. So uh…

`Talk to me. What's on your mind?'

Well, I'm still feeling a little lonely, Man. There's just something not fulfilling in this relationship, you know? I mean, I tell you about my problems, and that's cool and all, but… I just feel like I'm not getting anything out of this.

`What are you saying?'

I want more.

`I knew this would happen! I always thought I wasn't Man enough for you.'

NARRATOR 1

But he had another great idea.

PROMETHEUS

I know what the problem is! You're not enough of a Man!
`I knew it!'
No I mean, what if you had independent life? What if you could think for yourself? What if I gave you fire?
`Fire's cool!'
No, you have to use it responsibly—
`I'll burn things!'
Responsibly.
`Oh. Sorry.'

NARRATOR 1

But where to get fire?

PROMETHEUS

Hey, what's that up in the sky?

NARRATOR 2

A bird? A plane? The sun?

NARRATOR 1

The sun. So Prometheus climbed up to the sun—

NARRATOR 2

On what?

NARRATOR 1

What do you mean, on what?

NARRATOR 2

How did he climb up to the sun?

NARRATOR 1

He's cool like that.
(PROMETHEUS gets out a small ladder.)

PROMETHEUS

Hey Man. Hold the ladder.
(he sets the clay man up against the ladder.)

NARRATOR 1

So Prometheus climbed up to the sun, and lit a torch.

NARRATOR 2
He lit a torch off the sun? So simple. Why hadn't anyone thought of it before?

NARRATOR 1
And he came back down to his friend, Man.

PROMETHEUS
Hold still. This won't hurt a bit.
`Ahhhhhhhhhhhh! It Burrrrrrrnssss! Why are you doing this to me!?!! Why?!!!'

NARRATOR 1
And magically.
(MAN enters.)

PROMETHEUS
Wow.

MAN
I'm a real boy!

PROMETHEUS
Man.

MAN
Whatever.

PROMETHEUS
Now you can think for yourself and we can have parties and go to the movies together and—

MAN
Um… I don't really want to be friends with you any more.

PROMETHEUS
What?

MAN
You're kinda desperate and sad. Sorry.

PROMETHEUS
You've changed, Man.

MAN
Sorry.

PROMETHEUS

I love you, Man. I love you!

MAN

Dude. We're both guys, okay?

PROMETHEUS

Call me.

(MAN leaves.)

NARRATOR 2

But you know what takes the sting out of rejection?

NARRATOR 1

Nothing. Nothing takes the sting out of rejection. You hold it on your heart forever, like a festering, open wound, and you think, what is so wrong with me? Maybe the next man will be different, maybe he'll appreciate the real me and not be so hung up on the fact that I'm clingy—I mean, what is clingy, anyway? Why does he need to talk to other people or be let out of the house? Shouldn't I be enough for him?

NARRATOR 2

Um… no… you need to see a therapist—

NARRATOR 1

I am. Thank you very much. But my therapist is always talking to other people, and I call him every day and I need to know where he is all the time—

NARRATOR 2

Anyway, no. What really takes the sting out—

PROMETHEUS

I'll make myself a new man. And I'll make him look just like the first Man. And then I'll dump him!

NARRATOR 2

No no no. That's not it either. You see—

(ZEUS enters.)

ZEUS

Hey Prometheus.

PROMETHEUS

What's up, Zeus?

ZEUS

Well um… I know you're new here and all—

PROMETHEUS
I have existed since the beginning of time.

ZEUS
Right, right. But now that I'm running things, I like them to work a certain way, you know what I'm saying? It's just that… boy this is tough… your kid—um… now that's he got fire, he's really become a problem—

PROMETHEUS
I'll speak to him.

ZEUS
I think it's past that point really. So here's what we're gonna do: I'm gonna chain you to a big rock—

PROMETHEUS
I'm listening.

ZEUS
And then every morning a host of giant birds is going to descend on you—

PROMETHEUS
I love birds.

ZEUS
Right. They're really majestic creatures. And they are going to tear out your innards and feast on them. While you're still conscious.

PROMETHEUS
Huh.

ZEUS
And then at night your stomach will regenerate and you'll be good as new in the morning.

PROMETHEUS
Well that doesn't sound so bad.

ZEUS
And then the birds will come back and feast on you again.

PROMETHEUS
Ooh.

ZEUS

From now until the end of time. Okay? Cool. I'm glad we had this talk. Take him away.

(PROMETHEUS leaves.)

It's good to be the king.

(ZEUS leaves.)

NARRATOR 1

So the story of man can be read as a cautionary tale.

NARRATOR 2

The imagination is dangerous and it should never be used.

NARRATOR 1

Well, that and—

NARRATOR 2

Don't ever get on a ladder.

NARRATOR 1

It's more like… don't disobey the people in charge. Ever. Which is why you should listen to your parents, kids!

NARRATOR 2

Or you will be tortured for eternity!

NARRATOR 1

Yay, Greek wisdom.

Chapter IV. Pandora's Box. The Feminist Version.

NARRATOR 2

Now about this time it was discovered that Man weas missing something fairly important.

(MAN enters again.)

MAN

I'm missing something. Let me check off what I've got: let's see. Fire. That's cool.

NARRATOR 2

Don't forget animals.

MAN

Animals are cool. There's still something missing.

NARRATOR 2

What could it be?

MAN

You know what I could really use? There doesn't seem to be anyone around with long hair to wash dishes or clothes or cook or anything. I could really use… like a trained monkey would be great.

NARRATOR 1

All right, I know where this is going. I'm about to be offended.

NARRATOR 2

Of course you are. That's your role. And we love you for it.

NARRATOR 1

Shut up.

NARRATOR 2

Now, meanwhile, at Mount Olympus, Zeus was still pretty ticked off about that whole stealing-fire thing. Who wouldn't be? So he decided to punish mankind for eternity.

NARRATOR 1

Jerk.

NARRATOR 2

So—as a punishment for fire—in walks—

(WOMAN enters.)

MAN

Whoah! What the heck kind of animal is that?

WOMAN

I'm not an animal, I'm actually a woman, and—

MAN

It's a talking animal! I bet it will be great to eat!

(he takes out a spear. WOMAN runs off.)

NARRATOR 2

So the next time Zeus created a woman, he decided to send the man a dream first to give him a little warning.

(NARRATOR 2 becomes ZEUS.)

ZEUS

HEY. BOB. WHAT'S GOING ON?

MAN

Is that you, mighty Zeus?

ZEUS

YEP. LISTEN: UH… THAT ANIMAL YOU KILLED YESTERDAY—

MAN

The talking one?

ZEUS

YEAH. THAT WASN'T COOL. I'M GONNA SEND YOU ANOTHER ONE. DON'T EAT HER.

MAN

Oh. All right.

ZEUS

ZEUS OUT.

NARRATOR 2

So the next day—

(PANDORA enters.)

PANDORA

Um… my name's Pandora and I'm looking for this guy? I guess I'm supposed to show up here and cook dinner and stuff. And also…

(takes out a list, reads them off bored)

Wash clothes, do the dishes, clean the house, make the clothes, raise the children, provide comfort in a time of trouble, eye candy, nag you until the yardwork gets done, appreciate music and fine art… whatever that is… geez, there's a lot here.

MAN

You sound great! Welcome to the family!

PANDORA

Um… so what is your role in all this?

MAN

I make the decisions. It's time for dinner!

PANDORA

Okay. Aren't you supposed to be bringing home the dinner?

MAN

My next decision is for you never to question me!

NARRATOR 2

So they had a beautiful relationship based on honesty and trust and her doing whatever he wanted.

Skipping Forward

She was only like three days old, aren't parents responsible for kids at three days? And clearly, Man is just sitting on his butt doing nothing all day, maybe he's responsible.

NARRATOR 2

Don't listen to her! She's using evil female logic!

NARRATOR 1

Stop it. And in the fourth place, don't you think it's likely that a guy thought up this whole story just to explain why his wife needed to the do dishes one day? It probably went something like this.

MAN

Woman, do the dishes.

PANDORA

I'm tired, I've cleaned the house already and—

MAN

Hey. Hey. Did I ever tell you the story about why we die? It's all your fault. Do the dishes.

PANDORA

Shoot. It is all my fault isn't it? I guess I'll do the dishes as punishment.

NARRATOR 1

See. What a bunch of bull.

NARRATOR 2

Fine. You tell the story then.

NARRATOR 1

I will. I think it's time we—

NARRATOR 2

It probably won't be as good because you're inherently inferior.

NARRATOR 1

You're pushing it buddy. But how about we look at this a different way? A feminist perspective.

NARRATOR 2

Ewww.

NARRATOR 1

Let's replay this story as if it were a made for TV movie on the Oxygen network.

NARRATOR 2

What's that?

NARRATOR 1

It's television for women.

NARRATOR 2

They have television for women? What will they think of next?

NARRATOR 1

Anyway. Can I have some intro music please?

(Intro music plays.)

They seemed like the perfect suburban couple.

MAN

I love you, Honey.

PANDORA

I love you, Honey.

MAN

Shall we play tennis this weekend to show the audience that we're a perfectly normal couple?

PANDORA

I think we shall.

(They take out tennis rackets.)

NARRATOR 1

They were a couple who played tennis on the weekends.

PANDORA *(serving)*

Love thirty. Oh. I said love.

MAN

How ironic.

NARRATOR 1

They were an attractive couple, played by a few washed-up movie stars who are no longer important enough to get actual movies.

MAN

This reminds me of my time in Top Gun 3, when I played a hotshot fighter pilot who died—not many people saw that movie. Shall we go to the beach this weekend?

