IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME

by JD Atkins

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SYNOPSIS: GREEK OUT! Join an ensemble of comedic actors and a trio of hungry Narrators as they turn history's greatest Greek stories into a high-speed supercut of epic proportions. From Heracles to Hector, King Kronos to Helen of Troy, no myth is kept sacred in this far-reaching comedy odyssey.

DURATION: 90 minutes.
TIME: Ancient times.
PLACE: Greece.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(10-56 either, 0-20+ extras)

NARRATOR 1 (m/f) ..... *(109 lines)*
NARRATOR 2 (m/f) ..... *(109 lines)*
NARRATOR 3 (m/f) ..... *(109 lines)*
ZEUS (m/f) ..... *(71 lines)*
HERACLES (m/f)..... *(58 lines)*
JASON (m/f)..... *(50 lines)*
ATALANTA (m/f)..... *(39 lines)*
RHEA (m/f) ..... *(38 lines)*
KRONOS (m/f)..... *(28 lines)*
PARIS (m/f)..... *(28 lines)*
PROMETHEUS (m/f)..... *(25 lines)*
PANDORA (m/f)..... *(24 lines)*
HERA (m/f)..... *(24 lines)*
ACHILLES (m/f)..... *(22 lines)*
ATHENA (m/f)..... *(21 lines)*
ARES (m/f)..... *(20 lines)*
ARTEMIS (m/f)..... *(19 lines)*
ODYSSEUS (m/f)..... *(19 lines)*
APHRODITE (m/f)..... *(19 lines)*
POSEIDON (m/f)..... *(18 lines)*
HADES (m/f)..... *(17 lines)*
PHOEBE (m/f)..... *(16 lines)*
HEPHAESTUS (m/f)..... *(14 lines)*

HECTOR (m/f) ..... *(14 lines)*
ORPHEUS (m/f) ..... *(14 lines)*
MEDEA (m/f) ..... *(14 lines)*
HYPERION (m/f) ..... *(13 lines)*
MENELAUS (m/f)..... *(13 lines)*
AGAMEMNON (m/f)..... *(12 lines)*
ICARUS (m/f)..... *(13 lines)*
HELEN (m/f) ..... *(12 lines)*
EPIMETHEUS (m/f)..... *(10 lines)*
OCEANUS (m/f) ..... *(10 lines)*
DANTE (m/f)..... *(10 lines)*
CHIRON (m/f)..... *(9 lines)*
BEAR (m/f)..... *(8 lines)*
PHRIXUS (m/f) ..... *(7 lines)*
NARCISSUS (m/f) ..... *(7 lines)*
CHRYSOMALLOS (m/f)..... *(6 lines)*
PRIAM (m/f)..... *(6 lines)*
HUMAN (m/f) ..... *(6 lines)*
DRAGON (m/f) ..... *(5 lines)*
BRISEIS (m/f) ..... *(5 lines)*
THETIS (m/f)..... *(5 lines)*
IXION (m/f)..... *(5 lines)*
SISYPHUS (m/f) ..... *(4 lines)*
ECHO (m/f) ..... *(4 lines)*
EURYSTHEUS (m/f) ..... *(4 lines)*
DELIVERY PERSON (m/f) ..... *(3 lines)*
EAGLE (m/f) ..... *(3 lines)*
PLATO (m/f)..... *(2 lines)*
PATROCLUS (m/f)..... *(2 lines)*
GROUPIE 1 (m/f)..... *(1 lines)*
GROUPIE 2 (m/f)..... *(1 line)*
AJAX (m/f)..... *(1 line)*
EVIL 1 (m/f)..... *(1 line)*
EVIL 2 (m/f)..... *(1 line)*
EVIL 3 (m/f)..... *(1 line)*
EVIL 4 (m/f)..... *(1 line)*
EVIL 5 (m/f)..... *(1 line)*
EVIL 6 (m/f)..... *(1 line)*

EVIL 7 (m/f) ..... *(1 line)*
EVIL 8 (m/f) ..... *(1 line)*
EVIL 9 (m/f) ..... *(1 line)*
EVIL 10 (m/f) ..... *(1 line)*

ENSEMBLE EXTRAS:
BULL
BIRDS
ARGONAUTS
SIRENS (3)
GROUPIES
CHILDREN OF JASON
GREEK SOLDIERS
TROJAN SOLDIERS
PARIS' MOTHER
PIZZA DELIVERY MAN

DOUBLING

Any actor may effectively take on any role, regardless of the character's traditional gender. Doubling can create immense flexibility in this cast. Feel free to double however you can to make the characters work. The narrators can double other characters as needed.

The titans RHEA, CHRONOS, OCEANUS, EPIMETHEUS, HYPERION and PHOEBE appear together opposite the gods ZEUS, HERA, ATHENA, APHRODITE, HEPHAESTUS, and POSEIDON in the first scene. Many of these characters can double additional characters throughout the show. Aphrodite's lines in that scene can be given to Athena and Epimetheus's lines can be given to Oceanus to bring the cast down to a minimum of 10.

SET

A single platform unit and sails on movable masts are the only requirements for this set. Ways for characters to enter and exit quickly are encouraged. Additional optional set pieces: a screen to project images during the Titan scene, an archway to communicate Mount Olympus, a large box for PANDORA. Table(s) can be useful in several scenes.

COSTUMES

Doubling characters is easier if all characters have a base of black tee, black pants, black shoes. Additional costume elements to represent the characters can be added over top. Ex: colorful togas over the black clothing could represent the titans; colorful tee-shirt with a symbol to represent a deity for the gods; red and blue capes are an easy way to create two armies for the Trojan War.

LIGHTS AND SOUND

- Sound effects are many and varied in the scenes—the more cartoonish moments are, the better they will play.
- Most of the magic and weather can be represented with abstract lighting.
- The “Zeus sting” is a hit of funky trumpets (or something similar) punctuated with thunder.

PROPS

- ☐ Swords and/or spears for Greek and Trojan soldiers
- ☐ Knives for various characters
- ☐ Cowboy pistols for the gods and the barbershop quartet
- ☐ Chains
- ☐ Keys on a key ring
- ☐ Hand mirror
- ☐ Hula hoop and flames
- ☐ Large boulder (Beach ball or similar)
- ☐ Pandora's box
- ☐ Golden Apple and Package
- ☐ Golden Fleece
- ☐ Game Controller and headset
- ☐ Horse (small stuffed animal)
- ☐ Bird puppets
- ☐ Harp
- ☐ Umbrellas
- ☐ Microphones
- ☐ Sunglasses
- ☐ Phones
- ☐ Clipboard
- ☐ Lion Mask
- ☐ Horse Mask
- ☐ Blanket

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

It's All Greek To Me premiered at Grafton High School in Grafton, WI with the following cast and crew:

OCEANUS, MENALAUS, ARGONAUT ..... Leo Adams
ARTEMIS ..... Ruby Adams
HERA ..... Charlotte Barnett
ICARUS, HECTOR ..... Shaunak Chaudhuri
GROUPIE 2 ..... Grace Cole
PLATO, HYPSIPYLE, SIREN ..... Jessica Collins
NARRATOR 3 ..... Charlie Danielson
EURYSTHEUS, ENSEMBLE ..... Kat Didier
ATALANTA, ENSEMBLE ..... Maya Ertl
CHIRON, BARBERSHOP, ODYSSEUS ..... Arianna Fuentes
RHEA, ARGONAUT ..... Josie Gasser
APHRODITE ..... Alexa Gengler
THEIA ..... Caitlyn Gierach
GROUPIE, SIREN, ENSEMBLE ..... Lyla Giron
HERACLES, DANTE, AGAMEMNON ..... Francesco Grasso
BEAR ..... Sophia Heil
GROUPIE, SIREN, ENSEMBLE ..... Kylie High
ECHO, ENSEMBLE ..... Madison Inman
DRAGON, DELIVERY PERSON, BARBERSHOP ..... Gabe Jahnke
EPIMETHEUS, HELEN, ARGONAUT ..... Iris Jamel
POSEIDON ..... Beaux Jung
NARRATOR 1 ..... Cora Kempfer
HUMAN, ENSEMBLE ..... Elli Leffingwell
JASON, ACHILLES ..... Rook Levihn
MADEA, ENSEMBLE ..... Shea McGinley
NARRATOR 2 ..... Katherine Moldenhauer
CHRYSOMALLOS, THETIS ..... Kate Murray
PROMETHEUS, ARGONAUT, PATROCLUS ..... Griffin Powell
IXION, ARGONAUT, PRIAM ..... Blake Rau
SISYPHUS, ARGONAUT ..... Abigail Rygg
NARCISSUS, BARBERSHOP 1, AJAX ..... Mason Rygg
ORPHEUS, MOTHER OF PARIS ..... Evelyn Silgen
PHOEBE, ARGONAUT ..... Pheobe Simmons
GROUPIE, ENSEMBLE ..... Liesel Schilling
CRONOS, ARGONAUT, PARIS ..... Tyler Swenson
HEPHAESTUS, ARGONAUT, BARBERSHOP ..... Ernst Tamm
ATHENA, EAGLE, ARGONAUT ..... Shea Tonn
PANDORA, ENSEMBLE ..... Paisley Williams
ZEUS, HADES ..... Patrick Wilkins
HYPERION, ARES, ARGONAUT ..... Aaron Wise

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

AT START: *The stage is dark. SFX: Timpani hit. A spotlight hits NARRATOR 1, posed with one hand aloft. Their eyes are up and out.*

NARRATOR 1: Sing in me, oh, muse, and recall the famous deeds of old! Sing of the gods on their cloud-capped mountain! Sing of Zeus the aegis-holder and queenly Hera who walks on golden sandals!

