

HERKY JOKESON AND THE FAUX-LYMPIANS: THE BLAMBURGLAR

by Dean O'Carroll

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SYNOPSIS: Get ready for a laugh riot with "Herky Jokeson and the Faux-Lympians: The Blamburlar"! Our hero, Herky Jokeson, is just a teenage boy who discovers he's a "half-and-half"—half human, half Greek god. When his mother vanishes and he's falsely accused of snatching Seuss's (that's Zeus's!) "Blam" (his thunderbolt!), Herky's flung into a hilariously chaotic quest to the Underworld!

DURATION: 40 minutes.

TIME: Present day.

PLACE: Various locations.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7-8 females, 5-6 males, 6-14 any gender, extras)

HERKY JOKESON (m) (108 lines)
 ANAPEST (f)..... (61 lines)
 ROSITA (f) (54 lines)
 CLYDESRON (f)..... (29 lines)
 MS. ODD (f) (5 lines)
 SALVE JOKESON (f)..... (8 lines)
 MINI-TOURIST (any)..... (3 lines)
 WHINE-ONYSSUS (m) (3 lines)
 BAREFISTA (f)..... (6 lines)
 GLARES CAMPER 1 (any) (3 lines)
 GLARES CAMPER 2 (any) (1 line)
 GLARES CAMPER 3 (any) (1 line)
 MATHENA CAMPER 1 (any)..... (2 lines)
 MATHENA CAMPER 2 (any)..... (1 line)
 BROSEIDON (m)..... (9 lines)
 SEUSS (m)..... (5 lines)
 BEDUSA (f)..... (4 lines)
 BREAKFASTUSA (f) (3 lines)
 BOSTON ACCENT (any) (2 lines)

NEW YORK ACCENT (any)	(1 line)
PHILADELPHIA ACCENT (any)	(1 lines)
CHICAGO ACCENT (any)	(2 lines)
RENO (any)	(1 line)
GLARES (m)	(15 lines)
KERMBERUS (any)	Three-headed frog. 1-3 actors. (5 lines)
AFRAIDES (m)	(9 lines)

EXTRAS:

KIDS
 MATHENA CAMPERS
 GLARES CAMPERS
 CAMPERS
 HARPIES
 LION

OPTIONAL DOUBLING

There are many options for doubling, here are a few suggestions.

- MS. ODD can double as BEDUSA
- MINI-TOURIST can double as BREAKFASTUSA
- WHINE-ONYSUS can double as GLARES or AFRAIDES
- GLARES CAMPER 1 can double as BOSTON ACCENT
- GLARES CAMPER 2 can double as NEW YORK ACCENT
- GLARES CAMPER 3 can double as PHILADELPHIA ACCENT
- MATHENA CAMPER 1 can double as CHICAGO ACCENT
- MATHENA CAMPER 2 can double as RENO

AT START: *HERKY enters. A teenage boy.*

HERKY: Look. You don't want to be a half-and-half. No, not the stuff your grandfather puts in coffee—half human and half Greek god. But, if you suspect you are a half-and-half, there may be some clues. If you have a craving for gyros and souvlaki, you might be a half-and-half. If you've ever defeated a mythological monster in combat, you might be a half-and-half. If you have ever caused a war between two city-states—

HERKY is interrupted by the entrance of ANAPEST and ROSITA. ANAPEST is a girl HERKY'S age. ROSITA is a female satyr—humanoid with goatlike legs—who should look about the same age as ANAPEST and HERKY.

ANAPEST: I think that's enough, Herky.

HERKY: What? Why? I'm explaining what it's like to be a half-and-half.

ROSITA: No. You're not. You're just doing old Jeff Foxworthy material.

HERKY: Well, yeah, but—Oh! *(To the audience.)* These are my friends Anapest and Rosita.

ANAPEST: We'll try to keep Herky on track while he's telling our story.

ROSITA: Half-and-halves' brains tend to wander off to other places because the godly part of them wants to be fighting battles or playing the lyre or transforming into a swan. So that's why half-and-halves sometimes do poorly in school.

HERKY: If you do poorly in school, you just might be a half-and-half!

ANAPEST: Or, maybe you're lucky and you're just not very smart.

HERKY: That's what I thought I was for the first several years of my life, until that field trip to the museum.

Several KIDS enter.

ROSITA: I was on that field trip too, but I was still pretending to be one of Herky's human classmates so he... well, you'll see. But that's why I was wearing this long skirt over my goat legs.

ROSITA puts on a floor-length skirt.