PANDORA

I think we shall. Don't forget sunscreen.

MAN

I won't sweetheart. I won't forget that sunscreen.

PANDORA

Good. I'd hate for skin cancer to ruin to our perfect life together.

NARRATOR 1

They were a couple that laughed together
(They laugh)
Played together—
(they play)
And didn't have a care in the world.
(They don't have a care in the world.)
But then… at a dramatically convenient point in the story, it all changed.
(MAN brings in The Box.)

PANDORA

What's that, sweetheart?

MAN

It's a Box. I bought it at a flea market today from a mysterious man.

PANDORA

Ooh. Where are you going to put it?

MAN

Why are you so worried about the box?

PANDORA

I'm not, I was just—

MAN

Don't talk about the box. Okay? Don't.

PANDORA

Sorry. Where do you think the box came from?

MAN

I SAID DON'T TALK ABOUT THE BOX!
(He goes to hit her, then stops himself.)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have raised my voice. I need some alone time. With the box.
(MAN takes the box to the side and sits with it.)

NARRATOR 1

Their life changed.

(Thunder. The sound of rain.)

It grew stormy. Which is symbolized by stormy weather.

PANDORA

Honey? Would you like some dinner?

MAN

No thanks.

PANDORA

I'm making chicken marsala if you want—

MAN

Stop nagging me, woman!

PANDORA

Okay, well maybe you can heat it up later in the microwave—

MAN

YOU'RE TEARING ME APART!

NARRATOR 1

What would you do if your husband was no longer the man you married but instead… someone else?

PANDORA

Can we talk?

MAN

No.

PANDORA

Sweetheart, I know you've been having a tough time at work—

MAN

Leave me alone! Please just leave me alone!

PANDORA

I think you've been spending too much time with the Box.

MAN

Now the truth comes out, doesn't it?! You're jealous of the Box.

PANDORA

I'm not jealous of the Box.

MAN

Liar!

PANDORA

What's in that Box, anyway?

MAN

Stay away from it! You don't understand the Box! You don't love it like I do.

PANDORA

You love it?

MAN

Why is that so hard to understand? She listens to me. She understands me.

NARRATOR 1

What could she do?

PANDORA *(on the phone)*

Hello Police? My husband… he's in love with a Box.

POLICE OFFICER *(entering)*

Ha ha ha ha ha.

(POLICE OFFICER exits.)

PANDORA

No, please. You must help me. Why won't anyone listen to me?!

(POLICE OFFICER enters again.)

POLICE OFFICER

Ha ha ha ha ha.

(POLICE OFFICER exits again.)

MAN

Honey. The Box and I have come to a decision. You need to be killed.

PANDORA

Noooooooo!

(MAN brandishes a spatula.)

NARRATOR 1

And just then. In slow motion.

(MAN reaches for PANDORA, who avoids a swipe of the spatula and grabs the Box.)

PANDORA *(in slow motion)*

Noooooooooo.

MAN *(in slow motion)*

Nottttt the Boxxxxxxxx!!!

(In slow motion, PANDORA opens the Box. Everyone freezes.)

NARRATOR 1

And out popped:

(PANDORA reaches in and takes out a baby doll.)

PANDORA

It's our baby.

MAN

Awww…. Our baby. I love you.

PANDORA

I love you.

(They hug.)

NARRATOR 1

The end.

NARRATOR 2

I'm sorry, what? The baby was in the box?

NARRATOR 1

It's a symbol. A metaphor. Your male brain can't possibly comprehend it.

NARRATOR 2

It's pretty unrealistic.

NARRATOR 1

You're right, a woman being responsible for absolutely everything that goes wrong in the universe is much more realistic.

NARRATOR 2

I'm glad you see it my way.

NARRATOR 1

But our journey though the demented terrain of Greek mythology is not finished.

NARRATOR 2

Not even slightly! Hold on one second!

(NARRATOR 2 runs off.)

Chapter V. The Inappropriate Myths

NARRATOR 1

So…

NARRATOR 2 *(walking on)*

Hey I just talked to the administration. Or rather was yelled at by the administration. It seems like they don't like the uh… inappropriateness of the myths.

NARRATOR 1

Right. The one about eating the babies was in poor taste. I didn't mean that as a pun. Cause babies—I'll just shut up now.

NARRATOR 2

So what we're going to do now for you, just to get a taste of those myths which are far too inappropriate to be understood by you—

NARRATOR 1

I mean you can read them in class and everything and go to the library and check out books—

NARRATOR 2

But who's gonna do that? So we're going to do a lightning round—

NARRATOR 1

Lightning round! And in each myth, when we reach the stage where it's inappropriate, we'll just jump to the next story, got it?

NARRATOR 2

Got it! Okay—one day Zeus was wandering around in a field and he spotted the maiden Leda—

(LEDA trots in)

LEDA

Look! Some flowers! Oh how lovely.

(ZEUS enters.)

NARRATOR 1

And Zeus decided that she was quite lovely so he transformed himself into a swan—

NARRATOR 2

Ding! Inappropriate!

(ZEUS and LEDA run off.)

NARRATOR 1

On day Aphrodite was bored—
(APHRODITE enters)

APHRODITE

I'm bored.

NARRATOR 1

And her husband Haephestus was busy at the forge and along came Hermes.
(HERMES enters.)

NARRATOR 2

Ding! Inappropriate!
(They exit.)

NARRATOR 1

So Zeus was out in the field one day, minding his own business, and he decided to turn himself into a bull.

NARRATOR 2

Ding! Inappropriate!

NARRATOR 1

On another occasion, Aphrodite was—

NARRATOR 2

Ding! Inappropriate!

NARRATOR 1

Zeus found himself in a pair of track shorts—

NARRATOR 2

Ding! Inappropriate!

NARRATOR 1

And that's how medusa came to be.

Chapter VI
The Labors of Hercules: Intern God.

NARRATOR 1

Moving on. Now I know what you're thinking

NARRATOR 2

I'm pretty cool. How do I become a God?

NARRATOR 1

Well, you don't just get to become a god. You have to earn it.

NARRATOR 2

Earn it?

NARRATOR 1

Exactly. Take Hercules for example. He had a whole internship process before he could become a true God.

NARRATOR 2

Why wasn't he a true God? I thought he was the son of Zeus.

(ZEUS enters.)

ZEUS

Okay, that's enough. That's enough.

NARRATOR 1

Well his mother was—

ZEUS

This is a private family affair, thank you. I'd appreciate it if you just kept your nose out of our business.

(HERA enters.)

HERA

Who are you talking to?

ZEUS

I'm not talking to anybody, sweetheart. There's no one here at all saying things that may or may not be true depending on what the meaning of the word true is.

HERA

What?

ZEUS

Exactly. Let's go home.

(They leave.)

NARRATOR 1

Let's just say poor Herc was just a demigod.

NARRATOR 2

Are you sure it's not semi-god?

NARRATOR 1

Demi-God. Trust me.

NARRATOR 2

So who was Hercules' mother, anyway?

(ZEUS returns quickly.)

ZEUS

I cannot comment on an ongoing investigation. Thank you.

(Pause.)

What? Don't judge me.

(he leaves.)

NARRATOR 1

So, getting back to our story: Hercules: the intern god. He had kind of a rough childhood. Demigodhood? I don't know. Something. Anyway, he was growing up.

(HERCULES and JOEY enter.)

JOEY

Hey Hercules, wanna wrestle?

HERCULES

Sure!

(HERCULES smashes him.)

JOEY

Ahhhhhhhah! I'm gonna go get my Dad!

HERCULES

I'll tell my Dad!

JOEY

My Dad can beat up your Dad!

HERCULES

My Dad can—

(HERCULES is interrupted by a flash of lightning and screams from off-stage.)

JOEY

Daddy?! Noooooo!

(JOEY runs off crying.)

NARRATOR 1

So he didn't have a lot of friends. Or if he did have friends, they often—

(A flash of lightning. Screams.)

Died mysteriously.

(His mother, ALCMENE enters.)

His Mother was a lady named Alcmene.

(ZEUS enters.)

ZEUS

I never met this woman in my entire life. I just wanted that out there for the record. There are a lot of lies going on right now.

(He leaves.)

(HERCULES approaches ALCMENE.)

HERCULES

Mom?

ALCMENE

Yes honey?

HERCULES

Why am I different than the other kids?

ALCMENE

You're special, darling.

HERCULES

I know. But sometimes they make fun of me. And that makes me sad.

ALCMENE

And what do you do when you're sad?

HERCULES

I throw boulders at them and break their legs.

ALCMENE

I think we need to have a talk.

HERCULES

Okay.

ALCEMENE

You see, baby, you know how I told you that your father was a toga salesman from Sparta named Stan?

HERCULES

Yeah?

ALCMENE

And how he left us because you didn't do very well on your spelling homework?

Skipping Forward

NARRATOR 1

But even with high self-esteem, Hercules still had troubles. At night, he would pray to his father for guidance.

HERCULES

Are you there Zeus? It's me, Hercules. Listen—I wanna thank you for my super strength and everything—the other day I armwrestled a bear, it was awesome, but… me and Mom—well, we haven't exactly been receiving child support from you, know what I mean? So it would be cool if… I don't know, maybe there's a like a golden temple or something you could give us, or a whole bunch of fatted calves maybe—

ZEUS *(off-stage, booming)*

HERCULES.

HERCULES

Whoah! Who is it?

ZEUS *(off-stage)*

IT'S ME. ZEUS.

HERCULES

Papa?

ZEUS *(off-stage)*

YES. I AM YOUR PAPA.

HERCULES

So you're answering my prayers?