SFX: Timpani strikes. A spotlight hits NARRATOR 2, who is posed in the same fashion.

NARRATOR 2: Sing in me, o muse, and reveal the hearts of heroes past! Tell of the anger of Achilles, that brought countless ills upon the Achaeans. Tell of Jason who sailed the distant seas in the quest for the Golden Fleece.

SFX: Timpani strikes. A spotlight hits an empty patch of stage, and NARRATOR 3 runs in and hits a pose. There is a phone in their off-hand.

NARRATOR 3: Sing in me o Muse, and recount the battles long forgotten! *(Tilting their head down a little.)* And… What did they eat after those battles, one has to wonder. Tell us, oh muse, about any specials you have going on tonight. Be they lamb, chicken, or beef.

SFX: Timpani roll. Spotlight back on NARRATOR 1, who eyes NARRATOR 3 with suspicion.

NARRATOR 1: Give unto me, o Muse, a song of your golden lyre. Lead our dance as we step your melodious path.

NARRATOR 2: Give unto me, o Muse, the story of our ancestors' journey. Guide our steps on their trials, by your inspiration.

NARRATOR 3: Give unto me, o Muse, an extra order of your garlic hummus. The kind with olives… O, muse.

NARRATOR 1: *(Angry whisper.)* Hey. [NARRATOR 3]. What are you doing?

NARRATOR 3: I'm invoking the muses, same as you.

NARRATOR 1: Really? Are you sure? Because it kind of sounds like you're invoking the menu of a greek restaurant.

NARRATOR 3: What? No. Of course not.

NARRATOR 2: You have a phone in your hand.

NARRATOR 3: This? No. This is my… script. I didn't bother learning any of my lines. Sorry [DIRECTOR].

NARRATOR 1: *(Unconvinced.)* [NARRATOR 3].

NARRATOR 3: Okay. You got me. I'm ordering food. We've been practicing all this Greek stuff nonstop for weeks. I cannot be the only one who's been dying to get their hands on a lamb kebab.

NARRATOR 1: We're in the middle of a show, [NARRATOR 3], this is wholly unprofessional. [NARRATOR 2], back me up here.

NARRATOR 2: *(With a shrug.)* I could eat.

NARRATOR 1: *(Beat.)* Fine. *(Tersely.)* I want falafel on pita, extra tzatziki. *(Out to the Audience.)* Welcome, dear audience, to our show! Our very professional show! As you might have guessed from our invocation, it is a celebration of the stories of Ancient Greece!

NARRATOR 2: We are your narrators. It will be our job to present all of the marvelous, magical stories the Ancient Greeks had to offer.

AN ACTOR has poked their head out onstage and is conversing with NARRATOR 3.

NARRATOR 3: It will also be our job to gather up the orders for the rest of the cast. *(To ACTOR.)* Tell everyone it's last call; I'm placing the order.

NARRATOR 1: Greek storytelling is as expansive as it is diverse. Stories of epic battles intermix with the politics of angry gods, the parables of grotesque monsters, and the romance of Kings and Queens.

NARRATOR 2: *(Grandiose.)* Heroes rise and fall! Kingdoms are built and conquered!

NARRATOR 3: *(Still on his phone.)* Chicken and pork are roasted with potatoes and onions!

NARRATOR 2: There is a LOT to get through, and we plan on sparing no detail.

NARRATOR 1: So sit back, get comfortable, and clear your schedule for the next four and a half hours or so, because—

NARRATOR 3: Annnnnd… Ordered. The app says that "STEVE M." is going to be here in forty-five minutes with our food.
NARRATOR 1: On second thought, some details may in fact be spared.
NARRATOR 2: The stories of Ancient Greece—SPEEDRUN!
NARRATOR 3: Let's hit it!

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

SFX: A deep voice says: "PART ONE: THE AGE OF TITANS."
ENTER KRONOS and RHEA.

NARRATOR 1: In the beginning, there were the Titans.
NARRATOR 2: Meet King Kronos and Queen Rhea. How's it going, you two?
KRONOS: Not bad, I guess. What are we doing here again?
NARRATOR 3: As the first of the Titans, it's your job to bear witness to the dawn of time.
RHEA: Alright. Sounds easy enough.
NARRATOR 1: Here. you'll need these.

NARRATOR hands out sunglasses. ALL stare straight out into the audience.

NARRATOR 2: *(Checking watch.)* Everybody ready? In 3… 2… 1…

MACBOOK STARTUP NOISE, accompanied by bright lights. Ooos and Awws.

KRONOS: Neat.
NARRATOR 3: Welcome to the Universe! What do we think?
RHEA: It's okay. If you like that kind of thing.
KRONOS: Wait, we're in charge, right?
NARRATOR 1: Yes! In fact, right now you and the other Titans are the only ones around.
RHEA: What other Titans?

Enter EPIMETHEUS, OCEANUS, PHOEBE, and HYPERION. They gather CS. In the following TITAN SCENES, optional SFX of a slideshow behind the Titans, showcasing some of what they are explaining.

NARRATOR 2: Introducing the Titans! Hyperion! Oceanus! Phoebe! This guy!

EPIMETHEUS: Epimetheus.

NARRATOR 2: Hypothalamus. Exactly. Kronos, you're up!

RHEA: Family meeting! Family meeting, alright settle down. Welcome, everyone. Phoebe—any old business to attend to?

PHOEBE: Yes. At the last meeting you asked myself and other Titans to create the world.

KRONOS: Ah, yes. That's right. How's that going?

OCEANUS: We've got the world officially up and running. Or, spinning. I guess.

RHEA: Excellent! Tell us about it.

EPIMETHEUS: Well, it's new construction, obviously, and in a really nice neighborhood.

RHEA: Square footage?

PHOEBE: *(Checking her notes.)* Five-times-ten-to-the-fifteenth-power square feet.

RHEA: Aww, cozy.

OCEANUS: Yes, it's sort of a cottage planet.

PHOEBE: It's a bit of a fixer upper. Needs a lot of work. But it's got good bones.

EPIMETHEUS: Or it will. You know. Once we start killing stuff.

RHEA: *(Agreeing.)* Sure.

OCEANUS: It does have running water, lots of natural light, and a pretty nifty little moon.

RHEA: How many continents?

OCEANUS: It comes standard with one big continent, but we can always break that up in a few million years if we need the living space.

KRONOS: Excellent. Have we started furnishing it yet?

EPIMETHEUS: We have. Yesterday we made the spacious skies and amber waves of grain.

KRONOS: Oh, beautiful.

RHEA: Don't forget about the purple mountains' majesty above the fruited plains.

EPIMETHEUS: Purple mountains, ma'am? Why purple?

RHEA: It goes with the drapes. Alright, what else? Yes—Hyperion.

HYPERION: I'd like approval to introduce my side project.

RHEA: Oh, right. Now, let's see…. You want to allocate funds for the creation of… animals. Remind me—what are those again?

HYPERION: They're like these colorful little wiggly things that eat and poop and run around.

KRONOS: I see, I see…. Do they have any utility?

HYPERION: Only a few of them are useful. The rest just sort of hang around and look cool.

RHEA: I suppose we can make documentaries about them once someone invents cameras.

PHOEBE: So they're nice to look at, these animal things? Pretty cute?

HYPERION: Some of them are.

RHEA: And the others are—?

HYPERION: Horrible monstrosities. Pure nightmare fuel.

RHEA: Are they dangerous?

HYPERION: Almost without exception. About half of them will try to kill you and eat you.

RHEA: Well that all sounds fine. Funding approved.

KRONOS: Moving on—any new business?

PHOEBE: Just one thing, my King. You had something down here about a dream?

KRONOS: Oh, right! Not a big deal: I had a dream that my children will one day rise up and kill us all.

RHEA: Oh, dear. What do we think, Titans? Any thoughts on that?

