A Geek Tragedy

By Lee Ann Hotovy

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A Geek Tragedy takes the life story of Socrates, whom we call Socrasees, and brings it into a Christian light. Three “geeks”, students of Socrasees, find themselves being chased by an angry landlord, since they have neglected to pay their rent. Rather than suffer the consequences, they go on a journey to find “The Golden Lease”…something that will resolve their housing dilemma forever. As students of Socrasees, they have been taught to “think”…and in their thinking they discover certain truths, and unveil the falsity of the gods and goddesses. In the end, they are caught up in a “Trojan War”, and lose their friend (well kind of), but gain an understanding of the reality of One True God.

**Cast:**

***Three Geeks***

PLAYDOH (ie: Plato)

ALEXANDRA the Bait (ie: Alexander the Great)

BRUCE

SOCRASEES, a philosopher (ie: Socrates)

GREEDIUS, the landlord

CROSOGGONUS—the director

OFELLIA—the stage manager

HERCULESS, the actor—portrays himself like Hercules, as well as, a Cyclops and a Dragon

***gods and goddesses***

ZEUS

HERA

HERMES

APHRODITE

ATHENA

APOLLO

ARTEMIS

HESTIA

***Greek Chorus (10-12 players)***

*CP1 Oceanus/CP 2 Lydownus/ CP 3 Frownius/ CP 4 Lympus/ CP 5 Jumpstartus/CP 6 Maximus/ CP 7 Minimus/ CP 8 Ethelena/ CP 9 Smilius/ CP10 Scrumpdillius/CP 11 Standupus/CP12 Sillius*

*Chorus portrays Greek citizens, Jury, theater players, along with Mythological creatures.*

*Setting: Ancient Greece, in the city of Athens. An upper deck or stage serves as “Olympus” for gods and goddesses. On one end of the main stage is a ship’s bow. This is used as the chorus stage in Act 1, and as the ship in Act 2.*

*The main stage is used in multiple scenes for main characters. A second large entrance area/stage will be needed for the Trojan “horse” to enter. Two smaller stages sit on either side of main stage. SL stage is for Crosoggonus and Ofellia under gods/SR is for island (rocks )and creatures.*

***Act 1: Scene 1 The Greek Theater/Prelude to Story***

*Music*

*Opening scene: A Greek Theater. Greek performers(choreography using traditional theater masks) enter singing of the gods and goddesses who are displayed as statues on an upper decking. These performers appear frozen. Director moves downstage with stage manager as song ends.*

OFELLIA: Crosogonnus, this play of yours is a masterpiece. The gods will be very pleased.

CROSOGGONUS (*P and F issues, like Sylvester the Cat*): Why thank you, Ofellia…it took a *p*assing of moons to com*p*ose…yet it ex*p*lains the seasons so well…if I do say so myself.

OFELLIA: Yes. Our Theater is the finest in all of Athens. As soon as the amphitheater is finished, thousands will hear your stories of the gods, and we will be rich, rich, rich!

CROSOGGONUS: *P*lease Ofellia…not so loud…do you want the *P*erformers to hear? *P*lease keep it to yourself, and start thinking of a way to ex*p*lain the lack of shade…I am *p*erspiring!

OFELLIA: Lack of shade? I have it! Hera has pulled back the curtain of Olympus, so Zeus can blast us with his rays, and cause this incredible heat spell!

CROSOGGONUS: Oh that’s good, very good…everyone will fall for that *p*lot!

*Ethelena runs in late crashing into things because of large mask; eventually bumping into director.*

ETHELENA (breathless): Rejoice! Rejoice! We are victors!

*Actor pretends to fall dead on stage.*

CROSOGGONUS: Ethelena…is that you?

ETHELENA: It is father.

CROSOGGONUS: You’re late again. *P*lease get u*p*.

ETHELENA: Yes, Father. I’m sorry Father, but I got caught in a cross-wind running the twenty-six miles from our home on the plains of Marathon…and a giant Cyclops tried to eat me while I fought my way out of a swirling whirlpool created by the serpent Scorpia, and the minataur devoured my script while I drew arms against a three headed cucumber….and then…

CROSOGGONUS: Save it for the stage…gentlemen, ladies…*p*laces *p*lease! We will be *p*resenting the story of *P*ersophone, sometimes known as *P*roserpine, and *P*oseidon.

ETHELENA: What did he just say?

OCEANUS: He’s your father, read his lips!

ETHELENA: Uh…that’s like trying to read a book in the rain…you know, the s*p*ray…

OCEANUS: Wear the mask.

ETHELENA: Good idea!

*God and Goddess statues come to life/light change*

HERMES: Oh look, it’s showtime!

APHRODITE: What are they performing today, Hermes? I hope it’s about me.

ATHENA: There had better be a war in it, or I am going to be really put out!

HERMES: No war, Athena…its about the “seasons”.

ATHENA: The seasons? How boring.

APRHODITE: You’d think they could write something about love…I mean really.

HERA: Now settle down everyone, according to Ofellia, who I am in the mind of, they are performing a play about

Hades and his relationship with Persephone.

APRHRODITE: Ughhh.

ATHENA: Mother, are you still upset with him?

HERA: Hades? Eternally so.

HERMES: Did anyone bring any popcorn?

APHRODITE: Now how would that look on a statue Hermes…get real.