ZEUS *(off-stage)*

I'VE JUST CALLED TO TELL YOU TO QUIT WHINING.

HERCULES

What?

ZEUS *(off-stage)*

IT'S SERIOUSLY PRETTY ANNOYING. I CAN'T DO ANYTHING UP HERE WITHOUT LISTENING TO YOU GO ON AND ON ABOUT HOW YOU DON'T HAVE ANY FOOD OR ANYTHING. CUT IT OUT.

HERCULES

Are you kidding me?! You deadbeat! I grew up without a father, man! What is so wrong with me?

ZEUS *(off-stage)*

DO YOU WANT A LIST?

HERCULES
What can I do to make you love me!? Come on Dad!

ZEUS *(off-stage)*
YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO EARN YOUR FATHER'S LOVE?

HERCULES
Yes! Please!

ZEUS *(off-stage)*
GET A JOB. ZEUS OUT.

HERCULES
Dad? Dad? What kind of job? Dad?

NARRATOR 1
So began the quest of Hercules.

NARRATOR 2
Also known as the twelve labors of Hercules.

NARRATOR 1
Also known as I'm-telling-this-one-so-shut-up.

NARRATOR 2
Jeez. Sorry. I didn't complain when you screwed up the Pandora story.

NARRATOR 1
I did not screw up the Pandora story.

NARRATOR 2
Sure. Right.
(He leaves.)

NARRATOR 1
Anyway. Here we go! The twelve jobs of Hercules: God Intern! Job number one: Office Work.
(A BOSS enters in a tie. HERCULES has his resume out.)

HERCULES
Yeah I'm here for the executive assistant job.

BOSS
How fast do you type?

HERCULES

Um…

BOSS

Are you familiar with our phone system?

HERCULES

Yes?

BOSS

You are?

HERCULES

No. That was a lie.

BOSS

Well I'll call you if we have any openings.

HERCULES

LIES! I'LL SMASH THIS BUILDING TO THE GROUND!

(BOSS exits.)

NARRATOR 1

Job number two: Masseuse.

(A WOMAN enters and sits in a chair.)

WOMAN

I'm so tense. There's a lot of stress from the Holidays. Do you do Swedish massage or Shiatsu?

HERCULES

Um… Swedish.

WOMAN

Great.

(She leans forward for a back rub. HERCULES puts his hands on her shoulders.)

Aaaaaaaaaa!

(Lights down on them.)

NARRATOR 1

Job number three: TV News Reporter.

(A TV news Anchor enters.)

TV NEWS ANCHOR

Well I'm sure all those kids will love to see their new home once it gets built and they don't have to live in the box any more. So what's going on on the freeways? Let's check in with Hercules!

(Lights up on HERCULES, with microphone.)

HERCULES

Thanks Pat. Um… it's a doozy out here. With a lot of cars.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

Okay. There's a lot of cars. Thanks for the update, Hercules. That was pretty brilliant.

HERCULES

Was that sarcasm, Pat?

TV NEWS ANCHOR

No, Hercules, I was commenting on the amazing brilliance of your observation.

HERCULES

THAT'S IT! I'M COMING BACK TO THE STUDIO TO DESTROY YOU!!!!

NARRATOR 1

Actually, most of Hercules' jobs ended the same way.

ZEUS *(off-stage)*

SON.

HERCULES

Dad? Dad is that you?

ZEUS *(off-stage)*

YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH ELEVEN JOBS. THERE ARE A LOT OF INJURED PEOPLE. YOU NEED TO STOP.

HERCULES

But I still have one labor left, Papa! I need to prove to you—

ZEUS *(off-stage)*

FINE. ONE MORE JOB. DON'T SCREW THIS UP OR NO IMMORTALITY FOR YOU. GOT IT?

HERCULES

Okay. I love you, Papa.

ZEUS *(off-stage)*

ZEUS OUT.

CHAPTER VII. Jason and the Argonauts. The Original Super Friends.

NARRATOR 2

But at that very moment, elsewhere in the Mediterranean, things were afoot.

NARRATOR 1

Big things.

NARRATOR 2

Big things were afoot. A team of heroes had been assembled. Convicted for crimes they did not commit, they had escaped from a maximum security prison near Sparta and operated on a secret ship somewhere in the Agean Sea. Still wanted by the government, they exist as soldiers of fortune. If you have a problem, if no one else can help, and if you can find them, maybe you can hire: Jason and the Argonauts.

(The theme from The A-Team plays. JASON, HERCULES, ATALANTA, and ORPHEUS burst on to the stage and strike various poses.)

NARRATOR 1

No wait wait wait stop!

(The theme music stops. JASON, HERCULES, ATALANTA, and ORPHEUS leave.)

I thought of a better one.

(Theme music from the Super Friends plays.)

In the great ship of the Argos, there are assembled the world's four greatest heroes. Hercules. The incredibly strong son of Zeus.

(HERCULES enters looking strong.)

Orpheus. Master of music.

(ORPHEUS enters with a lyre. He's very goth, would be played by Johnny Depp in the movie version.)

Atalanta. Extremely fast chick.

(ATALANTA runs around.)

And Jason. He's just a guy.

(JASON enters and smiles.)

And they were joined by three junior members. The wonder twins: Castor and Pollux.

(CASTOR and POLLUX enter.)

And Wonder Dog.

(EUPHEMUS enters, looking confused.)

EUPHEMUS *(overlapping)*

I'm not a dog.

NARRATOR 1 *(continuous)*

Their mission: to fight for justice, to right what was wrong, and to serve all mankind.
(Theme music ends.)

EUPHEMUS

Hey hold on. I'm not a dog.

NARRATOR 1

What's your name again?

EUPHEMUS

Euphemus.

NARRATOR 1 *(checking her notes)*

Euphemus. Euphemus. I don't—I don't see you on here.

EUPHEMUS

I'm a member of the team.

NARRATOR 1

What's your super power?

EUPHEMUS

I uh… um… I just—I speak in euphemisms.

NARRATOR 1

That's not funny. Get out. You're off the team.

EUPHEMUS

I was also bitten by a radioactive sheep. Does that count?

NARRATOR 2

No.

EUPHEMUS

Can I be the zombie later on then?

NARRATOR 2

Fine, whatever.
(EUPHEMUS leaves, sadly.)

JASON

And can I also correct the whole uh… fighting for justice and truth thing? We don't do that.

NARRATOR 1

You don't?

JASON

No. We're more like a self-serving band of independent agents whose only goal is to acquire wealth and seduce island women. And also to make me king.

HERCULES

We're more like pirates. Arrrrg.

ATALANTA

I'm not seducing anyone.

NARRATOR 1

Fine. Whatever. Now, I'm sure you're all familiar with Jason and the Argonauts.

NARRATOR 2

Yeah, it's um… there's like uh… is that where the sea monster comes out of the ocean and there's like a flying horse and stuff?

NARRATOR 1

No.

NARRATOR 2

Or um… ooh, I know! There's a golden fleece.

NARRATOR 1

There you go.

NARRATOR 2

And uh… they uh… they do stuff to get the golden fleece?

NARRATOR 1

If I may, Jason and the Argonauts is a story everyone thinks they know, but they actually have no clue how it actually goes. So let's help out, shall we?

NARRATOR 2

Can I start?

(in thrilling announcer voice from Super Friends)

Meanwhile, on the Argus.

(sound effect)

ORPHEUS

I have a petition here for a guy trying to become a member of the team.

JASON

What's his power?

ORPHEUS
He wears dark clothing. Mask kind of thing. Utility belt. Goes by the name of Batman.

JASON
He sounds a little too goth for me.

ORPHEUS
Hey. I resent that.

JASON
Anything else new?

ORPHEUS
I've written a sad poem to express my feelings.

HERCULES
No more poems!

JASON
Anyway, I've got a couple of requests here to save fishing villages from sea monsters, but the one that really intrigues me is our mission to grab the golden fleece and make me king.

ATALANTA
So all we're doing is making you king?

JASON
Sounds great to me. Let's do it! But how?

ORPHEUS
Let's do what we always do: ask the computer.

HERCULES
Bah! Hercules needs no computer!

JASON
Hold on. Computer: how do we acquire the golden fleece?
(A beeping noise is heard. A crumpled up ball of paper is thrown at them from the wings.)
It says here that we must sail to the island of Minos, single-handedly destroy an army, and defeat a sleepless dragon. Cool.

NARRATOR 2
So they set out for Minos. Their first challenge: harpies.
(One actress enters holding Barbie doll torsos glued onto stuffed animals. It should look silly.)

JASON

Ah! Harpies!

ORPHEUS

Oh no!

HERCULES

What the heck are those things?

HARPIES

Sqwauk! Sqwauk!

JASON

I just said they were harpies weren't you listening?

NARRATOR 2

Fun fact: the word harpy is always used to describe a nagging woman. Like my ex-girlfriend. She was always like—

HARPIES

Are you ever planning on vacuuming in here, this place is gross. I'm serious, it's totally gross in here. And take out the garbage while you're at it. And do the dishes and are you're not wearing that tonight, are you?

HERCULES

Ah! I can't take it!
(HERCULES cowers.)

JASON

Castor, Pollux, you know what to do!

CASTOR and POLLUX

Wonder twin powers: Activate!

CASTOR

Shape of: a bucket of water!
(he becomes a bucket of water.)

POLLUX

Form of: a giant eagle!
(he begins to fly around.)
Sqwauk! Sqwauk! Begone harpies! I'm watching football all day!

HARPIES

Nooooo!

(The HARPIES fly off, defeated.)

JASON

Thanks wonder twins, you really saved us there.

CASTOR and POLLUX

No problem!