OCEANUS: Well, I feel like I'm stating the obvious here, but I think we all know the logical solution is that you eat your children as soon as they're born.

RHEA: Sorry, what?

EPIMETHEUS: Oceanus is right. The simplest solutions are usually the best ones.

PHOEBE: If it ain't broke, don't fix it, right?

RHEA: Hey! No one is eating our children!

KRONOS: Now, now, dear. When they're right, they're right. We all know that when you have a weird dream, the appropriate reaction is to start eating babies.

RHEA: I think I would like to lodge an official objection.

PHOEBE: Really? Okay, I guess let's put it to a vote. All in favor of eating babies?

ALL but RHEA raise their hand. After a moment, ALL the cast and crew not already on stage also pile on to raise their hands.

PHOEBE: All opposed? *(Only RHEA raises her hand.)*. The motion carries.

RHEA: What?

KRONOS: Great! Meeting adjourned.

RHEA: Hey!

PHOEBE: I'll record that in the minutes so we don't forget.. *(Muttering to herself.)* Kronos… will eat… all… the babies.

The TITANS wander off—RHEA in a huff.

NARRATOR 3: And so, the age of the Titans began.

NARRATOR 2: The sun rises, plants grow, animals frolick… the world spins madly on.

NARRATOR 1: And yes, despite Rhea's objections, Kronos did occasionally eat babies. Here, Kronos! Catch!

NARRATOR 1 pulls out a baby. Enter KRONOS, who catches a baby and then exits.

KRONOS: Thanks! *(In a baby voice.)* Hey, little fella. You're going to be my Superbowl snack. Yes you are! Yes you are!

NARRATOR 2: I'd like to tell you that the Titans did more than eat babies, and there are probably other myths about them during this age, but…

NARRATOR 1: Let's be honest. When you get to a paragraph and it says "Then he ate all the babies," you kind of stop paying attention after that.

NARRATOR 2: There is one story that survived from that time—the story of when Kronos' chickens came home to roost.

NARRATOR 3: And by chickens, we of course mean babies.

Enter TITANS for a second meeting.

KRONOS: Family meeting! Family meeting, alright settle down. Welcome, everyone. Phoebe—any old business?

PHOEBE: The world's been around for a few millennia, so it's probably time to check in on that.

RHEA: Excellent! Oceanus—how did you do with all the decorating?

OCEANUS: It's all finished except a place called "the midwest." For the life of me, I can't think of anything interesting to put there.

RHEA: Well, there's no rush. I'm sure you'll think of something eventually.

OCEANUS: *(Skeptical.)* Don't hold your breath.

KRONOS: Hyperion, how are the am-a-nals.

RHEA: Animals.

KRONOS: Whatever. How are they? Still creeping and crawling and all that?

HYPERION: Actually, no! I brought Phoebe onto the project, and she convinced me some of them should be able to defy gravity.

RHEA: Wow! How did you manage to do that?

PHOEBE: Super easy. We just took some lizards and turned their arms into fluffy triangles.

HYPERION: We're calling them—birds.

KRONOS: *(Trying out the word in different voices.)* Birds. Birds. Well that sounds delightful.

HYPERION: Yeah, we think so! They certainly class up the joint. Most of them are colorful and sweet and sing nice little songs.

RHEA: Most of them?

PHOEBE: For obvious reasons, one of the birds is a giant bloated monster with a shaved head and soulless black eyes. We call it a "vulture."

HYPERION: Oh, and instead of singing a nice song, it eats corpses.

RHEA: Sure, sure. I think we can all see the logic there.

OCEANUS: Speaking of eating, Kronos, did you eat that latest baby yet?

KRONOS: Ugh. Yes, I did, and it is not sitting well. Rhea, I don't know what was wrong with that kid, but my tum-tum is a'rumblin'.

NARRATOR 1: There was a good reason for King Kronos's indigestion.

NARRATOR 2: After a while, Queen Rhea grew tired of having children that were just going to be devoured. So after the birth of her youngest son, she secretly kept him.

NARRATOR 3: And in the baby's place, she fed Kronos…

RHEA: A rock.

KRONOS: *(Looking at the blanket.)* You swaddled a rock? That is very strange behavior.

RHEA: You ATE the rock! I think that's stranger!

EPIMETHEUS: You ate a baby-sized rock? All of it? Without noticing?

RHEA: Yeah. You have no idea how surprised I am that it worked.

KRONOS: *(Defensively.)* What? I thought it was "al dente."

PHOEBE: Okay… So what happened to the real baby?

NARRATOR 2: What happened was Rhea raised the boy in secret. A few centuries of baking time and a metric ton of Wheaties later, that baby turned into none other than…

SFX: ZEUS sting. ZEUS enters.

ZEUS: Hiya, pops. You can call me Zeus.

KRONOS: Hey Zeus! Look, guys! It's my son. Boy you got big, didn't you?

EPIMETHEUS: Huh. He doesn't look like a Titan.

RHEA: He's not. He's something new.

ZEUS: We're calling ourselves "THE GODS."

OCEANUS: *(Snorting.)* That's a little braggy.

HYPERION: Wait, we? What do you mean by we?

ZEUS: Oh, yeah! One second. Hyuh!

ZEUS punches KRONOS in the stomach.

KRONOS: Ow! *(Covering his mouth and retching.)* Uh oh. Be right back.

KRONOS runs offstage and throws up. Meanwhile, the gods enter on their cue.

NARRATOR 1: And that, audience, is how the OTHER gods were born!

NARRATOR 3: Introducing the Pantheon! Hera! Goddess of Fertility!

NARRATOR 2: Hephaestus, God of the Forge! Aphrodite! Goddess of Love!

NARRATOR 1: Poseidon! God of the Sea! Artemis! Goddess of the Hunt!

NARRATOR 3: Athena! Goddess of Wisdom! And many, many more.

NARRATOR 2: Collect them all!

EPIMETHEUS: Wait a minute! It's that dream thing come to life! They're going to kill us!

PHOEBE: Titans, get in formation! We fight to the death!

ATHENA: Gods, rally to Zeus!

NARRATOR 1: Thus began the war for the universe, an era of history called the Titanomachia. Turns out they used to have cool names for time periods. What's ours called? Post-modern? *(Blows a raspberry.)*

NARRATOR 2: *(Dramatic.)* Titanomachia! Excellent name for an era.

NARRATOR 3: It sounds like the title of a pro-wrestling pay-per-view.

SFX: Lights and music for a professional wrestling bout.

NARRATOR 1: *(As an announcer.)* Welcome to Titanomachia! The following contest is for control over allllll of existence! In this corner, hailing from parts unknown… at a combined weight of seven-hundred-million tons, they created the world and all its inhabitants… THE TITANS! And in this corner… hailing from Kronos's upset tummy…

Enter KRONOS as RHEA puts on a referee shirt.

KRONOS: Oh, man… ugh. That was gross.

NARRATOR 1: At a combined weight of… however much literal gods weigh…

HERA: Basically nothing. We're mostly made of starlight.

NARRATOR 1: The GODS!

ZEUS: *(Donning shudder shades and doing a Randy Savage voice.)* Oh yeah, brother! I'm gonna kick your titan butt from here to Tartarus!!

HYPERION: He seems… intense. Which of us is fighting him?

EPIMETHEUS: Kronos, this is your mess. You fix it.

KRONOS: Hey! How was I supposed to know they could still grow up in my stomach?

PHOEBE: Just get in there!

KRONOS: Fine, fine.

RHEA: You good, Kronos?

KRONOS: Just a little nauseous from puking up the pantheon. I'm sure I'll be fine. Alright. Let's fight, pipsqueak. I ate you punks once, I can do it again!

RHEA: Alright…. Let's have a good fight here, you two. Ready, and… FIGHT!

SFX: A wrestling bell. ZEUS strikes a pose, while KRONOS is already done.

KRONOS: Nope-nope-nope. Big nope. Still super nauseous. Ooo… Oh boy.

HYPERION: Tag out! Tag out!

KRONOS: *(Lying down.)* Too much work. I'm going to lie down here for a second.

ZEUS shrugs, then goes over to KRONOS and steps on him. RHEA begins the three count.

RHEA: One, two, three…. That's it!

NARRATOR 1: Here are your winners, and the NEW Rulers of All Existence… THE GODS!

PHOEBE: Kronos! You just lost us the universe!

KRONOS: Sorry. Hey, could someone please invent Pepto Bismol?

HEPHAESTUS: All hail Zeus! King of the gods!

ALL GODS: Huzzah!

APHRODITE: First order of business: Let's paint over those purple mountains.