HERMES: I will as soon as you do!

APHRODITE lunges at Hermes: You little…

HERMES moves quickly away: Fast…remember? I’m all about speed.

HERA: Shhh. It’s beginning.

*Light change*

*Music. The story of Persophone and Poseidon/ sung—and spoken*

OCEANUS: The Story of Poseidon and Proserpine

CHORUS: Ahhhhh….Poseidon….Proserpine….

LYDOWNUS: Once there lived the greatest of all Titans!

CHORUS: Cronus!

STANDUPUS: He ruled all of the gods…and he had…

LYMPUS: Three sons…

STANDUPUS: No girls! Outrageous!

JUMPSTARTUS: Sons?

SMILIUS: Yes…sons!

LYDOWNUS: And they overthrew their father!

CHORUS: No!

ETHELENA: Just like rolling a rock off a cliff!

CHORUS: Huh?

ETHELENA: Metaphor?

LYDOWNUS: And… they cast lots to see how they would divide the world.

SILLIUS: Rock, scissors, paper!

OCEANUS: Zeus, became king of the gods and men…

SMILIUS: And the sky!

OCEANUS: He had thunderbolts.

CHORUS: No!

OCEANUS: Yes! And being a god, they were *pius* thunderbolts!

CHORUS: Oooooooh!

LYDOWNUS: Poseidon, became god of the seas, and held a three-pointed spear!

CHORUS: No!

LYDOWNUS: A trident!

FROWNIUS: A what?

CHORUS: A trident!

ETHELENA: You know, a three-headed pokey thing! Sort of like a large pickle-fork.

FROWNIUS: Oh…I’m hungry.

CHORUS: Shhhhh!

LYMPUS: The underworld…

CHORUS: Dun, dun, dun….

LYMPUS: The underworld of the dead was ruled by Hades, and around it flowed the black river called Styx, which means hateful.

CHORUS: Hate…fulllllll….

LYMPUS: The only way to cross this river was in a ferryboat rowed by a silent boatman named Cha’ron.

ETHELENA: Cha’ron, Cha’ron…yadddaadddaaadda

Chorus stares at Ethelena

ETHELENA: Sorry…

FROWNIUS: Why was he silent?

LYMPUS: Because… everyone around him was dead… get it?

FROWNIUS: Oh yeah…(snort) that would make sense.

CHORUS: Oooo…..oooo

JUMPSTARTUS: And….at the gateway of the underworld was the terrible watchdog, Cerberus.

CHORUS: Oooo…..ooooo…

SMILIUS: Bark!

JUMPSTARTUS: When the old Greeks buried a person, they put a coin in his mouth, and a barley-cake sweetened with honey in his hand.

STANDUPUS: The coin was to pay Cha’ron for taking the spirit across the Styx; and the cake was to be thrown to Cerberus so that, while he was eating it, the spirit might pass unnoticed into the land of Hades.

ETHELENA: Waste of cake…

SMILIUS: Bark! (growl)

CHORUS: Shhhh! Oooo…oooo…Hades!

MINIMUS: But Hades was very lonely!

CHORUS: He was?

MINIMUS: Yes, lonely.

CHORUS: Ahhhh.

MINIMUS: And no goddess was willing to be his wife…since his world was a bit…a bit…a bit…

OCEANUS: Creepy?

JUMPSTARTUS: Dark?

SCRUMPDILLIUS: Smelly?

MINIMUS: Creepy? Dark? Smelly? We’re talking, a 24-7 pitch-black void of stench, weird, horrible, ghoulish noises, and no CNN.

CHORUS: No CNN!

*Scrumpdillius faints. Smilius fans her.*

MINIMUS: None! We’re talking….one hundred percent, no chance of light, no feeling, no air, suffocating…darkness….dismal….dreary….DEATH!

CHORUS: OOOOOhhhh….ooooo

ETHELENA: Not exactly your fixer-upper…

MINIMUS: No. Then one day he visited the upper world in his chariot drawn by four handsome coal black steeds.

CHORUS: Ooooh!

MINIMUS: He saw a beautiful maiden, named Persephone, whom some of us call, Proserpine.

SILLIUS: Well which is it?

STANDUPUS: Persephone…it’s easier to pronounce.

SMILIUS: Oh I don’t know…I really think Proserpine has a better ring to it…

JUMPSTARTUS: Are you kidding, Proserpine sounds like a cross between a porcupine and a food processor!

FROWNIUS: What’s a food processor?

OCEANUS: Can we please get back to the script!

CHORUS: And?

MINIMUS: And… she was gathering flowers in a meadow.

CHORUS: Ahhhh.

MINIMUS: Hades saw her!

CHORUS: Ah…ah…ah…

MINIMUS: And bore her off in his chariot!

CHORUS: Whoosh!

MINIMUS: Taking her to his underworld to be his wife.

CHORUS: Dun, dun ta dun, dun, dun, ta dun…

MAXIMUS: This made life much pleasanter for Hades, but it was miserable for Proserpine.

ETHELENA sarcastically: Never would have guessed *that* one.

SILLIUS: Which is it, Persephone or Proserpine?

CHORUS: It doesn’t matter!

SMILIUS: She loved sunshine and flowers, and grieved for them so much that at last Zeus took pity upon her and persuaded Hades to let her come back to the land of light for a part of every year.

