

MY BIG FAT GREEK DIVORCE

TEN-MINUTE PLAY

By Matt Thompson and Theodore Reis

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PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

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SYNOPSIS: There's trouble in Mount Olympus! The queen of the Greek Gods, Hera, has filed for divorce from her husband, Zeus. The whole court case gets complicated when the 1940's film noir version of Medusa shows up to tell her side of the story. Only the bubbly Valley Girl, known as Aphrodite, can show our couple the true meaning of love.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 MAN, 5 WOMEN)

ARTEMIS (f).....Bailiff. Direct and to the point. *(14 lines)*

ATHENA (f)Our judge of the court. Regal, wise, tough, fair, takes no guff. *(33 lines)*

HERA (f).....Sweet, demure, and put-upon, but has a shrill side. Upset at Zeus, her husband. *(37 lines)*

ZEUS (m).....King of the Gods. A ne'er do well, suave, rakish, carefree attitude. *(34 lines)*

MEDUSA (f)Zeus's ex-girlfriend. Femme fatale from a film noir movie. Very over dramatic. *(8 lines)*

APHRODITE (f).....Daughter of Zeus and Hera. Very bubbly personality. Going for her Master's degree in psychology. *(13 lines)*

NOTE: With a quick costume change the roles of Medusa and Aphrodite can be double cast.

SETTING:

A courtroom. One chair sits center stage as a throne for ATHENA. Two podiums, one left and one right.

ARTEMIS: Yes. It is I, Artemis, Goddess of the Hunt; I do call forward the honorable judge Athena, Goddess of Wisdom residing. All rise.

ATHENA enters, dressed in a judge's robe, and sits at her throne.

ARTEMIS: You may be seated.

ATHENA: Thank you sister. So, what have we got today?

ARTEMIS: Divorce case. Very messy Your Honor.

ATHENA: Okay, send them in.

ARTEMIS: The plaintiff may enter.

HERA enters and stands at her podium. ARTEMIS addresses the audience very formally.

ARTEMIS: Hera. Goddess of the Hearth. She's filing for divorce because she says her husband is never home, and he's always out having fun without her. She's suing for ruling rights over the Peloponnesian Peninsula and custody of their 419 children.

Enter ZEUS, confidently strutting, waving confidently to the audience. ARTEMIS addresses the audience.

ARTEMIS: And here's the defendant, Zeus, God of Thunder. He claims that he's too busy ruling the universe to spend time with Hera and their scores of offspring. He insists that he's a good God, and loving father. He's accused of being a deadbeat deity.

ATHENA: Thank you, Artemis. Now Ms. Hera, you claim that your husband is never home?

HERA: That's right Your Honor. I'll have dinner prepared and he floats in at 4 a.m. reeking of gyros and spanokopita.

ZEUS: For the 300th time, Hera, I was at Apollo's P.T.A. meeting.

HERA: Until 4 in the morning!

ZEUS: The chariot lost a wheel on the way home. I told you that.

HERA: Don't pull that *Ben-Hur* business. I know that's your favorite movie. (*To ATHENA.*) Do you know how many times he's made that excuse?

ATHENA: Okay, settle down. Now Zeus, your wife claims that you never spend time with the children? Is this true?

ZEUS: Your Honor, I'm a very busy god. I've planets to align. Rain and thunder to distribute. I'm in meetings with the Oracles all day.

HERA: But you have time to sit around with your friends and watch the Olympics?!

ATHENA: Order!

HERA: I'm sorry Your Honor, but he's always making excuses for not spending time with his children.

ATHENA: And how many children do you have?

HERA: 419.

ZEUS: 420. Theseus just popped out of my neck this morning.

HERA: You already named him?

ZEUS: I'm sorry, but you weren't home.

HERA: I'm the Goddess of the Hearth, I'm always home!

ATHENA: Order! Order! Okay, Hera, if he's not home, where is he exactly?

HERA: I'll tell you where he is, he's hanging out with his beach bum brother Poseidon!

ZEUS: Your Honor, I only get to see my brother once a year.

HERA: During spring break!

ZEUS: We take a fishing trip every year. It's the only time we spend together.

ATHENA: And where do you go fishing?

ZEUS: We go to Mykonos, and try to catch the Kraken.

HERA: Catch the Kraken huh? I know why you really go down there. All those scantily clad muses.

ZEUS: That's not true. I go there to fish.

HERA: And, every year you come back and it's the same story. "Oh Hera, you shoulda' been there; we had it on the end of Poseidon's trident, when it got away. You shoulda' seen it, Hera! *(Stretching out her arms.)* It was this big! It was this big!"

ATHENA: Zeus, what's your side of the story mister?

ZEUS: Well, Your Honor, I feel like she never gives me my space. It's like I'm chained to a rock, with the carrion birds pecking my innards!