ALL GODS: Huzzah!
OCEANUS: Aww.
HERA: Wait! Listen, everyone, I have something to say. Just because we were treated poorly at the hands of the Titans, that doesn't mean we have to be cruel to our children. Let us resolve, here and now, that the Greek gods will be benevolent rulers, and swear that none of us will ever do anything morally dubious. What do you say?
ZEUS: *(Beat. Inhale, then, supremely confident.)* No.

The other gods murmur assent.

HERA: *(Not too bothered.)* Aw, well. I tried. *(To the audience.)* Sorry humanity.
NARRATOR 2: And just like that, the era of the Titans was over. The age of the gods had begun.
NARRATOR 3: Let's keep it rolling! Part two!

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

SFX: A deep voice says: "PART TWO: THE AGE OF GODS."

NARRATOR 3: Once Titanomachia was over, the Titans were summarily banished. Bye, Titans!

TITANS begin to shuffle off, grumbling.

RHEA: Wait, even me?
NARRATOR 3: Especially you.
RHEA: But I saved Zeus! That's not fair!
NARRATOR 3: Ha! Hey! Rhea's complaining that the Greek gods aren't being fair.

ALL the NARRATORS laugh. The GODS join in laughing.

NARRATOR 3: That's a good one. Now beat it.
RHEA: You brat! I raised you!
ZEUS: Bye, Mom! Have fun in the void!

NARRATOR 2: And so, with the Titans officially banished, the gods took charge. And boy, oh boy, did they take charge.

NARRATOR 1: Their first act as rulers was to take up residence on a very special mountain. You probably know the name!

ZEUS plants a flag on the platform. HEPHAESTUS waves it.

ZEUS: Welcome, gods and goddesses, to… Olympus! *(Annoyed.)* Hephaestus. Wave harder. This is a special moment.

APHRODITE: Hey, this is a cool mountain! Good job, boss.

ZEUS: Of course it is. I'm all-knowing. I know all the dope hang outs.

HERA: Zeus tells me this is the most beautiful mountain in all of Greece.

ZEUS: That's what it says on the Zillow listing!

ATHENA: Uh, hey, Mister All-Knowing. That's not Greece down there. That's Italy.

ALL GODS peer down.

ZEUS: Are you sure?

ATHENA: Pretty sure.

ZEUS: *(Checking his phone.)* Well, I mean it's basically the same thing, right? We'll just switch over to our Roman Names. Call me—Jupiter.

SFX: A rumble.

ARTEMIS: Did anyone else hear a rumble?

HERA: Real quick, Jupiter. If this is Italy, what mountain are we actually standing on?

ZEUS: Oh—here it is. Sorry, gang. This is not Mount Olympus. It's Mount Vesuvius.

ALL GODS look at one another.

POSEIDON: Run!

SFX: Red lights and the sound of a volcanic explosion. The GODS scatter.

NARRATOR 1: We may be getting ahead of ourselves. Let's hit the rewind button.

NARRATOR 3: Right. So the Gods took up residence in their own personal paradise. Up on Olympus, they could watch over their subjects from on high.

NARRATOR 2: Who were these new subjects? None other than human beings! Say hi, humans!

Enter HUMAN.

HUMAN: Hi!

NARRATOR 1: During the first age of the gods divine rule, the humans thrived!

NARRATOR 2: They built roads and buildings…

NARRATOR 3: They invented theatre and philosophy and democracy…

NARRATOR 1: Applying their infinite creativity to worldly pursuits.

HUMAN: I'm going to the colosseum! Who wants to watch me fight a lion until one or both of us is dead? Woo!

Exit HUMAN.

NARRATOR 2: It was everything a proud parent could hope for. The gods looked upon humankind and smiled. And mostly left the humans alone to their own devices.

NARRATOR 3: In fact, for the humans in the shadow of Olympus, there was really only one rule. And let me tell you… It was a big one.

NARRATOR 1: Never—under ANY circumstances—make the gods angry.

NARRATOR 2: Now that might sound simple enough, but unfortunately for the humans, the gods could be a <u>little</u> quick to anger.

Enter HUMAN with ATHENA.

HUMAN: But Athena… I did exactly what you asked. I killed that lion in battle for your glory!

ATHENA: Yes, but you forgot to sacrifice a different lion in my temple before you did it! I've never been so insulted. Enjoy being transformed into an antelope. God powers! God powers!

SFX: God powers. ATHENA chases the screaming HUMAN offstage.

NARRATOR 1: That was the other thing about the gods. When they got angry, they could get pretty creative with their punishments.

Enter NARCISSUS.

NARRATOR 3: Take Narcissus. He was so beautiful that his face offended the gods. In revenge, Hera cursed him to fall in love with his own reflection.

Enter HERA, who crosses to NARCISSUS and then exits.

HERA: *(Handing NARCISSUS a mirror.)* Here. Knock yourself out.

NARCISSUS looks in the mirror. SFX: The lights change. A heavenly chorus.

NARCISSUS: Oh. Oh my.

NARRATOR 3: He was so infatuated with himself, he didn't notice when he met his true love.

Enter ECHO.

NARCISSUS: Echo! Thank the gods you're here! You're exactly who I need.

ECHO: I'm who you need?

NARCISSUS: Yes. I was getting tired of holding this. Here: just like this. A little higher. Yes! Perfect! There you are, you handsome devil.

NARRATOR 3: Echo, meanwhile, had also been cursed by Hera. Her curse was to only repeat the last thing she heard. Unfortunately, this meant she was never able to confess her love to Narcissus, who, as you can imagine, was pretty terrible at teeing her up.

NARCISSUS: Oh, Echo! I've never been this happy in my life.

ECHO: *(Weeping.)* I've never been this happy in my life.

NARCISSUS: Echo, why are you crying? Has my beauty moved you to tears?

ECHO: Moved me to tears!

NARCISSUS: Oh, Echo. You're the only one who understands me. I'm so glad we're just friends.

ECHO: *(Distraught.)* Just friends. Bwaaaahhhh.

ECHO runs off, followed by NARCISSUS.

NARCISSUS: Wait! My true love! Echo, you're running away carrying my true love! Don't worry, reflection, I'm coming for you!

NARRATOR 2: Or take Pandora. Things started out pretty well for her. Way back when the gods first took over management, Pandora was created by Hephaestus and given a very important job.

Enter PANDORA and HEPHAESTUS. A NARRATOR retrieves Pandora's box and brings it CS.

HEPHAESTUS: So this is the earth.

PANDORA: Nice… I like the color scheme. Are those mountains purple?

HEPHAESTUS: The previous owners were kind of eccentric. Besides that, what do you think?

PANDORA: It's cool. I have to say, though, there do seem to be a lot of… dudes.

HEPHAESTUS: That is accurate. You, Pandora, are actually the first woman ever. So for now it'll just be you, by yourself, on a planet full of men.

PANDORA: *(Not pleased.)* Any chance I could come back later?

HEPHAESTUS: No. *(Handing over keys.)* Here are your keys. This one gets you into the garden of the golden apples, this one is for the graveyard of the gorgons, this one's just a Honda Civic.

PANDORA: What's this one?

HEPHAESTUS: *(Pointing to Pandora's box, which a NARRATOR highlights for the audience.)* That one's for this special box. Under no circumstances are you to ever open this box. Zeus has explicitly forbidden it.

PANDORA: Then why are you giving me the key?

HEPHAESTUS: It's on the keyring and I just cut my fingernails. Just don't touch the box, alright? You have literally the rest of the planet to play with. Okay, I gotta go. My wife Aphrodite, the goddess of romance, is coming back from her platonic friend trip with Ares, god of biceps. See ya! Don't touch that box.

PANDORA: Sounds good.

NARRATORS bring in a table. PANDORA sits at the table and starts a crossword puzzle.

NARRATOR 2: But unfortunately for Pandora, the gods had also instilled in her an evil nature. It wasn't long before she broke her promise. *(Nothing happens. PANDORA continues her crossword. NARRATORS exchange a worried look.)* Ahem. I said, it wasn't long before Pandora BROKE HER PROMISE.

PANDORA: *(Unbothered.)* Alright. One across. Five letters. Hawaiian state tree. "Kukui."

NARRATOR 2: *(Agitated.)* Hey. Pandora. What are you doing?

PANDORA: Just doing my crossword.

NARRATOR 2: Aren't you going to open the box?

PANDORA: No. Hephaestus was pretty clear that I shouldn't.

NARRATOR 2: Well, yeah, but didn't his cryptic warning cause you intense curiosity?

PANDORA: Not really. Those gods are always cryptic. It's more annoying than intriguing.

NARRATOR 2: But surely you want to look just once.

PANDORA: Nope.

NARRATOR 2: Not even a peek?

PANDORA: Look. I may have been born yesterday, but even I'm not dumb enough to open a mystery box from the Greek gods.

NARRATOR 2: This story is called Pandora's box. You have to open it.