CHORUS: Oooooo….that was nice of him.

SMILIUS:When she made her yearly visits, the flowers bloomed, the grass grew, dandelions were everywhere! And it was…

SCRUMPDILLIUS sits up: Spring!

CHORUS: Spring, Spring, Spring!!!

*Suddenly three geeks enter being chased by landlord. Geeks hide behind giant masks. They enter into singing. Landlord is unable to find them and moves downstage and through audience looking for geeks.*

MAXIMUS: Then summer!

CHORUS: Summertime, summertime, sum, sum, summertime…

MAXIMUS: When the time came for her to return to Hades, all the flowers drooped and died, the grass turned… (points to PLAYDOH)

PLAYDOH: Brown?

MAXIMUS: And bleak winter followed.

CHORUS with geeks: Brrr, Brrr,Brrrrrrrrrrrrr!!!!

ALEXANDRA: And they lived happily ever after?

MAXIMUS: Well in a dismal, cold sort of way…

CHORUS: YES!!!

SILLIUS: And thus, you now know why we have the seasons!

CHORUS: Ahhhhh…the end!

*Song ends.*

CROSOGGONUS: That was *p*leasantly *p*erfect….*p*erformers, you may take twenty minute *p*ause *p*eriod.

CHORUS: Ahhhhhhhh.

CROSOGGONUS: No really…we’re done.

CHORUS: Ahhhhhhh.

OFELLIA: Done…as in stop!

ETHELENA: Ahhhh…

CROSOGGONUS stares her down

ETHELENA: …hh. (gulp) All done.

*Chorus relaxes, but remain on stage (sipping drinks through masks etc.).*

***Act 1: Scene 2 Back Rent***

*Socrasees, who has been sitting in audience rises and calls to landlord. They meet center stage*

SOCRASEES: Greedius! What do you seek?

GREEDIUS: Your students, Socrasees! They owe me six months rent!

SOCRASEES: Relax, Greedius. A man should only meet the needs of one day at a time…for the next day he may find himself a slave or dead, and then what good is a purse full of money or a house made of gold.

GREEDIUS: T’is easy for you to say so…you have no family, nor house to maintain. But I have a wife…a high maintenance wife, I might add. I need the rent of your vagrant students.

SOCRASEES: I admit they should not take advantage of your hospitality if they agreed to a fair sum…but rumor has it that thee is not the best of landlords. A greedy hand makes for a seedy land..lord.

GREEDIUS: What has thou heard? Lies most likely! Who is to believe a teacher such as thee? You have led many a young man down a path of sloth and mindless want.

SOCRASEES: Is seeking the truth, mindless want?

GREEDIUS: Well…I don’t know…I’ve never sought it…but I have sought after what’s due me…and that is the rent!

SOCRASEES: Yes…so you’ve said. And what will all this gold bring you, Greedius?

GREEDIUS: Wealth, happiness…security.

SOCRASEES: Will it?

GREEDIUS: Of course it will. That’s what gold is for!

SOCRASEES: It may bring security I suppose, but with that security comes the fear of losing it. One cannot be separated from the other.

GREEDIUS: Do you always speak so? It is exhausting!

SOCRASEES: Is it? I hadn’t noticed…And while family and career are good…it does not allow much room for thought…only the endless trial of working, eating, and sleeping, til one’s life is spent.

GREEDIUS: Look, life is for making a success of one’s self. And honoring the gods…one must not forget that. If one honors the gods…and his work is pleasing…the god’s will lavish him with much wealth and prosperity!

SOCRASEES: That would make things more comfortable…but ease of life clouds a man’s purpose; he becomes selfish, weak, and prideful. Suffering reveals his strength and enables him to overcome these vices.

GREEDIUS: Well, for a man who has never prospered in anything but words, I think it ill-fitting for him to teach on wealth. As far as I can see…the wealthy have the power and the strength. I pity the man or woman who is slave or soon to be one…and that is exactly where you and your students of “thought” are headed, my dear Socrasees.

SOCRASEES: How much do my students owe you?

GREEDIUS: Six months rent…with interest.

SOCRASEES: At what percentage?

GREEDIUS (coughs): Seventy.

SOCRASEES: Seventy percent. Really. What if I were to charge you seventy gold pieces an hour for our little conversation here? Would that not seem outrageous to you?

GREEDIUS: Pay a man for conversation? Yes…that is outlandish!

SOCRASEES: Some day you may not think so! I think it would be in your best interest to reevaluate your treatment of your fellow man. A fair and honest man will be repaid in much more than gold, if he but put himself in another’s sandal.

*Alexandra moves out from behind mask and runs across stage. Exits.*

GREEDIUS: You crazy scholar…little makes sense that comes from your mouth…hey, there goes one of them! Stop! Vagrant!

*Greedius exits chasing Alexandra. Playdoh and Bruce emerge from behind masks and meet up with Socrasees center stage.* *Chorus members sit in background behind masks.*

PLAYDOH: Socrasees, you were brilliant as usual! Why, Greedius could barely keep up with your questions.

BRUCE: It was maximus entertaining. More so than the play…what is it with that music? I’d rather hear a mule braying in a wine barrel.

SOCRASEES: Yes…well it is only the 400th century. Perhaps in time, we will better understand the idea of melody. What do you think of the story?

PLAYDOH: The story of Persephone is well known throughout Greece. The play does well to explain the seasons.