NARRATOR 1

But they couldn't rest for the now they faced: The Sirens.

(The same Actress that played the HARPIES enters, carrying more barbie dolls.)

SIRENS *(singing)*

Hey fellas. Come on over here.

HERCULES

Let's do it! I'm coming chicas!

(ATALANTA stands in front of them.)

ATALANTA

Stop! They're going to kill you.

HERCULES

I don't care! They sound cute.

ATALANTA

Men. Orpheus, can't you try to be at least a little bit useful?

ORPHEUS

What I'm sorry I wasn't listening to you. What's up, ladies?

CASTOR and POLLUX

We're twins.

ATALANTA

Orpheus. Snap out of it.

ORPHEUS

Okay um… I've got an idea.

(he takes up his lyre. Music plays.)

NARRATOR 1

So Orpheus played a song even more beautiful than the sirens' song and the sirens stopped singing and started listening to him cause he was just that hot.

(Everyone stops to look at ORPHEUS. Even the crew members.)

SIRENS

We love you! Call us!

HERCULES

I love you too.

JASON

You're pretty.
(he snaps out of it.)
In a manly way.

ATALANTA

Um… what are you doing after this? Cause if you're not doing anything, we could have a race.

ORPHEUS

Oh um—

ATALANTA

And if you win you can marry me.

ORPHEUS

That sounds nice.

ATALANTA

But if you lose I kill you.

ORPHEUS

I'm not really all that athletic.

JASON

Stop this banter! Look! Another challenge! It's…
(He waits and looks at the narrator.)

NARRATOR 2

It was the island of lonely single women.

HERCULES

Yay!
(The same Actress who has played the SIRENS and the HARPIES enters, carrying more Barbie dolls.)

LONELY SINGLE WOMEN

Hey fellas. What's going on? We're just a bunch of lonely single women over here. Anybody up for some cuddling?

(The ARGONAUTS, except for ATALANTA, rush over. Each of them grabs a Barbie doll.)

NARRATOR 1

Okay, wait, hold on. There's no island of lonely single women!

NARRATOR 2

I'm seriously not making this up. Look.

(He takes out a copy of the mythology books and shows it to NARRATOR 1.)

NARRATOR 1

This is ridiculous.

NARRATOR 2

Their husbands were all cheaters, so in the middle of the night they got together and killed them all.

(The ARGONAUTS stop cuddling and stop to look at the narrator, horrified.)

LONELY SINGLE WOMEN

We're looking for commitment.

HERCULES

Let's get out of here!

(The ARGONAUTS drop the barbies and run to the other side of the stage.)

JASON

That was a close one.

CASTOR and POLLUX

You can say that again.

JASON

That was a close one.

CASTOR and POLLUX *(very fake)*

Ha ha ha.

NARRATOR 2

The next island held a princess: Medea.

(the same Actress who has played everything else appears as MEDEA.)

MEDEA

Hey there Argonauts.

JASON

Hi Medea.

MEDEA

Can I hang out on your boat?

JASON

Sure. Hey. Your name sounds a little familiar. Medea. Medea. Isn't there some kind of Greek tragedy named Medea?

MEDEA

You're imagining things. I love you.

JASON

I love you too and I'm sure there won't be any negative consequences from this relationship.

(They hug and freeze.)

NARRATOR 1

Okay, stop. You know I love a good epic as much as the next person, but it seems like all this story is is a bunch of womanizers sailing around fighting girls.

NARRATOR 2

I know. It's awesome.

NARRATOR 1

Isn't there something they can do besides that?

NARRATOR 2

Well—okay.

MEDEA

By the way, my Dad is king here and he's the one guarding the fleece. And he's got a whole army that's going to fight you.

HERCULES

We can take `em! It's clobbering time!

MEDEA

Luckily for you, I'm a witch—

JASON

Don't say that, sweetheart.

MEDEA

No I'm a serious witch.

ATALANTA

I always thought you were a witch.

MEDEA

Jealous much? Anyway, I've got an enchanted dragon's tooth which you can plant and will grow a thousand warriors to fight for you.

JASON

What do you ask in return?

MEDEA

Your eternal love.

JASON

No problem, baby.

NARRATOR 2

So Jason planted the tooth. And up popped a zombie.

(ZOMBIE enters.)

ZOMBIE

Brains.

NARRATOR 2

And then another zombie. And another. And another.

JASON

Zombies?

MEDEA

They're beautiful.

NARRATOR 2

And more and more until there were one thousand zombies. And they ate the king's army.

ZOMBIE

Brains.

JASON

Ah ha! I am Jason and I rule a zombie army!

ZOMBIE

Brains?

(The ZOMBIE begins to approach JASON.)

MEDEA

Oh one small detail: you can't turn them off and they only know how to kill. And you don't control them.

ZOMBIE

Brains.

JASON

Ah! Argonauts assemble!

HERCULES

It's clobbering time!

ORPHEUS

I'll stay in the back if you don't mind.

CASTOR and POLLUX

Wonder twin powers: activate!

CASTOR

Form of: a bucket of water!

(CASTOR becomes a bucket of water.)

POLLUX

Shape of: a tyrannosaurus rex! Rarrr! Rarrr!

(The one ZOMBIE approaches. POLLUX and HERCULES attack it.)

ZOMBIE

Brains.

HERCULES

There's too many of them, captain!

POLLUX

Rarrrr!

JASON

Castor, get in there!

CASTOR

I'm a bucket of water!

ATALANTA

Jason, I have an idea. I could run really fast—really really fast, I could run so fast I could run into the future go to a library, check out a book and discover how we defeated the zombie army.

Skipping Forward

CASTOR

It seems like the only thing I can turn into is a bucket of water when you get to turn into monsters. That's not fair.

POLLUX

You know what's really not fair: I'm immortal and you're not.

CASTOR

What?

POLLUX

Check it out.

(He hands the book to CASTOR.)

CASTOR

What the heck?

POLLUX

Yeah. Cause my father is Zeus and your father was an ordinary mortal.

CASTOR

Um… wait a minute: we're twins with different fathers?

POLLUX

Yep.

CASTOR

How does that work?

NARRATOR 2 *(snatching the book away from them)*

And once again the Greek knowledge of where babies comes from shines through!

NARRATOR 1 *(thrilling announcer voice)*

Moments later, back at the Argos.

(sound effect)

JASON

Well, we defeated that dragon, got the golden fleece and are sailing for home. Mission accomplished.

MEDEA

Um… my Dad is a little bit ticked that you killed his entire army with zombies.

JASON

He'll get over it.

MEDEA

He's chasing us down with his fleet.

JASON

What can we do?

HERCULES

Let's fight them!

MEDEA

Lucky for you, I kidnapped my little brother.

(MEDEA reaches off-stage and grabs her BROTHER.)

So in order to slow my dad down I'm going to chop off all his fingers and toes and scatter them in the water. My Dad'll have to take a lot of time tracking them all down and we can escape.

(Pause. They all look at MEDEA and take a step back from her.)

Cool? Cool.

(She takes BROTHER off-stage. The ARGONAUTS are stunned.)

ORPHEUS

Um… good luck with that marriage.

NARRATOR 2

And so they made it back, with the fleece, Jason became king, he married Medea and they lived happily ever… well… maybe not so happily ever after.

NARRATOR 1

You can read about it in this play by Euripides: Medea.

NARRATOR 2

I bet that's fun!

NARRATOR 1

You know what—I had an idea. Just for kicks let's do that one and then let the audience go the bathroom.

NARRATOR 2

Do we have to?

NARRATOR 1

It's actually required by law.

NARRATOR 2

Dang it.

NARRATOR 1

But to make things more interesting: we're doing to do it as a mime!

NARRATOR 2

Score!

(JASON runs out. He smiles and waves.)

(MEDEA runs out. She smiles and waves.)

(JASON gets on his knees and proposes.)

(MEDEA says yes I'd love too!)

(They get married.)

(MEDEA mimes having a baby. She hands the baby over to JASON. He smiles and rocks it. MEDEA puts a finger up as if to say: hold on. She gives birth to a second baby. She smiles and rocks it.)

(They are ever so happy.)

(A GIRL enters. She smiles and waves coquettishly at JASON. JASON drops the baby in his arms and sidles up next to the girl.)

(MEDEA looks sad.)

(JASON proposes to GIRL. She says yes.)

(MEDEA looks angry.)

(She taps JASON on the shoulder as if to say, "it's okay. I understand.")

(JASON gives her a quick hug. He gets in the position to marry GIRL.)

(MEDEA points at GIRL and makes a magical sign.)

(GIRL screams (silently), ignites, and burns into a tiny pile of dust. JASON makes the "oh no!" face.)

(MEDEA taps him on the shoulder.)

(She brings him two little children. She pats them on the head.)

(MEDEA points at the two children and makes a magical sign.)

(MEDEA shows one child igniting and burning into a tiny pile of dust.)

(MEDEA shows the second child igniting and burning into a tiny pile of dust.)

(JASON makes the "oh no!" face again.)

(MEDEA kills herself with a knife.)

(JASON sinks to his knees and holds his head.)

NARRATOR 1

Moral of the story:

NARRATOR 2

Don't marry a witch. And we're taking a fifteen minute break!

NARRATOR 1

Then come on back for act two! Trust me, there's plenty more where this came from!

NARRATOR 2

Except no more mime!

NARRATOR 1

Yay!

(Lights down.)

(End of Act One.)

Act Two

Chapter VIII. Greek Bedtime Stories.

NARRATOR 1

Welcome back everyone!

NARRATOR 2

Let's get right back into it, shall we? Are you ready actors?