PANDORA: I don't want to.
NARRATOR 1: *(Pulling out a book.)* It's right here. Pandora opens the box. You have to open it.
PANDORA: I don't have to do anything. Why don't you open it?
NARRATOR 1: Because I'm not Pandora. Open the box!
PANDORA: No!
NARRATOR 2: Open the box, Pandora!
PANDORA: No! I don't want to!
NARRATOR 3: Open the box! Open the box! Open the box!
PANDORA: Okay! Okay! Keep your shirt on. *(Fumbling around with the keys.)* Alright… Golden Apples… Graveyard… Honda Civic…
NARRATOR 3: Oh, come on! It's the big skeleton key!
PANDORA: Fine. I'm opening the box. Happy? … Huh. What is that in there?

CHAOS ensues. Enter EVILS in shrouds, speaking in an over-the-top spooky manner.

EVIL 1: Pestilence!
EVIL 2: Plague!
EVIL 3: Disease!
PANDORA: Ahhh! What's happening? What is all this?
NARRATOR 2: In a word… EVIL.
PANDORA: Make it stop!
NARRATOR 3: But despite Pandora's best efforts, evil continued to pour into the world.
EVIL 4: Violence! Murder!
EVIL 5: Famine! Starvation!
EVIL 6: Amazon.com!
PANDORA: Ahhh! No! Get away from me!

The EVILS menace PANDORA, barring her every way.

EVIL 7: Rush hour traffic!
EVIL 8: Detergent stains on your laundry!
EVIL 9: Mondays!
NARRATOR 1: And so it came to pass that every evil was unleashed upon the world.

EVIL 10: That thing of when you're all warm and cozy in bed and realize you have to go to the bathroom!

PANDORA: No! I hate that!

NARRATOR 2: Thus, because of Pandora's foolish curiosity…

PANDORA: *(Stopping cold to address NARRATOR 2.)* Really?

NARRATOR 2: Ahem. Because of Pandora, all the world's evils came to be.

NARRATOR 1: But even that punishment was mild compared to the undisputed King of twisted punishments… That's right, we're talking about the man himself.

SFX: ZEUS sting. Enter ZEUS. Exit PANDORA and EVILS.

NARRATOR 1: A word of advice, dear audience. Do. Not. Upset. Zeus.

NARRATOR 3: If you do, you might end up like Ixion, who was strapped to a burning ring of fire and wheeled across the sky for all eternity.

IXION runs across the stage with a hoop of fire.

IXION: *(Deadpan.)* Ow. Ow. Ow.

NARRATOR 1: Or take Sisyphus. He had to push a boulder around for all eternity.

SISYPHUS runs on with a giant boulder. They meet CS.

SISYPHUS: Being punished by Zeus?

IXION: Yeah! You too?

SISYPHUS: You know it. Ooo… Flaming wheel, that's rough.

ZEUS: Hey! Keep it moving!

IXION: Sorry!

SISYPHUS: Sorry!

Exit SISYPHUS, IXION, and ZEUS.

NARRATOR 1: But perhaps the most famous Zeus punishment involved this guy: Prometheus.

Enter PROMETHEUS.

PROMETHEUS: Hi! Nice to be here.

NARRATOR 1: Prometheus was extremely important to humankind. Let's wind the clocks back—all the way back—to the dawn of man.

NARRATOR 2: When human beings were first created, legend says that the Titan Prometheus loved them so much that he stole fire from the gods as a gift for them.

NARRATOR 3 hands off a torch to PROMETHEUS.

PROMETHEUS: Oh my gods… Fire? That is a GREAT idea. The humans will love it. Wait, humans wouldn't abuse a gift from the gods, right?

NARRATOR 3: Nah.

PROMETHEUS: Well, great. Hey, humans!

Enter HUMAN.

HUMAN: Yeah, Prometheus?

PROMETHEUS: Got something for you. It's called "fire."

HUMAN: *(Taking the torch.)* Neat! What does it do?

PROMETHEUS: Well, it's going to help you build a civilization and be prosperous and all that.

HUMAN: Cool! Thanks, Prometheus. We owe you one.

Exit HUMAN, preoccupied with the fire and ignoring PROMETHEUS.

PROMETHEUS: No problem! Please be responsible with it! I'd hate for you to build an entire culture and history only to burn it all down… over and over… Hmm. Eh. I'm sure it'll be fine.

NARRATOR 1: It was not fine.

NARRATOR 2: As it turned out, the humans were pretty great at building stuff—and even better at burning it down.

NARRATOR 3: And as any good parent will tell you, there's only so many times your kids can destroy entire civilizations before you have to get involved.

Enter ZEUS.

ZEUS: Prometheus!
PROMETHEUS: Oh, hey! What's up, Zeus? It's been a while.
ZEUS: For sure, for sure. So… I need to talk to you about something.
PROMETHEUS: Of course! What do you need?
ZEUS: It's about the humans. I've noticed they've gotten a little rambunctious since they got a hold of fire.
PROMETHEUS: Tell me about it. I swear, they can't even keep an empire going for more than a few hundred years. Little scamps.
ZEUS: Yeah… Here's the thing. I've sort of decided it's a little bit all your fault.
PROMETHEUS: My fault? Whatever made you come to that conclusion?
ZEUS: Just that, like, you were specifically the one who stole the fire and gave it to them.
PROMETHEUS: Oh. Yeah, okay, I could see that. Alright. My bad, Zeus. Are we good?
ZEUS: Uh… No. See, after deposing my father—
PROMETHEUS: Deposing and KILLING!
ZEUS: Right. So, after deposing and killing my father—
PROMETHEUS: And mother.
ZEUS: Uh-huh.
PROMETHEUS: And all your uncles and aunts.
ZEUS: Look, the point is, I'm the boss. But I'm pretty new to the gig. I gotta set a firm line. If I don't, no one's going to respect me as the all-knowing King of the Universe.
PROMETHEUS: Ohhh… Totally get it, Big Z. You gotta lay down the law.
ZEUS: Exactly. Glad you understand.
PROMETHEUS: Go ahead, boss. Hit me. What's my punishment?
ZEUS: I think you'll dig this. I'm going to chain you to this really big rock. Hephaestus! Bring in the chains!

Enter HEPHAESTUS, with chains, who hands them off and exits.

HEPHAESTUS: Here ya go.

PROMETHEUS: Chained to a giant rock, huh? I think I can ROLL with that. *(Crickets.)*
ZEUS: Don't do that.
PROMETHEUS: Sorry. So that's it, then?
ZEUS: Not quite. The other part is: every morning my eagle is going to descend on you. Eagle!

Enter EAGLE.

EAGLE: Hey, how's it going?
PROMETHEUS: Hey.
ZEUS: You want to explain what you'll be doing?
EAGLE: I'm going to tear open your abdomen with my talons and eat all your innards.
PROMETHEUS: Huh.
ZEUS: But hey! Don't worry! You're a titan. Your organs will regenerate, and you'll be good as new in the morning!
PROMETHEUS: Oh!
EAGLE: At which point I will come back to tear open your abdomen and eat your innards.
PROMETHEUS: Oh. Oh! Okay, I think I get the picture! Daily disembowelment. Great idea, boss! Very clever punishment.
ZEUS: Thanks! I thought so.
PROMETHEUS: For how long am I being punished?
ZEUS: Oh, not long. Just until the end of time.
PROMETHEUS: Got it. Well, I have no questions. This all sounds fine.
ZEUS: Great! Eagle—you're up! See ya, Prometheus!

Exit ZEUS and HEPHAESTUS.

PROMETHEUS: Bye, Zeus! Ahhhh! AHHH! My precious spleen!
NARRATOR 1: Dear audience, the moral of the story is this: don't make the gods angry. You won't like them when they're angry.
NARRATOR 2: Especially Zeus.
NARRATOR 3: Moving on! Part three!

ACT ONE, SCENE 4

SFX: A deep voice says: "PART THREE: THE AGE OF HEROES."

NARRATOR 1: At this point I can guess what everyone is thinking: that our Greek food is taking forever.

NARRATOR 3: *(Looking at the phone.)* Yeah. I think this guy is riding a bike or something.

NARRATOR 2: You may also be thinking that while Titans and gods are great, it might be nice to hear about someone a bit more down to earth.

NARRATOR 1: Someone we've heard of before.

NARRATOR 2: Well lucky for you, Hollywood has made darn sure we all know the name of at least one Greek hero. You know him—you love him—The man who probably could lift a car over his head if there had been cars when he was around—HERACLES!

Enter HERACLES, to a rather lame kazoo fanfare.

NARRATOR 1: Yeah, yeah. You probably thought his name was Hercules. Well technically, that's his Roman name. In ancient Greece, they called him Heracles.

IXION and SISYPHUS enter with their hoop and boulder, carrying them casually.