ROSITA: So, at this point in the story, Herky and I are classmates and friends.

HERKY and ROSITA high-five.

ROSITA: And he still thinks I'm human. Oh! We need the teachers!

ROSITA runs offstage. MS. ODD enters. ANAPEST steps to one side.

HERKY: That's my math teacher, Ms. Odd. And if you ever thought your math teacher was out to get you—

ANAPEST: Stop giving away the plot twists!

CLYDESRON (in disguise as Dr. Trotter) enters in a wheelchair pushed by ROSITA.

HERKY: That's one teacher I liked. Her name's Dr. Trotter. Or was it?

ANAPEST: Seriously, Herky!

CLYDESRON: *(Gesturing to a painting that the characters can see but the audience can't.)* And here, on loan from Spain, we have the painting "Saturn Devouring His Son." Now Saturn is the Roman name of Cronut... I mean... Cronos, who was of course born of Uranus.

HERKY, now a part of the scene, giggles at this.

CLYDESRON: Herky Jokeson, have you even looked at this painting yet?

HERKY: Gross! Did he bite that guy's head off?

CLYDESRON: Yes, well, such imagery is typical in the works of Goya.

HERKY: Goya? Isn't he the canned garbanzo beans guy?

CLYDESRON: ...Moving along.

They start to head offstage. EVERYONE but ANAPEST, HERKY, and MS. ODD exits. MS. ODD is keeping HERKY back.

MS. ODD: Wait, Mr. Jokeson! We have much to discuss.

HERKY: Is about my last math test? 'Cause what are numbers, really?

MS. ODD: This isn't about your math test! This is about your doom!

HERKY: So my history test then?

MS. ODD: I know who you are, Herky Jokeson! And that is why you must die!

ANAPEST: And that's when Ms. Odd revealed her true form—one of the scariest beings in the universe... a Furby!

A costume reveal shows that MS. ODD is actually a scary fluffy toy robot. She begins to make cute-but-creepy chirping noises as she approaches HERKY.

MS. ODD: Now you will die, Herky Jokeson!

ROSITA wheels CLYDESRON back on.

CLYDESRON: Herky! Catch this and defend yourself!

CLYDESRON throws HERKY a pen.

HERKY: A pen? Does this magically turn into a sword or something?

CLYDESRON: Haven't you ever heard the pen is mightier than the sword?

ROSITA runs out with a piece of cardboard and hands it to HERKY.

ROSITA: Here, write on this.

HERKY: Okay...

HERKY "writes" on the cardboard—for the purposes of staging it should be pre-written, though the audience won't see the writing until HERKY holds up the cardboard for them. It says "GO AWAY."

MS. ODD: Curse you, Herky Jokeson! Next time you won't be so lucky!

Lights shift as ANAPEST, HERKY, and ROSITA come forward while the other characters exit.

HERKY: Things got even weirder when I told my mother about this and, when school ended for the summer she took me to Long Island.

ANAPEST: Why is it weird to go to Long Island?

HERKY: She never liked delicatessens that much.

HERKY'S mother, SALVE (sal-VAY or sal-WAY, either is acceptable) JOKESON, enters. ANAPEST and ROSITA step aside as HERKY joins the scene.

SALVE: Herky, I want to show you the beach where I met your father.

HERKY: You never talk about my father very much.

SALVE: Well, maybe it's time we should.

ROSITA enters, now with her goat legs visible.

ROSITA: Herky! Ms. Jokeson!

HERKY: Rosita! Why do your legs look like that?

SALVE: Herky, your friends are at an age when bodies start changing—

HERKY: Into goats?

ROSITA: It's okay. Herky needs to know the truth. We have to run! Something is coming!

ROSITA points offstage.

SALVE: Get Herky to camp! I'll try to buy you some time.

SALVE runs off.

HERKY: What is that thing my mother is running towards?

ROSITA: Come on!

A flash of light from offstage as we hear SALVE scream.

HERKY: She vanished! What is that thing and what did it do to my mom?

ROSITA: I'm so sorry! I tried to save you both!

HERKY: I am like the only adolescent on earth who likes his mother! I mean... she makes me special plaid-colored food!

ROSITA: Plaid? Like the pattern plaid? Never mind! It's coming!

HERKY: What is it?

ROSITA: One of the most terrifying monsters ever. The Mini-Tourist!

THE MINI-TOURIST enters, short and dressed as an obnoxious American tourist with the horns of a bull. It snaps photos as it talks.