ACTOR *(off-stage)*

Hold on! I'm having toga problems!

NARRATOR 2

Well, while they're figuring out how to tie up their togas, let's examine the purpose of the myths. Why were they telling them?

NARRATOR 1

They were telling them to perpetuate a male-dominated hierarchy in which women could be subjugated and controlled.

NARRATOR 2 *(smiling)*

You and your crazy feminist stuff. Nope! These were bedtime stories!

NARRATOR 1

Bedtime stories?

NARRATOR 2

Exactly. And sometimes when you wanted the kids to go to sleep and not talk back, you told them a story like this: The myth of Linus.

(Two innocent CHILDREN run up to NARRATOR 2 and sit at his feet. Mysteriously, they have British accents.)

CHILD 1

Oh Papa, please tell us a story.

CHILD 2

Please, sir?

CHILD 1

We'll be ever-so grateful.

NARRATOR 2

All right kids. What would you like to hear about?

CHILD 2

I'd like to hear about Hercules, please.

CHILD 1

Tell us the story of Zeus and his track shorts again, Papa.

NARRATOR 2

No no, Daddy has a special story for tonight. The story… of Linus.

NARRATOR 1

Isn't he that kid from Peanuts?

NARRATOR 2

You're ruining the magic! Stop it. Now children, Linus was a music teacher.

CHILD 1

Oh how wonderful!

(LINUS enters with a flute.)

CHILD 2

I like this story!

NARRATOR 2

And Linus had one very special student: Hercules.

(HERCULES enters with his own flute.)

CHILD 2

Oh Hercules!

CHILD 1

Hercules is ever-so wonderful!

CHILD 2

Do go on, Papa!

NARRATOR 2

Well Hercules was very strong, but—

LINUS

You're not a very good musician.

NARRATOR 2

Well Hercules didn't like to be criticized, so—

(HERCULES smacks LINUS, who falls over like a stone.)

He killed him. The end.

(HERCULES tries to play his flute, gets angry, and drops it.)

Go to bed, kids.

(The CHILDREN are traumatized.)

NARRATOR 1

Perhaps Mommy ought to read you a bedtime story.
(The CHILDREN recover and rush over to her.)

CHILD 1

Oh please do, Mama!

CHILD 2

I like bedtime stories ever-so much!

CHILD 1

I want to hear about the minotaur!

CHILD 2

And I want to hear about a hybrid monster!

NARRATOR 1

Well, we have a special story tonight.

CHILD 1

Oh how I love special stories!

CHILD 2

Does it have a hybrid monster in it?

NARRATOR 1

No. This is a story about Marysas.

NARRATOR 2

Never heard of him.
(MARYSAS enters.)

NARRATOR 1

And one day he discovered a flute.
(MARYSAS discovers the flute of HERCULES.)
And Marysas was an excellent floutist.

CHILD 1

Oh joy!

CHILD 2

I want to be a flutist, Mama!

NARRATOR 1

Well darling if you pronounce it flutist everyone will laugh at you. It's floutist.

CHILD 2

Oh!

NARRATOR 1

Don't worry, no one expects much of you.

CHILD 2

Yay!

CHILD 1

Can I be a floutist, Mama?

NARRATOR 1

Yes darling. Now Marysas played his flute and he flouted this flute.

(MARYSAS plays his flute.)

And he was so wonderful

CHILD 1

Oh how I love wonderful people!

NARRATOR 1

That he challenged the god Apollo to a flouting contest.

(APOLLO enters with his own flute. MARYSAS plays his flute.)

Well…

CHILD 2

I wonder who won?

NARRATOR 1

Apollo won dear. He's a God. Don't be stupid. And as punishment for his impertinence—

(APOLLO smacks MARYSAS on the head and he drops like a stone.)

He killed him.

(The children are traumatized.)

Actually, children. He didn't kill him.

(MARYSAS starts to get back up.)

He had him flayed alive.

(MARYSAS goes down again. The children are even more traumatized. APOLLO goes off playing his flute.)

Go to bed.

NARRATOR 2

That's okay children, Daddy has another bedtime story for you.

(The CHILDREN don't move.)

CHILD 1

Um… we're just going to go to bed.

CHILD 2

Yeah.

NARRATOR 2

Good.

(They scamper off-stage.)

So… in conclusion, most bedtime stories ended with the phrase: "And so he was killed." The Greeks were a horribly traumatized people.

CHAPTER IX.
Icarus. I Can Fly! Sort of.

NARRATOR 1

Speaking of horrible, horrible trauma. There once was an amazing inventor named Daedalus—

(DAEDALUS enters. He looks a lot like Einstein.)

And he invented things like—

DAEDALUS

My time machine! Moo ah ha ha ha!

NARRATOR 1

Um… no—

DAEDALUS

Yes, now I shall unlock the mystery of the atom—the very secrets of the universe are at my command! I shall use this to—

SUE *(off-stage)*

Honey! There's someone here to see you!

DAEDELUS

I'm not taking visitors!

(SUE enters.)

Woman.

SUE

Don't you woman me.

NARRATOR 1

It was his wife who was named…

(she looks through notes.)

Sue.

DAEDELUS

Sue. I told you I was busy.

NARRATOR 2

Now, as we learned previously, women were a curse upon mankind and—

NARRATOR 1

Stop it. Stop it. Get off the stage.

NARRATOR 2

I'm just going by the—

NARRATOR 1

Can I just tell one myth without you interrupting?

NARRATOR 2

Fine. I just thought you might need help because you're clearly inferior.
(he runs off.)

NARRATOR 1

Where was I? Oh yes, his wife… Sue.

SUE

I can't live like this. Every night you're in your little office doing Zeus-knows-what, building things, inventing things—

DAEDALUS

I invented a clockwork owl—

SUE

I don't care any more! Where is the man I married? The man with a strong chin and gentle fingers and a fake Italian accent? Where did he go? What about your family? When was the last time you talked to your son, hmm?

DAEDALUS

We have a son?

SUE

He's fifteen years old!

DAEDALUS

Whoah. Seriously? Well send him on down, I could use an assistant in the lab since my hunchback retired.

SUE

He's not working for you! He's staying with me and focusing on studying needlepoint. Manly pursuits! Except the needlepoint stuff, that's a little bit girly, but he's very… confused about… never mind about him! He's had to grow up without a father—what do you expect out of him?

DAEDALUS

I wasn't saying anything. Send little junior down.

SUE

Do you remember his name?

DAEDALUS

I didn't even know he existed! How am I supposed to know his name? Jeez. Listen to yourself. Honey—look, I know things haven't worked out as planned. But that's because, deep down, I care a lot more about my inventions than I do about you or little…

SUE

Icarus.

DAEDALUS

Ica—?

SUE

Icarus.

DAEDALUS

Icarus? Bet he gets made fun of at school. `Ick! There's Icarus!' Ha ha ha. I never would have named him that. But my point, sweetheart, is that your expectations for me are too high. If you just lowered them way down we'd have a great marriage. How about it?

SUE

How about what?

DAEDALUS

What?

SUE

How about what?

DAEDALUS

What do you mean what?

SUE

No I'm asking you how about what?

DEADALUS

I don't know.

SUE

Are you even paying attention to me any more?

DAEDALUS

What?

SUE

Arrrgh. Oh yeah, the king is here to see you.
(The KING enters with a flourish.)

KING

Greetings loyal subjects!

DAEDALUS

Your majesty!

KING

Rise, peasant scum.

DAEDALUS

Thank you your majesty!

KING

I have come for the inventor Daedalus!

DAEDALUS

It is I, your majesty.

KING

Groovy.

DAEDALUS

How can I help you?

KING

Well… funny story… woman can you get me some tea? Thanks.
(SUE shakes her head in anger and leaves.)
Nice wife. Good haunches.

DAEDALUS

Who?

KING

That girl. What's her name?

DAEDALUS

Um…

KING

Not important. Anyhoo. I've got a tiny little problem. Let's say for the sake of argument that there's an imaginary king, and he has an imaginary queen who has given birth to an imaginary child. And the child, well, he's a little bit… I guess the word I would like to use here would be… monstrous.

DAEDALUS

A monstrous child?

KING

Bingo.

DAEDALUS

Is he a sea monster or a land monster?

KING

He's half bull, half-human.

DAEDALUS

I'd call that more of an abomination than a monster.

KING

Oh no he's a monster. I checked. We named him the minotaur, and now all he does is chase down peasants and eat them. He's quite terrible. I guess I never should have given him that axe for his fifth birthday. I have a hard time saying no. He's just so cute with that little ring through his nose and all that adorable stomping and slaying the peasants. Are you a father?

DAEDALUS

I'm not sure.

KING

Most rewarding thing you can ever do. So I want you to imprison my son for eternity.

DAEDALUS

Like a giant play area kind of thing?

KING

Yeah, except with more spikes and…

DAEDALUS

Ooh. I know. Poisonous frogs. On every wall. Radioactive poisonous frogs.

KING

That sounds good.

DAEDALUS

With laser beams. And you could stick helicopter blades to their backs and they could fly—

KING

Something like that. Let your imagination run wild.

DAEDALUS

Mutant, radioactive—

KING

Just get it done.

DAEDALUS

And what, may I ask, is my payment?

KING

I'm sorry I can't hear you.

DAEDALUS

Payment?

KING

What?

DAEDALUS

Money?

KING

Sorry?

DAEDALUS

What am I getting paid?

KING

You're breaking up. Shsshhhshh.

DAEDALUS

I'm right here.

KING

Some kind of interference or something. Darn cell phones.
(he leaves.)

DAEDALUS

Jerk.