SISYPHUS: Yeah, because you narrators have been SO faithful to the source material until now.

IXION: What's the big deal? Just call him Hercules.

NARRATOR 1: You two hush. He's Heracles.

NARRATOR 2: What are you doing here? Your stories are over. Go wait backstage.

IXION: We didn't get stories! You basically skipped over them.

NARRATOR 1: LEAVE, [ACTOR].

IXION and SISYPHUS exit.

NARRATOR 1: Now, then… Heracles had a normal enough childhood. He went to school, got good grades… He even played quarterback for the Varsity football team.

HERACLES: Hike!

HERACLES is tossed a football. NARRATOR 2 and NARRATOR 3 put on headsets and become football announcers.

NARRATOR 2: The Titans are pinned back on the one yard line with ten seconds to go in the fourth quarter. Heracles drops back for the pass… But the defense is blitzing!

Enter FOOTBALL PLAYERS, who mob HERACLES.

NARRATOR 3: They're all over him! And that'll be the game for the Athens High Titans.

NARRATOR 1: A normal childhood… for the most part.

SFX: Lightning and thunder. The FOOTBALL PLAYERS all fall over dead.

NARRATOR 2: I stand corrected… It looks like the entire opposing team has been smited, leaving an open field for Heracles.

NARRATOR 3: Yes, it seems that Heracles will walk to the endzone, winning the game for the Titans with the help of a little divine intervention. You have to imagine that's going to look good for the college scouts, [NARRATOR 2].

NARRATOR 2: Definitely, [NARRATOR 3]. Recruiters are looking for three things: good teamwork, sound fundamentals, and the ability to summon the power of the gods.

NARRATOR 1: Eventually Heracles started to ask some questions about all the lightning. And when you have questions about where you come from, who you are, or just the meaning of life in general, American Television has taught us there's really only one place you go: your high school football coach.

Enter CHIRON. SFX: A Friday Night Lights style guitar riff.

HERACLES: Hey, Coach Chiron?

CHIRON: Hey, kid. Great hustle out there. How are you feeling?

HERACLES: Good, I guess. But I think I might be throwing the ball a little hard.

CHIRON: What makes you say that?

HERACLES: Well… lately every time I throw a pass, the ball hits my wide receiver and… *(Mimics an explosion noise.)*

CHIRON: The ball explodes?

HERACLES: No, the receiver does.

CHIRON: *(Sigh.)* Alright, Heracles. I think it's time you knew something. Have a seat.

HERACLES: What's going on, coach?

CHIRON: Well, sport. It's about your old man. You see, son, your daddy, well…. He's… the King of the gods.

HERACLES: The what of the what?

CHIRON: You seem surprised.

HERACLES: My father is Zeus! Of course I'm surprised!

CHIRON: *(Conciliatory.)* I know, this must seem like a betrayal. If it makes you feel better, I only kept it a secret from you for so long because your daddy hates you so much.

HERACLES: What?

CHIRON: Yeah. Anyway, chin up.

HERACLES: My dad hates me? Wait, YOU don't hate me, right?

CHIRON: *(Skeptical.)* I don't know. What was your completion percentage today?

Exit CHIRON and HERACLES.

NARRATOR 1: No doubt Heracles was left wondering why Zeus would hate having a smart, talented All-Athenean Quarterback for a son.

NARRATOR 3: Let's go live to the press conference to find out.

Enter ZEUS, behind a podium, giving a press conference. Enter HERA, who stands beside him looking aggravated. Enter PLATO and other reporters, who are chanting "Zeus! Zeus! Over here! Etc.

ZEUS: Good evening. I am holding this press conference tonight to address the recent appearance of so-called demigods among the mortals. I have the following statement prepared. Ahem. I am not now, nor have I ever been, responsible for the creation of a demigod. The sudden appearance of half-god half-humans is as big of a shock to me as it is to you. I have also been advised by my lawyer to clarify that I love my wife Hela very much.

HERA: Hera.

ZEUS: What's that?

HERA: Hera. My name is Hera.

ZEUS: Is it? Huh. Learn something new, I guess. Alright, I will now take questions. *(ZEUS responds to a chorus of questions.)* Yes, you there.

PLATO: Yes. I'm Plato from the Plebian Times. Your statement just now seems to confirm the existence of demigods, plural. Is there more than one?

ZEUS: Oh, like way more… Like. Way more. *(LOOKING AT HERA.)* Ahem. Or so I have been told. I deny any involvement with mortals. I don't even know this Heracles person.

PLATO: Uh… No one said his name was Heracles.

ZEUS: Whatever. Okay, I'm done with questions. Lightning!

SFX: ZEUS sting. Exit ZEUS, HERA, PLATO, and reporters.

NARRATOR 3: Suffice it to say, Zeus was not a super involved father. Despite Heracles praying to him every night…

HERACLES: And bless Mommy and Coach Chiron, and bless cousin Perseus, and cousin Andromeda, and cousin Zagreus, and cousin Persephone, and cousin Castor, and cousin Pollux and cousin—

NARRATOR 2: There were… There were a lot of cousins.

NARRATOR 3: But then… One special night, Zeus answered.

Enter HERACLES DS. Enter ZEUS on CS platform. SFX: Lightning and thunder.

ZEUS: *(Booming voice.)* HERACLES!

HERACLES: Who's there?

ZEUS: IT IS I—ZEUS!

HERACLES: Father! Is it really you?

ZEUS: YES. OBVIOUSLY. HOW MANY OTHER THUNDER GODS DO YOU KNOW?

HERACLES: Sorry. What do you want with me?

ZEUS: THUS SAYETH THE KING OF THE GODS—STOP CALLING ME.

HERACLES: You don't want me praying to you?

ZEUS: NO. IT'S SUPER ANNOYING.

HERACLES: So you do hate me! Then why are you always helping me when I play football?

ZEUS: BECAUSE I AM NOT LOSING MY FANTASY FOOTBALL LEAGUE AGAIN. ATHENA WINS EVERY YEAR AND SHE NEVER SHUTS UP ABOUT IT.

HERACLES: Isn't there anything I can do to earn your favor?

ZEUS: YES. TELL YOUR COACH TO USE A COVER THREE DEFENSE. YOUR TEAM IS NOT BUILT FOR MAN COVERAGE.

HERACLES: That's it? You want me to do better at football?

ZEUS: I'M NOT ASKING FOR A PICK SIX ON EVERY PLAY! JUST MAKE THEM THINK TWICE ABOUT THROWING IT OVER THE MIDDLE, YOU KNOW?

HERACLES: Stop it, Dad! I don't want to play football anymore! I keep accidentally killing my teammates. There has to be something else I can do for you!

ZEUS: Hmm… Well now that you mention it, I do have a chore list I've been meaning to get to. Alright… THUS SAYETH THE KING OF THE GODS—*(ZEUS dismounts the platform, and his voice shrinks to normal volume. He hands over a laundry list.)* Here. Take care of this by Thursday. Attaboy.

NARRATOR 1: Thus began an era of adventure known as The Labors of Heracles! Fanfare!

SFX: Fanfare and upbeat music. Exit ZEUS.

NARRATOR 2: Yes, the Labors of Heracles. A series of tasks so impossible that to accomplish even one would be enough to earn a mortal a place among the gods. And Heracles would need to accomplish twelve.

HERACLES: Yes! Watch me, Zeus! I shall do all that you ask, and earn my place on Mount Olympus! Bring it on, Narrators. What's up first?

NARRATOR 1: Labor number one! Killing the Cretan Bull!

HERACLES: No problem!

Enter THE BULL, which HERACLES punches. BULL runs off crying.

HERACLES: Boom! Dead! What else ya got?

NARRATOR 2: Labor number two! Slaying the Stymphalian Birds!

Enter ACTORS with BIRD puppets or costumes, which HERACLES punches in succession.

HERACLES: BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Dead! Dead! Dead! What's next?

NARRATOR 3: Labor number three! Defeat the Nemean Lion.

Enter FOOTBALL PLAYERS. Cut upbeat music.

HERACLES: Who the heck are you?

NARRATOR 3: *(Checking a script.)* Oops! My mistake. Not the Nemean Lion, the Nemean High School LIONS. They're 8-2 in the conference.

HERACLES: *(Calling to the sky.)* Zeus! I am NOT playing more football!

ZEUS: *(From offstage.)* OH COME ON! I ALREADY SET MY FANTASY LINEUP! I CAN'T BENCH YOU UNTIL NEXT WEEK!

HERACLES: No!

Exit HERACLES.

ZEUS: FINE!

NARRATORS meet DSC for a conference.

NARRATOR 1: Heracles is on a roll!

NARRATOR 2: Let's see if we can stump him.

NARRATOR 3: I got it. Labor number four: Cleaning the Augean Stables.