HERA: He's always making himself out into a martyr! You're no Prometheus!

ATHENA: Order! Order! The Prometheus case was thrown out eons ago due to a lack of light! Now, continue Zeus.

ZEUS: She's suffocating me Your Honor! One day she turned herself into a peacock, and followed me around, just to spy on me. Do you know how embarrassing it is to have a peacock follow you around the agora and nag you? *(Walks around like a Peacock.)* "Zeus, wipe off your sandals, pull up your toga! Straighten up your laurel!"

ATHENA: Is this true, Hera?

HERA: You try getting ambrosia stains out of his toga!

ATHENA: Continue please, Mr. Zeus.

ZEUS: Well, like I was saying Your Honor, she's always stalking me. I can't go out with my buddies without her following me around!

HERA: I don't like that Hades! He's always taking you to Goth bars!

ZEUS: You don't like any of my family!

HERA: Your dad tried to eat you Zeus!

ZEUS: Oh come on, he tries to eat everybody!

HERA: And that's supposed to make me feel better!?

ATHENA: Order! Order! Continue, Mr. Zeus.

ZEUS: And I don't know why she's always putting down my army buddies.

HERA: Well, when Ares stops treating my living room like Persia Minor he can come back over!

ZEUS: We've been friends for 832 years.

HERA: My patience doesn't last that long.

ZEUS: You see that your honor! She's so controlling! I can't even go to the theatre, for a drama festival that's dedicated to me!

ARTEMIS: (*Taking note.*) Just for the record, do you spell "theatre" with an R-E or E-R?

ATHENA: I spell it with an R-E.

ZEUS: But if I want to go out and have any fun, I feel like Hera will put me in the E.R.

HERA: Oh, don't be so dramatic! Leave that to Sophocles. I have no problem with you going to the theatre, sweetheart. I do, however, have a problem with you staying out all hours of the night, trying to relive your college past, like you're back in Delta House.

ATHENA: Okay, okay. Hera, I understand you have brought a character witness to testify in your honor?

HERA: Yes, Your Honor, I have summoned the Queen of the Gorgons hither to share her story.

ATHENA: Artemis, summon the witness, please.

ARTEMIS: Yes, Your Honor. (*Exits.*)

ZEUS: Awww, man, why do you always have to bring her into it?

HERA: You bring it on yourself. If you didn't have so much hubris we wouldn't be here right now.

ZEUS: There's no reason to bring you-know-who into this!

HERA: Why can't you be more like Odysseus? Strong, silent, intelligent type.

ZEUS: He'd bore you to tears.

ATHENA: Miss Hera, what relevance does this witness's testimony have?

HERA: I think the witness's testimony will give the court the stone cold proof it needs.

ZEUS: We used to date, Your Honor. It was a fling I had a couple hundred years ago. She means nothing to me now.

HERA: If she means nothing to you, why did you try and stop Perseus from assassinating her?

ZEUS: Because you were helping her!

HERA: Did not!

ZEUS: Oh, don't lie, Hera! I saw *Clash of the Titans*.

ATHENA: Okay, that's enough. I'm ready to hear the witness' testimony. Let her approach the bench!

ARTEMIS: The court of the Gods calls upon the Queen of the Gorgons!

MEDUSA enters with ARTEMIS. She's very "vampy" 1940's film noir. She wears huge, dark, Jackie Onassis-like sunglasses with bright red lipstick. She wears a scarf around her neck, and a toga. Of course, she's also wearing a ridiculous snake-wig. She flirtatiously sashays past ZEUS.

MEDUSA: Hey Zeusie! Tired of playing patty-cake with Hera Homebody!

HERA: Looks like someone's eaten her portion of mice today.

MEDUSA: Are you still here Hera? Isn't there a lonely peacock somewhere that needs some of your overbearing attention?

ARTEMIS: Let's go hot-shot, before I'm a 1000.

MEDUSA: Honey, you wish you looked this good.

ARTEMIS: State your name for all to hear.

MEDUSA: My name is Medusa! *(The sound of a thunderstorm is heard followed by a scream. Every time her name is spoken, we hear a thunderstorm clap, followed by the sound of a scream.)* Do you need me take my sunglasses off?

EVERYONE at once: "No!"

ATHENA: Now Medusa . . . *(Sound effect is heard.)* Please state your relationship with the accused.

MEDUSA: Well, back before the Bronze Age, we met during the Dionysus festival. There was a little gin-joint in the back streets of Corinth wear the ouzo flows like the rays from Apollo's chariot, and the mood was dripping with atmosphere like the juice from a big, red pomegranate. I didn't come in there to fall in love; I was just a lonely dame looking for a good time, but those three crazy blind broads had other plans. When that dandy delicious hunk of a deity walked in, I could tell we had a connection . . . I was just a poor lonely kitten. But, when he wrapped his beautifully sculpted mitts around me, I just started to purr. PRRRRR! PRRRRR! PRRRRR!