NARRATOR 1

And so… bending the powers of space and time, utilizing his brilliant inventive mind, Daedalus created—

DAEDALUS

Moo ah ha ha! It's *alive!*
(NARRATOR 2 returns.)

NARRATOR 2

A big maze.

DAEDALUS

A *big maze*! Ah ha ha ha!

NARRATOR 1

But then he realized something—

NARRATOR 2

He had built it around himself.

DAEDALUS

Hey um… does anyone know how to get out of this thing? Shoot.

NARRATOR 2

You see, he was academically gifted, but not very street smart. It happens. Right, *<Narrator 1's name>?*

NARRATOR 1

What?

NARRATOR 2

Exactly. I guess you could call him… a Greek Geek.

NARRATOR 1

Anyway, so after two years he made it out.

DAEDALUS

Honey I'm home!
(SUE enters with BOB.)

Skipping Forward

What kind of boy are you? In my day, everyone wanted duck flippers. You can splash around—fine. I've got another idea. I'm going to drill a hole in your head for a whale spout.

ICARUS

No thank you.

DAEDALUS

Replace your nose with an elephant trunk? Attach deer antlers on your head? A tail?

ICARUS

No. No. No.

DAEDALUS

I just don't understand kids today. All right fine. How about wings?

ICARUS

Wings?

DAEDALUS

You know those things that birds have?

ICARUS

I know. I know. Um… wings sound great.

DAEDALUS

Now I am going to have to take your arms off.

ICARUS

Why?

DAEDALUS

It's more fun for me that way. Okay, fine jeez. I'll just attach them to your shoulderblades, is that better for you you little wuss?

ICARUS

Yes.

NARRATOR 1

So Daedalus built a pair of wings out of wax—

ICARUS

Do you think it's smart to make them out of wax, Dad?

DAEDALUS

Ha ha ha shut up.

(DAEDALUS attaches a pair of fake-looking wings to ICARUS.)

NARRATOR 1

So he built the wings out of wax and attached them to Icarus.

ICARUS

I can fly!

DAEDALUS

All right boy! Fly!

ICARUS

I can fly!

(ICARUS flies off.)

DAEDALUS

Hmm… wax. Maybe that wasn't the best idea. Oh well.

(He exits.)

NARRATOR 1

No it wasn't exactly the best idea. Because the sun was hot that day.

(ICARUS returns.)

ICARUS *(singing)*

I can fly higher than an eagle. Cause you are the wind beneath my—crap they're melting! Aaaaaaaaaah!

NARRATOR 1

I guess he shouldn't have flown higher than an eagle.

(Spotlight on ICARUS.)

ICARUS *(to the audience)*

Um… as I'm falling to my impending and rather messy death, I'd like to take a moment to explore one of the theme's of tonight's show. Now I know what some of you are thinking: isn't the theme of tonight's play that women are responsible for everything wrong in the world? And you're right—that's a pretty powerful theme in Greek mythology. But… there's another theme. And this is one I'd like to call: know your place. Now, if you look at my wings, they're a symbol. Let's call them: man's dreams. And let's call the sun: the unyielding, uncaring steamroller of reality. So here I have my dreams, I'm flying, it's beautiful, blah blah blah, hey look at me Dad, and I come in contact with: the unyielding, uncaring steamroller of reality. Bam. No more dreams. I fall to my death. So the lesson to take from this: don't try for too much in your life. Aaaaaaaah. Splat.

(Lights down on ICARUS.)

(Spotlight on DAEDALUS.)

DAEDALUS

I can't help feeling I'm partially responsible for that. Oh well.

(he leaves.)

NARRATOR 2

Wow. Pretty bleak.

NARRATOR 1

The best myths are.

CHAPTER XI. Destroy all Monsters!

NARRATOR 2

Well, to take our minds off that, It's time for the game show portion of the show: Destroy all Monsters!

(Game show theme music plays.)

NARRATOR 1

Woo! Woo!

NARRATOR 2

In this section of the play, we the actors, will test you, the audience's ability to identify the monsters of Greek Mythology using only your brains.

NARRATOR 1

Only your ears.

NARRATOR 2

Only the ear portion of your brains. Now, we're going to need a volunteer! Can I have a volunteer from the audience please? Anyone, anyone, you don't have to be attractive to get on the stage, don't worry.

(NARRATOR 2 heads into the audience.)

Anyone? Does anyone want to come onto the stage? All right: you!

(NARRATOR 2 grabs PLANT and brings them onto the stage. Note: PLANT should have been in the audience the entire time, have come with friends, etc… PLANT would work best if they were not the same age as the performers (i.e. parent of a student performer)

All right. What's your name?

PLANT

<*Real name.*>

NARRATOR 2

Okay, let's hear it for <*real name*>, everyone! Now—let me explain the game:

NARRATOR 1

Destroy all monsters!

NARRATOR 2

Yes, that is the name of the game. Thank you.

NARRATOR 1

Destroy all monsters!

NARRATOR 2

Our actors are going to make the sound of a famous Greek monster and you have to name them. It's simple. A child could do it. You might be able to handle it.

PLANT

All right.

NARRATOR 2

To make it a little more difficult, we're going to blindfold you.

PLANT

Okay.

NARRATOR 2

And then we're going to stick you in a soundproof booth.

NARRATOR 1

Um… question: if (s)he's blindfolded and in a soundproof both, how is (s)he going to be able to name the monster?

NARRATOR 2

I think it's a little bit late to be bringing up problems right now, okay? We'll do a sample one right now. Ready actors?

ACTORS *(off-stage)*

Wooo!

NARRATOR 2

Okay, and… name this monster!

ACTORS *(off-stage)*

Yarrhghahjafdlasfdhafhahsfhahash! Ahsfhawhwjgjghahjh! Mrruquueug. Blah.

NARRATOR 2

What is it?

(NARRATOR 2 stares expectantly at PLANT.)

PLANT

Um… I don't know.

NARRATOR 2

Ooh! Wrong answer! That was Argos—the one-hundred eyed monstrosity who watched over Zeus' mistress Io and was eventually slain by Hermes and then had his eyes sucked out and placed on the feathers of a peacock. Come on, these are easy!

PLANT

I've never heard of that.

NARRATOR 2 *(laughing)*

You aren't going to do very well at this show. Now, because we are federally mandated show—we're going to show that simply increasing the stakes of the test will automatically improve scores.

NARRATOR 1

It's amazing how this works. Your tax dollars at work!

NARRATOR 2

So… if you are incorrect, the monster will appear and eat you.

PLANT

What?

NARRATOR 1

They're not actually going to eat you.

NARRATOR 2

It's just a poison that's injected into you that gives you the appearance of death. And then after you're buried you can be brought back as a zombie. No worries! Okay, now you're going into the soundproof booth.

PLANT

But I thought that—

NARRATOR 2

You're not paid to think! Okay, take him(her) away!

(PLANT is escorted off-stage.)

Now that (s)he's gone, we're gonna do a little something different. Audience, you're going to be one of the monsters. The Chimera. (KY-MARE-a.) Now. The Chimera, as you all know—

NARRATOR 1

Isn't it Chimera? (Shim-er-a)

NARRATOR 2

Shut up. You've got three heads okay. You've got a dragon head. This section is going to be my dragon head. So what you're going to do is roar. Okay. Audience. When I point to you—*Roar!*

AUDIENCE

Roar!!

NARRATOR 2

Now the middle of you—here—you're the goat section. You're the lame section of the monster. Okay? Baaaa!

NARRATOR 1

That's a sheep.

NARRATOR 2

A goat um… a goat says… what noise does a goat make?

NARRATOR 1

Can we um…

(asks someone in the audience)

Can someone help us out here? Is there a goat farmer in the audience? No. Anyone own goats? What noise would the middle of a goat make? Let's say it has a head too.

(talks to audience member.)

NARRATOR 2

Okay let's do that. Thank you goat farmer. Your reward is in heaven. So Bleat!

AUDIENCE

Bleat!

NARRATOR 2

Now this third section, you are the lion head, so you make a um… so when I point to you, roar. Got it?

(NARRATOR 2 points to the audience.)

AUDIENCE

Roar!

NARRATOR 1

Um… two of the heads make the same sound.

NARRATOR 2

I fail to see your point.

NARRATOR 1

You can't have two of the heads make the same sound. That's stupid.

NARRATOR 2

You're stupid. If you're so smart, what noise should the dragon make?

NARRATOR 1

How about… um…

NARRATOR 2

Not so smart now, are ya?

NARRATOR 1

How about they just say `Dragon'? Okay, let's do it. Instead of roaring you guys over here just say "Dragon!"

AUDIENCE

Dragon!

NARRATOR 2

Lame.

NARRATOR 1

Just go with it okay?

NARRATOR 2

Fine. All right, let's bring our contestant back out here!

(PLANT returns to the stage, blindfolded now.)

All right! Can you see anything?

PLANT

No.

(NARRATOR 2 waves his hand in front of PLANT's face.)

NARRATOR 2

Can you see anything now?

PLANT

See what?

NARRATOR 2

Perfect.

NARRATOR 1

Are the monsters ready?

OFF-STAGE VOICES *(monster voices)*

Roarrghg! Cheep! Awooga! Gruff! Mmmargghgh! Trix are for Kids! Eeeeee!

PLANT

So the monster comes out—?

NARRATOR 2

Cool? Okay! Let's hear Monster number 1.

MONSTER 1 *(off-stage)*

Aaarrrrarrrrrrrragghfhaehrrrrrrgggaaa

(make this go as long as possible—perhaps taking a breath or two and then continuing with a growling screech.)

Aarrhghamarrrgarrrraggghahrrrhghahrhh.