Enter EURYSTHEUS, dressed as a farmer and holding a horse doll, with HERACLES.

HERACLES: Cleaning? Surely you mean killing.
EURYSTHEUS: *(In a bumpkin accent.)* No, cleaning.
HERACLES: Maiming? Punching? Throttling?
EURYSTHEUS: I'd prefer if you didn't. Buttercup here is pretty sensitive.
HERACLES: Awww… what a cute miniature pony. Hi, Buttercup!
EURYSTHEUS: Her stables haven't been cleaned in a while, so you'll need to muck them out.
HERACLES: That doesn't sound so hard. It's just one little pony, how much dung could it be?

Exit HERACLES.

NARRATOR 3: What Eurystheus wasn't telling Heracles is that Buttercup was a divine pony. Consequently, she produced a divine amount of dookie.
HERACLES: *(From offstage.)* OH MY GOD! *(Gagging noises.)*
EURYSTHEUS: Hey, muscles! You good?
HERACLES: *(From offstage.)* I'm good… I'm goo—*(Gagging noises.)* Oh my god. Oh my god. There's so much.
NARRATOR 1: This is real by the way. This is a real myth. The Greeks were kinda weird.
HERACLES: Could I please have a shovel? I need a shov—*(Gagging noise.)* Zeus! Zeus! I'm ready to play football again! *(Gagging noises.)*

Exit EURYSTHEUS. Meanwhile NARRATOR 1 retrieves a crown from offstage.

NARRATOR 2: While Heracles deals with that, why don't we check in with another great Greek hero: Jason. *(Enter JASON, who poses.)* Now Jason, unlike Heracles, had no godlike powers.

JASON: Aw. What?

NARRATOR 1: But, he was the rightful King of an island nation.

JASON: Hey, alright! *(Takes a crown from NARRATOR 1.)*

NARRATOR 2: *(Taking the crown and throwing it.)* An island nation that had been usurped by his brother Pelias.

JASON: Oh, come on! What am I supposed to do now?

NARRATOR 3: I'm glad you asked. One day, as Jason was mourning the loss of his Kingdom, he was visited by the god of the sea.

JASON: I was?

Enter POSEIDON, CS platform. SFX: Lights and a wave crash.

POSEIDON: JASON!

JASON: Agh!

POSEIDON: FEAR NOT! IT IS I, THE MIGHTY POSEIDON! KING OF THE SEA!

JASON: Oh, great and powerful Posiedon! Your humble servant begs thy favor! Telleth me: what is thy bidding? I shall undertaketh any tasketh to reclaimeth my birthright…eth!

POSEIDON: FIRST—STOP TALKING LIKE THAT. SECOND—TO RECLAIM YOUR THRONE, YOU MUST GO FORTH ON MY SEAS TO FIND… THE GOLDEN FLEECE!

JASON: Golden Fleece? Where is it?

POSEIDON: IF I KNEW THAT, I WOULDN'T NEED YOUR HELP TO FIND IT, WOULD I?

JASON: Sorry.

POSEIDON: I HAVE SEEN FIT TO GIVE YOU A GIFT FOR YOUR JOURNEY. BEHOLD—YOUR NEW SHIP!

NARRATOR 3: Poseidon blessed Jason with the fastest ship in all of Greece—THE ARGO.

SFX: A triumphant fanfare, and the lights change. Then, unhurried, an actor brings out an unimpressive single ship sail. They meekly point at it, then leave.

JASON: Wow! This is great!

POSEIDON: FEAR NOT, JASON. I SHALL WATCH OVER YOU DURING YOUR QUEST. UNLESS I GET BORED.

Exit POSEIDON.

JASON: Thanks, Poseidon! Wow, the fastest boat in the mediterranean and a quest from the gods themselves. Wait, do I get a team to help me?

NARRATOR 3: Actually, yes you do! Meet the Argonauts, the greatest sailing force in history!

Enter ARGONAUTS in sailor hats, who comically scuttle onstage to their positions.

JASON: Cool! What's going on, everybody! Can't wait to sail to certain doom with y'all. Wait—narrator—which one of these nerds is my first mate?

NARRATOR 2: None of them. Jason's first mate and second-in-command was none other than the wise and noble Atlanta!

NARRATOR 1: At-A-lanta.

NARRATOR 2: Whatever. This lady.

Enter ATALANTA. SFX: Brief war drums.

NARRATOR 3: Now, Atalanta was a demigod, like Heracles. Except while Heracles was strong, Atalanta was fast. This was because she had been blessed by Artemis, the goddess of the hunt, and also because she had been raised by a literal bear.

Enter ARTEMIS and BEAR, who wrap their arms around ATLANTA.

NARRATOR 1: *(Holding up a camera.)* Alright, you three, squeeze together. Say "Feta!"

ATALANTA, BEAR and ARTEMIS: *(Posing for a family picture.)* Feta!

SFX: Camera click. NARRATORS gather up to look at the picture.

NARRATOR 2: Aww, cute.

ATALANTA: Alright! Bye, Artemis. Bye bear. I'm off to look for the golden fleece.

BEAR: *(Tearing up.)* I promised myself I wouldn't cry.

ARTEMIS: Come on, Bear. Keep it together. We knew this day would come.

BEAR: Did you remember to pack a coat?

ATALANTA: Yes, Bear.

BEAR: Extra warm socks? It's cold out on the ocean.

ATALANTA: Yes, Bear.

ARTEMIS: Quit doting on her, Bear. She's a grown woman.

BEAR: She's still my little girl. Here's a sack lunch I made for you. And I better not hear from your little sailor friends that you traded your apple for a Little Debbie.

ATALANTA: I promise I won't trade my snacks. Can I go now?

BEAR: *(Hugging ATALANTA.)* Not before you give me a big hug!

ATALANTA: Beeaarrrr… You're embarrassing me in front of the other Argonauts.

ARTEMIS: Remember, young lady, if you get in trouble, I want you to use your superspeed and leave those stupid boys in the dust.

ATALANTA: That doesn't sound very noble, Artemis.

ARTEMIS: Who cares about noble? Noble doesn't help you in the belly of a sea monster. I'll be a monkey's uncle before I let some squid-for-brains-god-of-saltwater hurt my daughter.

ATALANTA: Is Poseidon beating you in the fantasy football league again?

ARTEMIS: This has nothing to do with that! And if Perseus hadn't missed that stupid kick last week—You know what? That's not the point.

BEAR: Be safe, dear! We love you!

ATALANTA: Love you too, Bear. Bye.

BEAR: They grow up so fast, don't they? *(Noticing ARTEMIS is distracted.)* Artemis?

ARTEMIS: Stupid Perseus. Can't believe he missed that kick. *(BEAR rolls eyes and storms off.)* What? What! It was a twenty-yard chip shot! Hey!

Exit BEAR and ARTEMIS. ATALANTA crosses over to JASON.

JASON: Welcome aboard, Atlanta.
ATALANTA: At-A-lanta.
JASON: Whatever. So who else is on this dream team?
NARRATOR 2: Let's find out! Music!

SFX: Power Rangers theme or similar. Enter ICARUS, and ORPHEUS, who pose.

JASON: Alright! Now we're talking!
NARRATOR 3: You've met Jason and Atalanta. Next up: Icarus! Man of the sky!
JASON: Wow! I've heard of you! You can fly, can't you?
ICARUS: That's right! I can be the Goose to your Maverick.
JASON: That's perfect! I always wanted a wingman!
ATALANTA: This is good! If the fleece is too high for us to reach, Icarus can fly up and get it!
ICARUS: Well, no—obviously I can't fly up. These wings are made of wax. Do you want them to melt? Come on. I can fly anywhere except up.
ATALANTA: How is that helpful??
JASON: Don't listen to her. Welcome aboard!
ATALANTA: *(To NARRATORS.)* Who's next?
NARRATOR 2: Next up is the legendary bard—Orpheus!
ORPHEUS: Hey, everybody! I'm Orpheus.
JASON: Cool! What's your special power, Orpheus?
ORPHEUS: *(Excited.)* I write poetry.
ATALANTA: *(Beat.)* Anything else? Anything… useful?
ORPHEUS: I also sing songs. And I have a harp.
JASON: Woah! Stop selling, cowboy, I'm already sold. Welcome aboard!
ORPHEUS: *(Excited.)* Thanks!
ATALANTA: Anyone else? Please gods, anyone else? Maybe someone useful?
NARRATOR 2: Never fear—last but definitely not least—and I swear this is an actual part of the myth and not just me trying to shoehorn this character back into the show—re-introducing the lovable demigod hero Heracles!

Enter HERACLES to his lame kazoo fanfare.

HERACLES: Heyoooo! I'm back.

ATALANTA: Yes! Finally, someone cool! I'm Atalanta. Good to finally—WOAH. *(Recoils.)*

HERACLES: What?