SOCRASEES: Does it?

BRUCE starts to chuckle: Ho, ho.(snort) maximus apokalypsi…he’s going to reveal some awesome truth to us!

PLAYDOH: You don’t think Persephone has a hand in Spring?

SOCRASEES: What if, rather than a goddess changing the seasons, it were simply the warmth of the sun’s rays that caused buds to open? What if the moisture that falls from the sky, instead of ZEUS’ hand, caused grass to green? What if the animals waked from their winter solace because of an innate timepiece, and not Persephone’s voice?

BRUCE: Maximus Wowwus! You mean… like hunger pains?

SOCRASEES: Exactly. Just as you move to feed yourself because of the discomfort you experience, things of nature move or make a change when they sense a need to do so.

*Playdoh looks up at sky*

SOCRASEES: What are you looking for?

PLAYDOH: Lightning bolts. Zeus can hear you, so I wouldn’t stand out in the open just now.

*Socrasees laughs*

SOCRASEES: I’ll take my chances. Lads, do you owe Greedius six months rent?

PLAYDOH: What has that got to do with lightning?

SOCRASEES: Can you not answer the question asked? Do you or do you not owe Greedius rent?

PLAYDOH: Well…yes…and no. You see…he raised the rent from our original agreement without warning and we only had enough for the regular fee. He accepted that, but said he would charge interest on the unpaid amount. As soon as we had scraped together enough for the unpaid amount, he had added more interest on top of the interest we owed, and before we knew it the next month’s rent was due…again we only had enough to cover the interest we now owed and nothing for the principle.

BRUCE: And so, like a wet olive rolling down a pile of sawdust, it became larger and larger…til we could no longer see the pit, nor live in it.

PLAYDOH: That was beautiful.

BRUCE: Thank you.

SOCRASEES: You aren’t living there, and still you owe rent?

PLAYDOH: Back rent…plus interest.

SOCRASEES: Let this be a lesson to you…credit *cads* such as Greedius…should be destroyed before they destroy you.

BRUCE: You want Greedius destroyed? That seems a minimus unethical, oh Great Teacher.

SOCRASEES: Not he himself…just his method, that’s all.

*Alexandra suddenly enters.*

ALEXANDRA: I lost him. There was a huge crowd heading to the games. I made out I was a javelin thrower and he lost sight of me.

BRUCE: A javelin thrower?

ALEXANDRA: What, it’s possible.

BRUCE: Yeah, and I’m Aristotle.

PLAYDOH: Look Socrasees…this is getting really old for us; running from Greedius everyday…do you have any advice for us?

SOCRASEES: Actually, I do.

*Think…(song)*

*Scene ends. Socrasees and geeks exit. Chorus remain.*

**Act 1/Scene 3: Olympus**

*Chorus sitting on stage.*

LYMPUS: Whoah! Did you hear Socrasees! I wonder what Zeus would say to this?

SCRUMPDILLIUS: No kidding! Hera is going to have a fit! How can these “greeks” begin to think they know more than the gods?

LYMPUS: Greeks? Do not insult us…I’d say they are more like, like….

STANDUPUS: Geeks.

LYMPUS: Geeks?

STANDUPUS: Yes! Geeks! Too smart for their own good! I am sure the gods will deal firmly with them.

*Ofellia and Crosoggonus eavesdropping on side stage.*

CROSOGGONUS: Hmmmm…Ofellia, our *p*erformers are right. *P*erhaps we should do something about those “geeks”…they’re becoming a *p*ersistent *p*roblem.

OFELLIA: But there are only three of them…pathetic!

CROSOGGONUS: *P*athetic? *P*athetic! Do not be so naive! Does not an over*p*owering flood begin with a single raindro*p*! No…they must be sto*pp*ed, before Greece becomes known as Geece!

OFELLIA: Do you have something in mind?

CROSOGGONUS: I do!

*Greeks pretend to think; gods and goddesses come to life on upper decking. Hera and Ofellia speak at same time.*

*Light change to upper deck/b.l.*

HERA: I do!*.*

APOLLO: What?

HERA: I said *I do* think your father is going to be rather put out about this.

APOLLO: The greeks?

HERA: Yes.

ARTEMIS: Don’t you get it Apollo…Socrasees and her students again… they’re thinking.

HERA: Yes, and if they begin to question our existence…well…let’s just say things will get rather stormy.

*Hermes enters quickly*

HERMES: What’s all the excitement?

HERA: Humans. Why must they always question things?

ATHENA: Some of them don’t. They grab hold of whatever is the latest fashion…

APHRODITE: And what’s the matter with that…I think the latest fashions are beautiful…like me.

APOLLO: There she goes again…foaming at the mouth.

APHRODITE: I heard that…and the only foaming I have ever done, is when I emerged from the sea. You’re just jealous because you have such a boring creation story.

ARTEMIS: Oh really…well in some circles, Apollo and I are considered the most beautiful god and goddess. Besides, our father gave us a silver bow.

APHRODITE: So…

APOLLO: So… we can shoot light.

APHRODITE: And that’s supposed to impress me?

APOLLO: Artemis…shoot some light on Aphrodite’s face…I think I see the beginnings of a zit!

ARTEMIS: With pleasure!