NARRATOR 2

Name that monster!

PLANT

I don't know.

NARRATOR 2

Come on. Give it a shot. What was that?

PLANT

Um… the… I don't even remember any of these. The hydra?

NARRATOR 1

Did you say the Hydra?

PLANT

That's the one with all the heads, right?

NARRATOR 1

That's actually right. That's actually right.

PLANT

Really? Wow.

NARRATOR 2

Okay! Time for monster number two! Ready?

PLANT

Okay.

(NARRATOR 1 points at the audience.)

AUDIENCE

Dragon!
Bleat!
Roar!

NARRATOR 2

You wanna hear it again?
(NARRATOR 1 points at the audience again.)

AUDIENCE

Dragon!
Bleat!
Roar!

PLANT

Oh wait, wait—it's that thing!

NARRATOR 1

I'm sorry—that thing is not the right answer.

PLANT

No no it's got the um… it's got the dragon head and the goat part and the um… the bear—not a bear it's uh… it's… the chimera! (Shim-er-a.)

NARRATOR 1

That's right! That's right!

NARRATOR 2

Actually it's pronounced Chimera. (Ki-mare-a.)

NARRATOR 1

Whatever. All right! Are you ready for monster number three?

PLANT

Okay.

NARRATOR 2

Okay, go actors!

OFF-STAGE VOICES *(high-pitched)*

Ooooooooooooooooooooooh!

NARRATOR 1

Name that monster!

PLANT

Um… no idea.

NARRATOR 2
That is not correct! The correct answer was Mothra!

PLANT
Isn't that from Godzilla?

NARRATOR 2
Nope! Mothra was a giant moth that ate the world around 800 BC. The sound you heard was its echolocation sonic boom. Now, since you've failed the test, you are going to be punished.
(ACTORS run out and grab PLANT and drag him off-stage.)

PLANT *(screaming, off-stage)*
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

NARRATOR 1
Anyone else want to play? Nope? Okay then.

CHAPTER XI. Orpheus and Eurydice. The first emo love story.

NARRATOR 1
Well that brings us to the most beautiful love story of all time.

NARRATOR 2
Which, because this is Greek, ends in horrible, horrible death.

NARRATOR 1
Happily.

NARRATOR 2
Happily in horrible, horrible death.

NARRATOR 1
Now, if you remember this guy from before:
(ORPHEUS enters.)
Orpheus. He's sensitive. He's into music. He's got great hair. He's a little emo. But that's cool, cause a girl could kinda go for that. He's got magical powers. Everything you'd want in a guy.

NARRATOR 2
Not immortal.

NARRATOR 1
Except for that.

ORPHEUS

I thought I was immortal.

NARRATOR 1

Nope. Half-gods are not immortal.
(HERCULES enters.)

HERCULES

Except for me! Boo ya!
(HERCULES leaves.)

ORPHEUS

Hercules sucks.

NARRATOR 2

I hate to break this to you, Orpheus, but you're a demi-god. A lesser god if you will. A god that showed up because your Dad was mixing it up with the mortals, if you know what I mean.

ORPHEUS

This is why I'm depressed. My father was never around when I was growing up. The only thing I've got is my music. My music and dark clothing.

NARRATOR 1

But then one day a new girl moved to town: Eurydice.
(EURYDICE enters.)

EURYDICE

Hey.

ORPHEUS

Hey.

EURYDICE

So… uh… I'm in new in town.

ORPHEUS

My Dad's a god.

EURYDICE

Cool.

ORPHEUS

Can I tell you something?

EURYDICE

Yeah.

ORPHEUS

If I was a man dying in the desert, with a thousand suns burning down upon my back, I would trade a cool lake of water for one second to gaze upon you.

(Pause.)

EURYDICE

Okay. We'll I'll see you later.

(She leaves.)

NARRATOR 1

But like every great love story, they had a problem.

(APOLLO enters.)

APOLLO

Why were you hanging out with that mortal girl?

ORPHEUS

Why do you care, Dad?!

APOLLO

I just want what's best for you. I've found this great muse for you. She's spunky, she a little punk, I know you like that kind of thing—

ORPHEUS

Stay out of my love life!!

APOLLO

Hey. Hey. I'm your father!

ORPHEUS

You're not my father! You're just some jerk who shows up every once in a while and goes back to being the sun! Well I hate you! You got it!? I hate you! Why do you think I wear black! Huh? Huh?!

APOLLO

You're going through a phase right now. Like the moon.

ORPHEUS

Shut up! Just shut up!

(ORPHEUS runs out.)

I'm gonna go write in my journal!

APOLLO

Why don't you do it outside, you can get a tan!

ORPHEUS

Never!

(ORPHEUS locks himself in his room and cries.)

NARRATOR 1

The next day…

(EURYDICE enters.)

EURYDICE

Hey Orpheus.

ORPHEUS

Hey.

EURYDICE

What are you doing tonight?

ORPHEUS

I'm going to fall asleep so that I might have the briefest chance to dream of your touch upon my skin and have the possibility, however slight, that you might love me in the cool darkness of the night.

EURYDICE

I'm going to the movies. You wanna come along?

ORPHEUS

Yeah, sure.

(She darts off as APOLLO enters.)

APOLLO

Son.

ORPHEUS

What do you want?

APOLLO

I know you're infatuated with this mortal girl right now—

ORPHEUS

You don't know anything about it.

APOLLO

It's something we all do. But you're not seriously considering marrying her, are you? I mean… we're different than them. You understand? What happens when she gets old? She's gonna be all gross and wrinkly and you're gonna be young forever. People are

gonna be like, `hey what are you doing out with your grandmother?' Gods aren't like people, boy.

ORPHEUS

Well I'm not a god either, am I? I'm just a demi-god!

APOLLO

But you're still gonna live for a thousand years. Look, take a page out of Zeus' book—find a mortal girl, have a little fun, and then leave. You can't fall in love with mortals. I forbid it.

ORPHEUS

What are you gonna do about it?!

APOLLO

I'm God of the Sun, right? Let's say you're walking to the store with what's her face—

ORPHEUS

Eurydice.

APOLLO

Your idiocy? That's her name? What were her parents thinking?

ORPHEUS

It's a beautiful name.

APOLLO

Whatever. Anyway, you're walking along with the idiot girl and then she looks up at the sky, and oh boy, the sun just drops on her face and burns her to a crisp. She's beautiful one minute, the next minute she's a smoking hole on the ground. What do you think about that?

ORPHEUS

I love her, Dad. Maybe you can't understand that.

APOLLO

You're grounded.

ORPHEUS

This is so unfair!

APOLLO

Look, you got it good buddy. My Dad? When he was three days old grandpa ate him. Okay? He spent the first nine hundred years of his life digesting in a pool of stomach acid, all right? So don't tell me I'm being unfair. I could tie you up and have birds eat your liver every day, you want that? So don't talk back to me!

(APOLLO storms out.)

EURYDICE

Hey Orpheus.

ORPHEUS

When springtime comes and—

EURYDICE

Hold up. Hold up. My Dad says I can't go out with you any more.

ORPHEUS

What?

EURYDICE

Apparently he had a dream where the sun ate our house and he took that as a bad sign. So we're gonna have to break up.

ORPHEUS

No! You can't do this!

EURYDICE

Sorry. We're just too different.

ORPHEUS

I love you! Noooo!

EURYDICE

I have to go, Orphy.

(EURYDICE leaves. ORPHEUS sinks to his knees and tears at his hair.)

NARRATOR 1

So he did what any immensely poetical guy would do.

(ORPHEUS leaves as EURYDICE enters in a bathrobe.)

EURYDICE

Oh Orpheus, if only you knew that I really do love you. If only…

(she hears something.)

What's that?

(A love song is heard. Something like "In your Eyes" by Peter Gabriel. The music begins to get louder. EURYDICE looks out her "window." ORPHEUS enters, holding a boom box over his head. The music is very loud. She runs to him.)

EURYDICE

I love you!

ORPHEUS

I love you!

EURYDICE

Who cares what our parents say?

ORPHEUS

Let's get married right here!

EURYDICE

Sweet!

NARRATOR 1

And so they were married. And as Eurydice went to cut the cake a snake bit her and she died.

(EURYDICE dies suddenly.)

EURYDICE

Ack.

ORPHEUS

What the heck?! Are you kidding me?

(APOLLO enters.)

She just dies? We were married for three minutes!

APOLLO

Sorry kid. There'll be others. Let's go find some nymphs.

ORPHEUS

You did this, didn't you Dad?

APOLLO

I'm God of the Sun, not God of Snakes. I can't help if it she has bad luck. Let's go.

(APOLLO begins to leave.)

ORPHEUS

I still love her!

APOLLO

Well what are you gonna do now? You can't love a dead girl.

ORPHEUS

You wanna bet?

NARRATOR 1

So Orpheus came up with a plan.

ORPHEUS
I'll just go down to Hades and get her. Simple.

APOLLO
Hey uh… Orpheus? Can we talk? I'm not sure I approve of your life choices at the moment.

ORPHEUS
When have you ever approved of anything I've ever done?

APOLLO
You know you're not immortal, right?

ORPHEUS
Yeah, I'm aware Dad.

APOLLO
I overheard you talking a minute ago about going down to Hades. There are people down there who could be a bad influence on you. Let me talk, okay? I know it's cool to wear black and write depressing poetry and everything, but I gotta draw the line somewhere. The underworld is not cool.

ORPHEUS
I'm through listening to you!

NARRATOR 1
So Orpheus went down to Hades.

ORPHEUS
Hey uh… by the way—where is Hades?