ATALANTA: You smell like horse poo.

HERACLES: Excuse me. I smell like pony poo.

ORPHEUS: Hey, that's right. Aren't you supposed to be doing a bunch of labors or something? What are you doing here?

HERACLES: Eh. They were kind of hard. And anyway, the Narrators are trying to tie a bow on this first act, so we're going to cut the rest of the labors. Right?

NARRATOR 3: Definitely. "STEVE" is about ten minutes away, so let's pick up the pace, huh?

HERACLES: You got it! Who's the leader of this outfit?

JASON: That would be me! I'm Jason. Put-er-there, pal!

HERACLES: *(Skeptical.)* You? Seriously?

JASON: What?

HERACLES: She's as fast as the wind, I can lift a mountain, that guy can fly, even Orpheus has that harp thing. Why are you in charge?

JASON: *(Obviously.)* My boat.

HERACLES: Oh! Okay, cool. Where to, boss?

ATALANTA: Jason was tasked with recovering the golden fleece.

HERACLES: Mmhmm. And what, praytell, is a golden fleece?

JASON: That's… actually a very good question. Hey! Narrators! What's a golden fleece?

NARRATOR 2: Let's find out!

SFX: A harp and lighting change indicate a flashback. NARRATORS can add to the effect by wiggling their arms and imitating the harp sounds.

NARRATOR 1: As the legend goes, the golden fleece came from the winged ram, Chrysomallos.

Enter CHRYSOMALLOS, wearing a yellow fleece jacket or cardigan.

CHRYSOMALLOS: Bahhhhhhh.
NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time, Chrysomallos rescued Prince Phrixus from drowning and brought him ashore.
CHRYSOMALLOS: Phrixus! Grab my hoof!
PHRIXUS: Thanks, Chrysomallos! You saved me! You're my best friend. I love you.
CHRYSOMALLOS: *(Giving PHRIXUS a hug.)* I love you too, pal.
NARRATOR 1: Whereupon Phrixus sacrificed it to Zeus.
PHRIXUS: Stab!
CHRYSOMALLOS: Why?!

PHRIXUS stabs CHRYSOMALLOS. Enter ZEUS, crossing from SL to SR.

PHRIXUS: Oh, Almighty Zeus! Because you have seen fit to save my life, I have sacrificed this sheep in your honor!
ZEUS: *(Passing by.)* Rad! Don't mind me, I'm just getting a sandwich.

Exit ZEUS. Enter POSEIDON.

CHRYSOMALLOS: What? Zeus didn't help you, I helped you!
PHRIXUS: And you're about to help me again! Thanks for the fleece, sucker!
CHRYSOMALLOS: Oh, come on! Blahhhhh! Dead.
NARRATOR 2: Phrixus gave the fleece to Poseidon.
PHRIXUS: Here you go.
POSEIDON: Thanks. Now beat it.
PHRIXUS: Okay!
NARRATOR 3: Poseidon in turn hung it in his sacred garden, and left it there to be guarded by a dragon that never sleeps.

Enter DRAGON, meeting POSEIDON CS.

POSEIDON: Hey, Dragon. How's the coffee I got you?
DRAGON: Good. Goodgoodgoodgoodgood. *(Huge sip of coffee.)*
POSEIDON: Alright. here's the golden fleece I want you to guard.
DRAGON: Cool. Coolcoolcoolcoolcool—
POSEIDON: *(Annoyed.)* Alright, come on.

POSEIDON shoves DRAGON offstage. PHRIXUS exits, dragging CHRYSOMALLOS. SFX: Lights change and harp noises indicate a return to the present. The NARRATORS can once again comically assist the change.

HERACLES: That's seriously the real story?
NARRATOR 2: Yes! *(Looking at the ARGONAUT'S skeptic faces.)* I swear to Zeus that's all correct.

Enter ZEUS with a sandwich.

ZEUS: Hey! Don't use my name in vain.
ATALANTA: It sounds incredibly made up.
NARRATOR 1: Of course it's made up! This is all made up! Don't start pulling on threads now. Zeus, back me up here.
ZEUS: We are such stuff as dreams are made on… blah, blah, blah… Lightning!

SFX: ZEUS sting. Exit ZEUS.

JASON: Argonauts! To your stations! Man the mizzenmast! Pull the sheet! Set our heading due east! And other sailing jargon! To the sacred garden of Poseidon!
NARRATOR 3: And just like that, the Argonauts were off on their quest—the search for the Golden Fleece!
NARRATOR 1: As you might expect on an adventure such as this, they almost instantly encountered treacherous waters in the unforgiving Black Sea!
ICARUS: Storm! There's a storm!
HERACLES: Brace yourselves!

SFX: An extremely brief storm. ALL on the ship go left, right then center yelling "WOAH!" The SAILORS exit, having fallen off the ship. The storm abruptly ceases.

ICARUS: We survived!
ATALANTA: We lost all the Argonauts.

HERACLES: It's fine: they don't have lines in this scene. The important thing is we survived.

JASON: I'm just glad it's over. Storms were what I was worried about most!

NARRATOR 3: Unfortunately for Jason, storms were the least of his worries.

JASON: Aww. What?

ICARUS: What's worse than storms?

NARRATOR 3: You're sailing on the Black Sea. As the pirates say, here there be monsters!

NARRATOR 1: First up—sirens! One dark night, a trio of beautiful women appeared to lure the Argonauts to be dashed upon their rocks with the power of the most irresistible song ever written!

Enter SIRENS. SFX: "Everybody clap your hands" from the Cha Cha Slide, then more of the Cha-Cha Slide, or similar samba music to suggest Cha-Cha Slide. Sirens can also call out "EVERYBODY CLAP YOUR HANDS."

JASON: What's happening? Why am I clapping my hands?

HERACLES: Why am I hopping?

ICARUS: It's so catchy! Why is it so catchy?

ATALANTA: I can't resist the music! Look how smooth they cha-cha!

ICARUS: We're going to cha-cha real smooth into that giant rock!

NARRATOR 3: Luckily, one of their crew had a discerning taste in music!

ORPHEUS: Don't worry, everyone! I'll save you!

HERACLES: It's impossible! No song is as catchy as the Cha-Cha Slide!

ORPHEUS: Oh, yes there is! Magic harp: do your thing! Hyah!

SFX: "Every day I'm shuffling" from Party Rock Anthem, or similar popular music that will be upbeat and catchy.

ATALANTA: Yes! Yes, it's working!

HERACLES: Great job, Orpheus!

ICARUS: Everyone keep shuffling!

JASON: Hey! Forget about the golden fleece—do you guys want to hit up a rave?
ATALANTA: Focus, Jason!
JASON: Right! Sorry! On to the next one! Back to your stations!
HERACLES: Bring it on Narrators! What's the next monster?
NARRATOR 1: Next up—harpies!

SFX: A cacophony of crows cawing. NARRATORS hand JASON a tiny umbrella.

JASON: What in the Alfred Hitchock is this?
ATALANTA: Bird people! Bird people! Quick, everyone cover up!
JASON: *(Opening the umbrella.)* What do we do? What do we do?
HERACLES: Can they be punched? I can't really do anything unless they can be punched!
ORPHEUS: They're too high to be punched!
HERACLES: Then we're doomed!

ICARUS climbs the platform.

ICARUS: No we're not! Don't worry everyone, I can save you!
ATALANTA: Icarus, where are you going?
ICARUS: I'm about to try something crazy! I'm going to fly… UP!
JASON: No, Icarus, it's too dangerous! The gods never intended things to fly up!
ICARUS: We have no choice! Here I go!

SFX: A spotlight on ICARUS. Angelic music plays.

JASON: He's flying! He's flying!
ATALANTA: He's beautiful!
ICARUS: I'm doing it! I'm doing it! I'm flying! *(Sniff.)* Does anyone else smell burning candles? *(SFX: The sound of sizzling.)* Uh oh. AHHH!!!
HERACLES: Icarus, no!

ICARUS falls off the back of the platform. SFX: A splash.

ORPHEUS: Well. He's dead.
JASON: Aw, man. I liked that guy.

SFX: The cawing resumes.

HERACLES: What do we do now?
ATALANTA: Everyone stay put. I'll run across the ocean and get help!

Spotlight on ATALANTA as she dashes SL. Exit ORPHEUS, HERACLES, and JASON. Enter ARTEMIS and POSEIDON, sitting at a table sipping coffee. HERA is covered by a large newspaper. ATALANTA lands nearby, out of breath.

ATALANTA: Artemis!
ARTEMIS: Atalanta! You're back!
ATALANTA: Yes!
ARTEMIS: Did the Argonauts get into trouble?
ATALANTA: Yes!
ARTEMIS: And you ran away immediately?
ATALANTA: Pretty much.