*Aphrodite gasps/Artemis turns her bow towards Aprhodite, but Hera interrupts.*

HERA: Stop…it is not a toy. Now shoot some light down there…I want to see what the greeks are up to.

ATHENA: What are you worried about, Hera…they’re only human.

HERA: Yes…and it is because of their human-ness that I am worried.

ATHENA: What do you mean?

HERA: Socrasees has got them thinking.

ATHENA: And…

HERA: If they begin to think…they may begin to question certain things.

ATHENA: What kinds of things?

HERA: The existence of us, for one.

**Act 2/Scene 1 Colchis**

*Geeks enter through ship. Cruisin’ music in background leads into song by geeks.*

*Playdoh studies map. Others busy themselves on ship.*

*Playdoh sets map down and looks out over sea. Alexandra approaches him.*

ALEXANDRA: You seem to be a bit lost…

PLAYDOH: Of course…I’ve never sailed before and I can’t understand the map. It’s all Greek to me.

ALEXANDRA: No, I meant you seem a bit lost in thought. I just wondered if you were okay.

PLAYDOH: Oh well, thanks. I’ve just been thinking about Socrasees. She said ‘know thyself’. How does one come to that understanding?

ALEXANDRA: I just ask, what’s there to know Alexandra? And I say ‘nothing’…and then I know thyself.

PLAYDOH: If it were only that simple. I do not get the same answer twice when I ask myself the question…I do not know.

*(song Know Thyself /if opener is not used)*

BRUCE: (Time will tell.) Tempus fugit.

PLAYDOH: What’s that, Bruce?

BRUCE: Me thinks, you will know when the time comes. For now, simply strengthen yourself for the journey. Here…I picked it up at the hero-surplus store.

PLAYDOH: What is it?

BRUCE: Hemlock bread. One bite will kill a full-grown man.

*Playdoh drops bread*

PLAYDOH: Then why do you offer it to me?

BRUCE: One, you are not a full-grown man, and two if you eat small crumbs of it each day, you will build up an immunity to it. Then you can never be poisoned by it.

PLAYDOH: Aren’t there any Doritos left?

BRUCE *burping*: ‘Fraid not.

PLAYDOH: Alexandra the Bait…will you not live up to your full name, and try this bread first?

ALEXANDRA: Certainly.

*Alexandra takes a crumb and eats it. She stands happily for a moment then kills over.*

PLAYDOH: Aaagh…I thought you said it would do no harm…

BRUCE: So I thought.

PLAYDOH: That’s just it…neither you nor I really thought…Oh Socrasees! Where are you…we cannot even ‘think’ in the smallest of ways!

BRUCE: Wait…what was that gift he gave us? It was called…

PLAYDOH: Prayer! Quick close your eyes and listen.

*Silence, then snoring is heard (Alex).*

PLAYDOH eyes closed: Bruce, do you hear the voice?

BRUCE eyes closed: I do…but I cannot make out the language. Is it Mesopatamian?

PLAYDOH: I do not think so…I have never heard it before, although it somehow seems familiar. I cannot tell whether it speaks of vice or virtue.

*Playdoh opens his eyes and looks at Alexandra. Alexandra rolls over and gets more comfortable.*

PLAYDOH: What…she sleeps?

BRUCE: She snores!

*They both shake Alexandra.*

PLAYDOH: Wake up…wake up you tyrant!

*Alexandra wakes.*

ALEXANDRA: What? I always nap after a meal.

PLAYDOH: Oh…we are doomed! What strength will we have for the great monsters that lie before us? Who knows what awaits us…and yet we are fooled by the overstuffed-slumberings of a girl!

*Suddenly sirens are heard. Chorus members sing from behind rocks mimicking Bee Gees.*

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BRUCE: What’s that?

PLAYDOH: I am not playing that game, Bruce!

BRUCE: No, really. Do you not hear it?

PLAYDOH: Now that you mention it…there is a faint sound…and my eyes are wide open!

BRUCE: It sounds like…

ALEXANDRA: A siren? Maybe there’s been an accident.

BRUCE: No! It sounds like the…Bee Cee’s!

PLAYDOH: The Who?

BRUCE: No…not *The Who*…you know… the Bee Cee’s…Getting’ Eatin’ Alive….ooo….ooo…oo…ooo…eatin’ alive.

PLAYDOH: Oh right. Now I hear it. It is very alluring.

BRUCE: Provocative! Can you dig it?

PLAYDOH: Oh I can dig…yes…like a shovel. Let’s move in closer. Look!

Those rocks…or are those stars?

BRUCE: Rock stars! All right! Man! Flick a candle or something…this is so cool!

ALEXANDRA: Excuse me guys, but it’s eighty-eight degrees out her, and very humid. It is not cool…and I don’t think you’re hearing the Bee Cee’s, I think you’re hearing sirens! This must be the Isle of the Sirens! The noise will drive any man mad so that he cast himself into the sea and leave his ship to be smashed against the rocks!

BRUCE: Sirens? Never heard of em….oooo….ooo…ooo..oo…eatin’ alive…

PLAYDOH: Oh, can we not get closer…I need to see them up close! I need to touch the rock-stars!

ALEXANDRA: I don’t have a good feeling about this! We must tie ourselves to the mast!

PLAYDOH: Wait! You don’t understand…

BRUCE: Stop…we need to sit in the front row!

ALEXANDRA: You’ll thank me later!