MINI-TOURIST: Oh! There's so much culture and history all around me! But why can't I get ranch dressing and Diet Mountain Dew! And how come nobody speaks English? Excuse me, which way to the Loov-ree museum and is that where they keep the Parthenon?

HERKY: No! No! It's hideous!

MINI-TOURIST: I'm just going to waddle incredibly slowly down a crowded street while I complain about how expensive everything is, okay?

HERKY: Hey! Look over there! It's an Applebee's!

MINI-TOURIST: Applebee's? Like in my hometown? What a perfect spot for dinner!

MINI-TOURIST exits.

ROSITA: You did it! You defeated the Mini-Tourist!

HERKY: I ... I ...

HERKY collapses. Then, immediately—

HERKY: *(To the audience.)* I had passed out, but my mother had vanished—

ANAPEST: If you're passed out, you don't get to tell this part of the story! Eyes closed, mouth drooling, you're unconscious.

HERKY: Fine.

HERKY lies down again. ANAPEST and ROSITA stand over him. CLYDESRON enters, still in the wheelchair. ROSITA now has a guitar and keeps it for the rest of the play.

CLYDESRON: How is he?

ROSITA: I think he's going to be okay. He's definitely a half-and-half.

ANAPEST: No human being could generate this much saliva in their sleep.

HERKY wakes up.

HERKY: Where am I?

CLYDESRON: You're safe now.

HERKY: Dr. Trotter? Now I really need to know where I am.

CLYDESRON: This is Camp Half-and-Half.

ANAPEST: It's a place for kids with one parent who's a Greek god.

HERKY: You mean, like, _____ *[Insert celebrity with a Greek name]*? What are you talking about?

ANAPEST: Buckle up. There's a lot of backstory.

CLYDESRON: The first thing you need to know is... the Greek gods are real. More or less everything from mythology really happened. And the gods still involve themselves with human affairs.

HERKY: No way. If that were true, it'd be all over social media.

ANAPEST: No. Humans don't notice the gods and all the other creatures and monsters because they don't want to. Because of the Moist.

HERKY: Oh, I hate that word!

ANAPEST: What word? "Moist"?

HERKY: Please stop!

ROSITA: That's how it works. Like how you just don't want to hear the word, humans just don't want to believe mythology is real. So... they don't see it all around them.

CLYDESRON: But now that you have learned the beginning of the truth, you will see through the Moist. Which means I can do this.

CLYDESRON stands up from her wheelchair, revealing she has the hindquarters of a horse.

HERKY: Dr. Trotter! You can walk? And you have the body of a horse?

CLYDESRON: My real name is Clydesron. I am a Mentaure, half horse, half teacher.

HERKY: And what about your legs, Rosita? Are you half goat?

ROSITA: Um... kind of. I'm a satyr.

HERKY: A satyr?

ROSITA: A musical satyr. I'm working on a song parody right now.

(Sings a line or two of a bad parody of a popular song. A simple word substitution like "Bake It Off" or "Bowling in the Deep.")

CLYDESRON: Not now, Rosita.

HERKY: So what are you? Half cute girl, half penguin or something?

ANAPEST: N-no. I'm a demigod, like you.

HERKY: And Zeus and Hera and all those gods are real?

CLYDESRON: Yes, though, over the years, mortals have gotten their names and personalities a bit wrong. So they won't seem like the Olympians you've read about. That's why some half-and-halves call them the Faux-Lympians. For example, our camp director is the god you know as the god of a beverage made from fermented grapes.

HERKY: You mean Dionysus, the god of wine.

CLYDESRON: Yes, well he's actually the god of a different kind of wine. Here he comes now. Please meet Whine-onyesus.

WHINE-ONYESUS enters.

WHINE-ONYESUS: Why do I have to run a summer camp? I hate bug juice and gorp! Does Reveille have to be so loud? Why is the lake so wet?

CLYDESRON: Lord Whine-Onyesus, meet our newest camper, Herky Jokeson.

WHINE-ONYESUS: What? Hunky Junkson? Whatever. Why are there so many mosquitoes?

CLYDESRON: This is the boy who defeated a furby and a mini-tourist!

WHINE-ONYSUS: So what does he want, a parade? Where's my celebration? Where would the Internet be if it weren't for people whining?

WHINE-ONYSUS exits, still whining.

HERKY: Wait! The mini-tourist! My mother! What happened to my mother?

ANAPEST: *(To the audience.)* We told him the bad news. But we're going to skip that part.

HERKY: There's a lot to this story! We can't take time for everything.

ANAPEST: Sure. That's why.

ROSITA: Later, we gave Herky a tour of the camp's different cabins.