NARRATOR 1
Go down the highways a ways, you'll see a Wendy's. Behind the Wendy's is a dumpster—if you climb in that dumpster there's a bucket of fry grease. Just jump into that and you'll be in the underworld.

ORPHEUS
O-kay.
(ORPHEUS exits.)

(CHARON enters, in a long robe.)

NARRATOR 1
His first encounter: the boatman. Charon.
(CHARON clears his throat for a long time.)

CHARON

Gghghghghghghgghghgglgkkkkkk.

ORPHEUS

Um… hey there. Funny story: I'm looking for my girlfriend.

CHARON

None may pass.

ORPHEUS

Okay yeah but um… true love, right? Don't you just love a good undead love story?

CHARON

None may… ghgghghgghghghgkkkgkgkk. Pass.

ORPHEUS

Can I play you a song I wrote about her?

(ORPHEUS plays an alternative love song. <If your actor can play a guitar, perfect. If not, overhead music works here too. Anything instrumental and sad-sounding..)

*(*sung to the tune of "Last Kiss")*
Oh where oh where can Eurydice be?
She's left living society
She's gone to Hades so I got to be cool
I'm gonna see my baby when I leave… this world.

It was bright near noon on our wedding day
She was beautiful in every way
She was bit in heel
She didn't even feel
I lost my love, my life that way

Oh where oh where can Eurydice be?
She's gone from my life you see
She's gone to Hades so I got to go down
To see my baby girl in darkness town.

NARRATOR 1

And the song he sang was so beautiful and so sad that all of Hades stopped for a second. Charon stopped rowing. Sisyphus stopped pushing a rock up a hill. The birds stopped pecking out Prometheus' liver.

(PROMETHUS runs on.)

PROMETHUS

Thanks!
(He runs off.)

NARRATOR 1
Everything fell in love with him right there. The stones. The rocks. Everything.
(HADES enters.)

HADES
Hey kid. That's some sound you got there.

ORPHEUS
Who are you?

HADES
I'm your Uncle Hades. Sheesh. Look I wanna sign you to a record deal, you got it? We're gonna go triple platinum with that thing. I've got this kid down here named Elvis, he's nothing compared to you. I'm talking number one on every chart.

ORPHEUS
I just want my girlfriend back.

HADES
That's sweet, that's sweet. Young love. We're gonna make a killing off that. Nobody leaves the underworld though.

ORPHEUS
Then I'm not doing the record deal.

HADES
Ah come on kid. Tell you what? I want to introduce you to some of your fans down here.
(FURIES enter.)
These are the Furies.

FURIES
OMG there he is! There he is!
(They scream.)
I love you!
I love you more!
I love you so much!
I want to just tear you apart I love you so much!

HADES
Girls, girls. Chill out.

FURIES
Marry me!

No marry me!
Forget about her, marry me!

HADES

Tell you what. You're a sweet kid, I'm gonna make you a deal. I'm gonna let her go back up to the world of the living. I don't do that for just anybody. But you got a great sound and we're gonna be rich. So here's the deal: She's gonna walk right behind you. If you can walk out of here without looking at her, you both live. If you look back at her though, I get to keep her forever, and I'm gonna give you over to your fans there.

FURIES

We love you!
We're going to eat you!
But we still love you!
Call us!

ORPHEUS

All right.

HADES

Turn around.
(ORPHEUS turns around.)
Hey sweetcheeks, get your tuckus out here!
(EURYDICE enters, wearing black.)
All right now you two crazy kids get out of here.
(They start walking.)

ORPHEUS

So what you have been up to?

EURYDICE

There's a lot of daytime TV down here, actually. It's kind of horrible.

ORPHEUS

That doesn't sound too bad.

EURYDICE

Thanks for coming and getting me.

ORPHEUS

No problem.
(They walk around in a little circle. EURYDICE trips.)

EURYDICE

Whoops.

ORPHEUS

You okay?
(he looks back at her.)

EURYDICE

Noooooooooo!

NARRATOR 1

And Eurydice was torn from his grasp.

ORPHEUS

Aaaaaaaaaah!

NARRATOR 1

And the girls descended on him.
(The FURIES grab ORPHEUS.)

FURIES

Yaayyyyyyy!
I saw him first!
No I saw him first!
He loves me!
No he doesn't he loves me!
Get off of him you cow!
You're the cow!
(They begin pulling him back and forth.)

NARRATOR 1

And they fought over him so much that they tore him into little pieces and he died right there.

ORPHEUS

Aaaaaah.
(He dies.)

FURIES

Whoops.
Um… we'll just be going then.
(The FURIES slink off, slightly ashamed of their behavior.)

NARRATOR 1

And Orpheus' spirit descended back into Hades and he met up with the girl that he loved.
(EURYDICE enters and puts a black cloak around ORPHEUS.)

ORPHEUS

Hey, now we're both dead.

NARRATOR 1

And they lived happily ever after in Hades. Well they didn't live. They were, you know, spirits and everything. But they were spirits in love for eternity. And Hades didn't let anyone torture them because Orpheus wrote some songs for Led Zeppelin. The end. And that was the very first emo love story.

NARRATOR 1

The Iliad is a recounting of the Trojan War composed by Homer—

NARRATOR 2

Homer! YES!!!!

NARRATOR 1

By Homer some time around seven hundred B.C. It was the first work he completed and as a result, it's a little… how do you say it?

(NARRATOR 2 is throwing things around and chanting like a football fan.)

NARRATOR 2

Il-i-ad! Il-i-ad! Il-i-ad!

NARRATOR 1

Immature. The Iliad is 8,674 lines long. Of those, 7,922 describe someone being killed.

NARRATOR 2

YES! YES!

(NARRATOR 2 finds two swords and begins waving them around like pom pons.)

Two four six eight! Death death death death is great!

NARRATOR 1

You know what? It's just—could you stop that for a second? I just—I don't like the Iliad. It's like the target audience is eight year old boys.

NARRATOR 2

So?

NARRATOR 1

I like stories with narrative complexity and deeper meanings and application to our daily lives.

NARRATOR 2

See I prefer stories that aren't boring.

NARRATOR 1

Well, since no study of mythology is not complete without a history of the Trojan war—

NARRATOR 2

WAR!!!

NARRATOR 1

We are going to present it as if it were performed by its target audience: eight year old boys.

(NARRATOR 2 runs off-stage to general hub-hub.)

So… why was there a war you ask?

ACTOR

Who cares?!

NARRATOR 1

I care, darn it, and I'm going to explain it!

(ACTOR runs out on stage carrying a sword. He kills NARRATOR 1.)

ACTOR

Now you're dead!

NARRATOR 1

I am not dead, I am here to give context—

(ACTOR stabs NARRATOR 1 again.)

ACTOR

Now you're dead again!

NARRATOR 1

I am not dead.

ACTOR

Cheater! Rule check!

(ACTOR 2 appears.)

She says she's not dead!

NARRATOR 1

You can't kill me I'm—

ACTOR 2

Did he stab you?

NARRATOR 1

Yes he did—

ACTOR 2

Then you're dead.

ACTOR 1

I told you you were dead.

(ACTOR 1 stabs her again.)

I just stabbed you again. You're triple dead.

NARRATOR 1

There is no such thing as triple dead!

ACTOR 2

Actually there is. It means you've been stabbed three times. That's okay, you can come back to life in two minutes.

NARRATOR 1

Well good luck telling this story then—

ACTOR 1

Why are you still talking?

NARRATOR 1

Fine.

(NARRATOR 1 collapses.)

Ack. I'm dead.

ACTOR 1

Yay! She's dead!

(The TROJANS enter. They wear red and gold if at all possible. Opposing them are the GREEKS, including ACHILLES. They wear different uniforms.)

TROJAN

What do you want, Geeks?

GREEK

It's Greeks! How many times do I have to tell you that?!

TROJAN

What do you want, Geeks?

(The TROJANS laugh.)

GREEK

That's it! This is war!

(Everyone pulls out very fake-looking swords. One GREEK gets out an imaginary machine gun and begins gunning down the Trojans.)

TROJAN

Hey hey hey! You can't do that!

GREEK 2
Here's my rocket launcher! Booooooooom! Smash!

TROJAN
Time out! Time out!

GREEK
No time outs!

TROJAN
I said time out!

GREEK
There are no time outs!

TROJAN
We're using swords—you can't use a machine gun!

GREEK 2
We Greeks have advanced beyond your puny civilization!
(The TROJANS lay down their weapons.)

TROJAN
We're not playing then.

GREEK
Oh come on.

TROJAN
We're doing this with swords or not at all.

GREEK
Fine. Put the machine gun away.

GREEK 2
Fine. You guys are no fun. I still get to have a robot then.

GREEK
No robots.

GREEK 2
I'm going home then.

GREEK
You can't go home! We need you!

GREEK 2

I didn't want to play this stupid war any way. And I'm taking my swords.

(GREEK 2 takes GREEK's sword away.)

TROJAN

Come on guys, lets get `em!

GREEK

Come on, I don't even have a weapon!

(The TROJANS stab the GREEK repeatedly.)

TROJAN

You're dead, I hit you, you're dead!

GREEK

Fine. Ack.

(GREEK dies. NARRATOR 1 recovers.)

NARRATOR 1

So the battle was not going well for the Greeks—they appealed to their great hero, Achilles. Now, Achilles' mother had dipped him in the river Styx when he was an infant, so he was invulnerable to harm.

(ACHILLES enters. The TROJANS attack him.)

TROJAN

You're dead! I hit you!

ACHILLES

Shield.

TROJAN 2

I hit you in the back!

ACHILLES

Shield.

End of Excerpt
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