*Alexandra ties Playdoh and Bruce to mast. Then plugs her ears and shuts her eyes. Sirens rise up to perform.*

BRUCE: Oh man…can you hear it?

PLAYDOH: I can, I can…but…you know…it sounds really…

BRUCE: Great!

PLAYDOH: No…awful! Aaaghhh….make it stop!

BRUCE: Now that you mention it…it is pretty bad…oh, those high notes!!!

PLAYDOH: Alexandra, help…get us out of here…I will go mad!

BRUCE: Get these ropes off…I want to jump into the sea!

ALEXANDRA:No, I won’t do it! Use the gift of Socrasees!

*Sirens grow louder and they fight to go towards it.*

PLAYDOH: What? And be made a fool again! No thanks.

ALEXANDRA: I don’t mind being a fool. I do it all the time. Let me try!

*Alexandra closes her eyes. Sirens grow louder. Playdoh and Bruce start to go mad.*

*Alexandra appears calm.*

BRUCE: Why does she not scream…though my ears are stuffed, I still hear the enchanted sound!

PLAYDOH: Yes…I shall be mad at any moment! Auntie Em, Auntie Em! It’s a Twister!

BRUCE: Here Kitty, kitty!

PLAYDOH: Help! Oh…make it stop…like fingernails on a…

BRUCE: Madness…Ohhhhh…Holy Nightmare, Batman! If only I could loosen my u-til-I-ty belt…

*Sirens suddenly stop. Alexandra calmly opens her eyes.*

PLAYDOH: What happened? Why have they stopped? We are not yet smashed against the rocks?

BRUCE: Alexandra…what did you do?

ALEXANDRA: I was just thinking about what Socrasees told us. I prayed. I closed my eyes and shut out the sound. Then I heard a voice say it was only a myth. Myths only exist if we let them. So I stopped believing in the sound, and it disappeared.

*Playdoh and Bruce sit open-mouthed (frozen). Siren actors stand behind rock, fighting off seagulls. Crosoggonus and Ofelllia enter on SL stage using scope they spy on island. Gods and goddesses emerge brushing things from heads. Light change.*

HERA: Fools! Can they not do the simplest thing! What is so hard about luring a boat into the rocks?

ARTEMIS: Well there was a seagull flapping his wings…it was hard to see.

HERA: And what is with the Bee Cee’s? Couldn’t they have used a good old-fashioned siren?

ATHENA: It’s the 4ooth century…give em’ a break.

HERA: Oh! Zeus! Can you not do something? The humans are sure to fail with your children in their heads!

ZEUS: Must you always blame it on me? Zeus this…Zeus that…all right. Send in the Cyclops!

APOLLO: Oh boy! I love the Cyclops!

APHRODITE: One eye…lovely.

*Light change*

*(Greek actors raise a finger with an idea, acting silently out Cyclops)*

BRUCE: That’s it? You just stopped believing it was the sirens?

ALEXANDRA: I guess. Would you like me to untie you?

PLAYDOH: Yes, please.

BRUCE: I still do not see how it can be. It was so real.

ALEXANDRA: Look there is the island. But I hear nothing save the gulls and the wind.

PLAYDOH: Yes…did our minds play a trick on us…was it simply the scream of the gulls?

ALEXANDRA: Perhaps. And the “rock stars” you saw were ordinary starfish, resting upon the rocks.

PLAYDOH: Twice a fool.

ALEXANDRA: I do not think we are meant to flip head over heels over some rocks and starfish…

BRUCE: Yeah, I suppose we got a little crazy.

ALEXANDRA: I mean they are really fine rocks and starfish, and the seagulls have a nice screechy sound…but they aren’t gods are they?

PLAYDOH: You are right Alexandra…they aren’t gods. We should keep our eyes focused and our minds clear…or we will perish…I am sure of it.

ALEXANDRA: What next?

BRUCE: I’m exhausted and tired of this boat. Can we not set our feet upon land for a while?

ALEXANDRA: Oh yes. What say you, Playdoh?

PLAYDOH: Sure…I like the beach.

*Geeks move to middle stage or “land”. Beach boy cruising music in background.*

ALEXANDRA: Playdoh, do you believe there are gods?

PLAYDOH looking a little nervous: Everyone says so…well, everyone but Socrasees. Why?

ALEXANDRA: I just wondered if Zeus, Athena, Apollo and the rest are a bit like those seagulls.

BRUCE: Screechy?

ALEXANDRA: No…I mean they appear one way in our minds, but in reality they are nothing more than a bit of nature.

PLAYDOH: So you’re saying Zeus is a rock?

*PLAYDOH picks up rock and tosses it, causing other rocks to tumble.*

ALEXANDRA: Playdoh…do that again.

PLAYDOH: What?

ALEXANDRA: That thing with the rock.

PLAYDOH: This? *(pushes rock…other rocks tumble)*

ALEXANDRA: That’s really interesting.

PLAYDOH: What?

BRUCE: Yeah…I see what you mean.

PLAYDOH: Okay…am I the only one here who has seen a rock fall before? This isn’t all that amazing guys.

BRUCE: Maximus Pushoffus… you pushed the first rock, and it caused the other rocks to fall.

PLAYDOH: Okay….

BRUCE: The other rocks wouldn’t have fallen unless you pushed the first one.

PLAYDOH: Okay…

ALEXANDRA: Didn’t Aristotle write about this?