CLYDESRON has exited by now.

ROSITA: So those are the cabins for the children of Whine-onysus, Nomeater, Shlepfastus, Snackrodite, Applaudo—uh oh. Here come the kids from the Glares cabin. *(Pronounced GLARE-eez.)* He's the god of war.

BAREFISTA and a few GLARES CAMPERS enter.

BAREFISTA: Hey! Jokeson! My name's Barefista, daughter of Glares. And we're gonna grind you up like lamb for moussaka.

HERKY: What's moussaka?

GLARES CAMPER 1: It's a delicious Greek dish made with eggplant and—

BAREFISTA: Hey! We came here to threaten him, not give him recipes!

GLARES CAMPER 1: Sorry.

BAREFISTA and the GLARES CAMPERS exit.

ANAPEST: That's my cabin, for children of Mathena. Our mother's a war deity, like Glares, but also logical things, like mathematics.

Two MATHENA CAMPERS enter.

MATHENA CAMPER 1: The Birch and Swinnerton-Dyer Conjecture will never be proven.

MATHENA CAMPER 2: Special cases of it already have been proven!

MATHENA CAMPER 1: I will murder you with an axe!

The MATHENA CAMPERS run off.

HERKY: Um... so I noticed a couple of cabins that looked empty.

ROSITA: Well, Heren, Queen of the Gods, never had any mortal children because, as goddess of marriage, she never violates her vows.

ANAPEST: Unlike her husband. The King of the Gods had plenty of kids with mortals, but the Big Three promised not to do that anymore.

HERKY: The Big Three? GM, Ford, and Chrysler?

ANAPEST: The king of gods and the air, the god of the sea, and the god of the Underworld. They're brothers. Millennia ago they joined forces to defeat their father, Cronut, who you call Cronos.

HERKY: From that painting of him eating his children!

ROSITA: Well, that was kind of why they wanted to defeat him.

HERKY: Was Cronut a god, too?

CLYDESRON enters.

CLYDESRON: Cronut was neither god nor monster. Just as an earthly cronut is neither croissant nor donut but some horrific thing in between.

HERKY: But why did Big Three stop having kids with mortals?

ANAPEST: Their children were responsible for one of the greatest conflicts of the 20th Century.

HERKY: You mean...

CLYDESRON: Yes. They caused the Cola Wars.

ROSITA: Ever since then, they promised never to have any more children.

ANAPEST: So there is no way your father is one of the Big Three gods!

HERKY: *(To the audience.)* Spoiler alert. He is.

ANAPEST: The reason camp Half-and-Half exists is to honor the gods. To pass on their endless wisdom.

CLYDESRON: Think about all we owe to them and to Ancient Greek culture—mathematics, science, philosophy, drama.

HERKY: Diners in New Jersey.

CLYDESRON: Take all the wisdom you can from the gods. ... Though you're not wrong about the diners.

CLYDESRON and ANAPEST exit.

HERKY: *(To the audience.)* Hey, thanks for sticking with us through all that exposition.

ROSITA: The next scene has lots of violence. It'll wake you up.

ANAPEST enters in armor with weapons and carrying more which they hand to HERKY and ROSITA, who put them on during the following dialogue.

ANAPEST: Suit up! It's time for Kick the Can!

HERKY: Kick the Can?

ANAPEST: Full armor, full weapons! You sneak into enemy territory, and kick a can to release all your teammates the other team took prisoner. Us versus the Glares kids and whoever they bullied into being on their team. Come on!

CAMPERS enter, armed, armored. BAREFISTA leads the other team.

BAREFISTA: No can will stand un-kicked this day! This is Massapequa!

Music. A battle ensues. It can last as long as desired. Eventually, the only people left on stage are BAREFISTA and some GLARES CAMPERS, who have HERKY cornered. Music fades.

BAREFISTA: Hey look! We got the new kid.

HERKY: Hey, guys! So... your dad's the war god, huh? War! Good gosh, y'all! What is it good for? Absolutely everything!

GLARES CAMPER 1: What should we do with him?

BAREFISTA: Well, we did get in trouble the last time we stabbed a new camper. So... let's throw him in the lake!

GLARES CAMPERS cheer. They grab HERKY, amid ad-libs.

HERKY: No! Wait! Don't!

Amid ad-libs they drag him offstage. A loud splash is heard. BAREFISTA and the GLARES CAMPERS reenter.

GLARES CAMPER 2: That was great!

BAREFISTA: Wait! Do you hear something?

GLARES CAMPER 3: It's the whole lake! Coming right at us!