HERA: *(To ZEUS.)* I can't believe you dated her!

ATHENA: Okay. Please continue Medusa. *(Sound effect is heard.)*

MEDUSA: He took me on an odyssey of false vows and broken promises. And it's all because of him.

ATHENA: Zeus, what say you to these accusations of love?

ZEUS: Hey, I'm only human.

HERA: No you're not!

MEDUSA: You played me like a lyre! And I've never been able to sing another tune.

ZEUS: Look, Medusa I'm sorry!

MEDUSA: You should be sorry! *(MEDUSA turns very melodramatically and exits, crying vehemently.)*

ATHENA: Zeus, the court has made note of your formal apology to . . . Medusa.

Sound effect is heard.

ATHENA: Now, does the plaintiff have any more witnesses?

HERA: No, Your Honor. I had hoped that through the aforementioned witness that you could judge Zeus's character.

ATHENA: What does the defendant have to say for himself?

ZEUS: Your Honor, I have called forth my own witness, to better illustrate my argument.

ATHENA: Let the witness, on behalf of the defendant, come forth.

ARTEMIS: Let Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love come forth.

APHRODITE enters, talking on her cell phone, she's very much like a California Valley Girl.

APHRODITE: *(To the cell phone.)* So, if like, they're gonna make a statue of me, they should make it out mother-of-pearl . . . oh ya, I know . . . cool - that'll be hot. Okay, I gotta go. I dunno, I think my dad is on a game show, or something. Like . . . yeah! Like . . . yeah! Like . . . no way! Okay, I'll meet you at the mall. Great sale! The best! Okay. Okay! Okay! I gotta go. Some serious stuff goin' on now. Okay, bye! *(Hangs up.)* Hi, Daddy!

ZEUS: Hello, pumpkin.

APHRODITE: Are you winning?!

ARTEMIS: The witness will take the stand.

APHRODITE: Dude, I am standing.

ARTEMIS: What I mean is, sit over there, and address the court.

APHRODITE: Sit over here? I thought you just told me to stand?

ATHENA: Okay, okay. State your occupation.

APHRODITE: Well, I don't really have a job. I'm just not into that whole scene.

ATHENA: You don't have a job?

APHRODITE: Actually, I'm a student. I'm getting my PhD in psychology.

ATHENA: Okay, let's get to our case, would you say Zeus is a good father?

APHRODITE: Daddy lets me party any time I want, and I mean what else can you ask for in a dad?

ATHENA: What else indeed.

APHRODITE: But, can I just like . . . say something?

ATHENA: Speak.

APHRODITE: *(Looking at HERA and ZEUS.)* Okay, like the Fates, blind as they are, wove their strange strings, and put you two together for a reason! Daddy, why did you marry Hera?

ZEUS: Well . . . she's smart, independent - when she's not being needy. And she had the cutest little dimple . . .

HERA: I still have them.

APHRODITE: Okay, and Hera, why did you marry my dad?

HERA: Well, when I first saw your father's profile on greekharmony.com, his list of conquered lands was impressive. After our first date at Souvlaki Sam's, he just looked adorable, with his blood-stained sword and golden shield, I just fell head over heels.

APHRODITE: And do you remember your second date?

HERA: How could I forget? We gazed at the stars and created the constellations. And do you remember, sweetheart, those armies we smote together in Sparta?

ZEUS: (*Laughing.*) Do I ever! You looked so cute with that Golden Fleece. I just couldn't resist myself.

HERA: (*Giddy.*) Oh, Zeusy! You're so charming.

ZEUS: I never told you this, but I love the way you organize the house with your little trinkets.

HERA: You are the sweetest thing.

ZEUS: And who could resist your charms?

HERA: Oh, sweetheart.

ZEUS: Remember that Minotaur I had slain for you?

HERA: How could I forget! The mortals had a festival for months.

ZEUS: Hey! What do you say we get out of here, and have the citizens of Crete sacrifice a lamb for us?

HERA: You always did know the way to a goddess's heart. Oh, come here you imperfect god you!

They embrace each other as they simultaneously change their attitudes and begin to look at each other longingly again and exit.

ATHENA: How did you get the two of them talking like that?

APHRODITE: (*Very real.*) Easy. Those two have been at it for eons. Besides, if we peel away everyone's superficial cold exterior, we can see our true self. And that is the meaning of love.

ATHENA: So, what is it that *you* love the most?

APHRODITE: (*Back to her bubbly self.*) Shopping! Ciao!

APHRODITE quickly exits.

ATHENA: Next case!

THE END

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NOTES

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