BRUCE: Yeah, yeah…he called it the argument for motion.

PLAYDOH: Okay…maybe the sirens did something to you two…but I’m just a little lost here.

ALEXANDRA: It’s like this Playdoh…a rock cannot move unless a “mover” causes it to fall. Someone had to make the first move for the entire universe to be what it is…someone had to put the planets in motion, the first volcano to erupt, the first flower to bloom…

PLAYDOH: Meaning a “one” someone?

BRUCE: Bingo-mus! If it were a case of many gods…then who or what put them in motion?

PLAYDOH: It has been our people’s belief that Cronus was the greatest god of all and that he ruled all of the gods.

ALEXANDRA: Well if he was so great, how could his own sons, Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades overthrow him?

PLAYDOH: Good point. So… One Creator to start the motion of the entire universe; One, who has always existed. Could this rock be our first proof?

BRUCE: I think so. Do you smell pancakes?

PLAYDOH: Pancakes?

ALEXANDRA: It seems to be coming from that cave.

BRUCE: I am Maximus hungerus. Come on.

PLAYDOH: Careful geeks…get your weaponry out. We don’t know what could be in that cave.

ALEXANDRA: Oh! I forgot my sword…I only have the sunblock.

PLAYDOH: Well, bring it anyway, we may need it.

*Geeks approach cave that has Cyclop Pancake House sign. Suddenly a Cyclops jumps out.*

CYCLOPS (snarling): What do you want?

PLAYDOH: Just some f….f….food…

BRUCE: We smelled the p…p…pancakes…

ALEXANDRA: We haven’t eaten…f…f…for days! Well except for the hemlock bread.

CYCLOPS: Food, huh? Yeah, well you look hungry enough. All right. Would you like a booth or a boulder?

*Playdoh looks at other geeks, and they shake their heads.*

*Crosoggonus and Ofellia enter underneath gods & goddesses. Crosoggonus and Ofellia use scope to view island.*

CROSOGGONUS: Ha, ha…he’s got them right where we want! Soon it will all be over! Ha, ha…

OFELLIA: That’s it, Herculess…slowly…

*Light change*

HERA: Slowly, slowly…

HERMES: Don’t worry Hera…the Cyclops will have them eaten quicker than a blink of an eye!!

APOLLO: Nice pun.

APHRODITE: You know, if he would get a new haircut he wouldn’t be half bad…

ARTEMIS: …or half good, for that matter.

APHRODITE: True.

*Light change.*

PLAYDOH: A b…b…b…booth would be n….n….nice.

CYCLOPS: Well we don’t have any (evil laugh) so you’ll have to settle for the rock. Great! Right this way. Here…

*Geeks sit at rock table.*

CYCLOPS: Who are you by the way? With my one-eye it’s a little hard to tell?

PLAYDOH (eating): We are geeks from the city of Athens. We are in search of the Golden Lease. Our ship found it’s way to your shore.

BRUCE: The sirens lured us.

CYCLOPS: The sirens, huh. Did it wreck your ship?

ALEXANDRA: Oh no, we were able to avoid catastrophe.

CYCLOPS: Hmmf! All right then, we have an all-you-can-eat pancake buffet. Stuff yourselves!

*Geeks start eating gluttonously.*

CYCLOPS: And when your finished, I’ll show you how much I like to eat!

ALEXANDRA: Don’t you get tired of eating the same thing over and over? I mean these pancakes are good, but every day?

CYCLOPS: Oh, I don’t eat pancakes. I just make ‘em.

ALEXANDRA: Really? Then what do you eat?

*Cyclops laughs.*

*Geeks stop and look at Cyclops and then at each other.*

PLAYDOH: Is that a look of hunger in his one eye?

BRUCE: To be sure.

ALEXANDRA: And I don’t think he’s looking at the pancake in your mouth either.

BRUCE: Maximus Gulpus. He’s going to eat us isn’t he?

PLAYDOH: Come to think of it…that’s what Cyclops do.

BRUCE: Did you just use the word *think*?

PLAYDOH: Yesssss….oh, why do we give in to our desires before we think….

ALEXANDRA: Maybe it’s not too late!

*Alexandra stops, shuts her eyes.*

CYCLOPS: No rush…finish your plates. I like a full-course meal.

PLAYDOH: No, no…that’s okay…we’ll just be going and leave our tip on the way out…

*Cyclops grabs at Bruce, and acts like it’s going to eat him*

PLAYDOH trying to distract Cyclops: Uhhh…Cyclops…just curious, but just how were you created? You haven’t always existed have you?

CYCLOPS: Of course not. I have a mother and father. I get my one-eye looks from Dad, and my bald-headedness from mom…why do you ask?

PLAYDOH: Oh we are just looking for proofs of a One-God theory.

BRUCE: Maximus Yipus! He’s putting salt and pepper on me! Do something!

CYCLOPS: Well everyone knows nothing can create itself…that would be weird. ‘Oh…I feel like making myself a Cyclops today…here I go’…and then… nothing. It isn’t possible.

PLAYDOH: I don’t suppose we could quote you on that? Would you mind writing it down or something?

CYCLOPS: Sure just after I eat this guy! *(song)*

*Cyclops starts eating Bruce; Playdoh tries to get sword out of sheath; Alexandra quickly opens sunblock bottle and squirts it in the one eye of the Cyclops.*

CYCLOPS: Ow! Oh, it burns…what is that stuff?