The sound of roaring water is heard (or maybe an appropriate musical sting) and, in some theatrical manner—cardboard cutouts, streamers on a leaf blower, etc.—an enormous wave washes onstage from where HERKY exited, washing BAREFISTA and the GLARES CAMPERS offstage, possibly in slow motion. HERKY enters behind the wave.

HERKY: That's right! You throw me in the lake, I throw the lake at you!

ANAPEST, LINK, ROSITA, and several CAMPERS enter.

ANAPEST: You turned the lake into a tsunami! How did you do that?

HERKY: I don't know. I just... did it.

CLYDESRON enters.

CLYDESRON: Children, we are about to receive some visitors.

Music. BROSEIDON enters, a surfer dude. Music fades.

BROSEIDON: Most righteous, brah! Totally radical wave work, little dude.

HERKY: Who are you?

BROSEIDON: I am the god of the gnarliest of waves. Master of the awesome fathoms of the deep. I am Broseidon. And I am your father.

HERKY: You're my father?

ANAPEST: But you weren't supposed to have any more children with mortals.

BROSEIDON: Yeah. I totally flaked on that. See, little Hercules Jokeson, your mom was so righteous! When we met, my infinite godly wisdom told me we were destined to have a little bambino together.

HERKY: Yeah, well, thanks to you, she's dead now.

BROSEIDON: Good news on that front, compadre! Your mom is not dead! She's being held prisoner in the Underworld by my brother the god of death. So... no biggie.

HERKY: Why is the god of death holding my mom prisoner?

BROSEIDON: It's like this whole thing, brah. I'm gonna let my bro explain it. Ladies and gentlemen, here he is, the Big Kahuna, El Grande Queso, the king of gods, Seuss!

HERKY: Did he say Zeus?

ROSITA: No. He said Seuss.

SEUSS enters, the king of gods, in a Cat in the Hat hat.

SEUSS:

I am Seuss, I'm the king of the Grecian divinity
I'm so great that I once counted twice to infinity
I'm the master of all the gods up on Olympus
When you pay us a tribute, don't dare try to scrimp us
But you whelp, Herky Jokeson, you're in quite a jam
I believe you're the scoundrel who's stolen my Blam!

HERKY: What is he talking about?

CLYDESRON: "Blam" is what he calls his greatest weapon, the thunderbolt.

HERKY: And he thinks I stole it?

SEUSS:

My bolt zipped and it zapped, it was never furshlugginer
And to think it's been nicked by some two-bit Blamburglar!

It takes some doing to rhyme "furshlugginer" with "blamburglar" but I trust you to make it work—probably something like fur-SHLURG-in-er/blam-BURG-ul-er.

ANAPEST: (To HERKY.) I'll talk to him. I'm not called Anapest for nothing. (To SEUSS.)

But Lord Seuss, Herky Jokeson is not some Blam plunderer
He is just a dumb kid! He would not steal your thunderer!

HERKY: Why would I steal your thunderbolt?

SEUSS:

Do not think you can fool me with lies and dramatics!
This one told you to steal it, the god of aquatics!

BROSEIDON: Bro! Why would I want a thunderbolt? I'm more of a typhoon dude. If you ask me, the guy who stole it is our other brother, the dude who kidnapped Herky's mom, my former main squeeze. The original deadhead himself.

CLYDESRON: The god of the Underworld does seem a more likely suspect.

SEUSS:

Very well, that's your quest then my young Hercules
Point your shoes towards the Underworld, if you so please
I will give you a week, seven days, seven nights
To undo all these wrongs and replace them with rights
So now move with the speed of a hare not a tortoise
To the land of all souls who've gone past rigor mortis
Be swift in your travels, young demigod Herky
Don't you make that wrong turn when you pass Albuquerque
If you fail, I'll bring plagues, such as famine and drought
Also pestilence, war, and bad Wi-Fi! Seuss out!

SEUSS exits.

BROSEIDON: Okay. That dude is my ride, so I gotta go. Good luck on the quest. Hang loose, Herkerino. Bro, wait up! I call shotgun!

BROSEIDON exits.

HERKY: I have to go on a quest to the Underworld?

CLYDESRON: I'm afraid so.

ANAPEST: You are so lucky!

CLYDESRON: If the god of the Underworld has stolen the Blam, he could use it to cause massive death and destruction. I'm told he's been wanting to increase his kingdom. People just aren't dying like they used to. Look at _____. *[Insert name of an elderly celebrity.]* He/She's been an old lady/man for forty years now.

HERKY: But I can't do this alone!

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