ALEXANDRA: SPF 345!

CYCLOPS: Man, that smarts! It should be banned! Owwwww!

*Cyclops lets go of BRUCE and exits*

PLAYDOH: That was close!

BRUCE: Maximus Nokiddingnus! Let me see that stuff!

PLAYDOH: Nice move with the sunscreen, Alexandra. How did you think of that?

ALEXANDRA: I just said a little prayer and *thought*. Then I heard, “use the sunscreen”.

*Light change*

*Ofellia with Crosoggonus on side stage facing “island”. Using eyeglass, they spy on island. Gods and goddesses above.*

OFELLIA: I can’t believe it! They’ve defeated Herculess!

CROSOGGONUS: I thought he was the best! His agent will hear from me!

*Light change*

ZEUS: Hear from me! What is going on?

HERA: I can’t believe it!

APOLLO: The Cyclops…no one defeats the Cyclops!

APHRODITE: I’m telling you, it was the one eye…a bad idea from the start.

ARTEMIS: What difference does it make if he had one eye or two?

APHRODITE: One eye for sun-block and the other to see with! Duh!

ARTEMIS: Oh…

HERMES: What about the dragon! Send him!

ZEUS: Not yet. Since they are actually thinking, we must reserve our forces. Send Scylla instead.

HERMES: All six heads?

HESTIA: No, two…of course, all six-heads!

HERMES: Okay, okay…

*Scylla the monster enters( six girls costumed as one creature) Voice is done with all six players in unison or each one taking a different line or word.*

SCYLLA: Yoo hoo! (six times) Cyclops! Is that you I hear?

BRUCE: Oh no…it’s Scylla, the six-headed monster.

ALEXANDRA: Does she eat things too?

PLAYDOH: Pretty sure. Now this time, let’s think!

BRUCE: Uh uh…the word *run*, comes to mind!

ALEXANDRA: Why don’t we see if we can help her?

PLAYDOH: And end up as an after-dinner snack…no, thanks.

*Scylla grabs Playdoh..*

BRUCE: I think it’s too late.

PLAYDOH: Hello…

SCYLLA: Who are you? What have you done with Cyclops? Have you hurt him? I heard him crying.

BRUCE: Well…just a little. He was trying to eat us.

SCYLLA: He’s a Cyclops…that’s what they do.

BRUCE: I know… I know…we should’ve thought.

SCYLLA: That’s the problem with you…you…single-headed creatures. You only have one brain, and you don’t even know how to use it.

ALEXANDRA: That’s not true. We do, and we have been…and we’re learning more each day. *(Alex is trying to get sunblock out to put in Scylla’s eyes)*

SCYLLA: Really? Like what?

ALEXANDRA: Well I have learned it’s best to stop, drop (goes to knees), and pray…before you do something. Sun block?

SCYLLA: Sunblock? What’s it for?

ALEXANDRA: Well…you’re such a lovely creature, I’d hate for you to get a sunburn on your beautiful purple skin.

BRUCE: Right…let me help you there…Alexandra.

*Bruce and Alexandra try to apply sunblock to Scylla’s eyes, but the different heads keep moving, making the lotion go everywhere but in the eyes. This goes on throughout conversation w/Playdoh.*

SCYLLA to Playdoh: You’re cute, although I’d like you better with five more heads. Then you’d be perfect.

PLAYDOH: Perfect. Nothing is perfect.

SCYLLA: Really? Then where do we get the idea of perfection. If it didn’t exist, we wouldn’t have the word would we?

PLAYDOH: I suppose not…but I can’t think of anything that is perfect.

ALEXANDRA: Wait! If there is One creator of all things…He would have to be perfect, wouldn’t He?

I mean, there would be no other standards to measure by, then what exists within His being…therefore He would be what is first and perfect!

BRUCE: Wow…that is maximus smart, Alexandra. Just what was in that hemlock bread anyway?

SCYLLA: So you are saying the design of other things…even one-headed things…is from this first perfect being?

PLAYDOH: I get it. Beauty, knowledge, goodness…are perfect in a perfect being…but the rest of us are only a gradation of those qualities. For example, you are a beautiful six-headed monster…but whatever created you had the first beauty to base yours on.

SCYLLA: You think I’m beautiful?

PLAYDOH: Well, in a monster-kind-of-way, yes!

Act 2/Scene 4 (portion of)

HERMES: Hey…what is that thing?

APOLLO: A Trojan Horse?

HERA: Oh…I have a bad feeling about this…Zeus!

ZEUS: It must be in the *minds* of those geeks…it is not real. Not to worry.

ATHENA: But father, we are only in the *minds* of the greeks…I fear there is a lot to worry about.

HESTIA: I’m not sure honey and lemon will do any good now…

APHRODITE: Oh…this is the end…I can feel it…

ARTEMIS: No, no….I’m too young to disappear!

*Geeks speak like a “horse” but cannot be seen.*

PLAYDOH: *Neigh!* Listen Greek citizens. You are accusing an innocent man unjustly. Do not follow the ways of the mindless…think, think, think.

JURY MEMBER 1: What do you mean, oh great Palomino?

PLAYDOH: Prove to me that your gods exist…show me their works.

CROSOGGONUS: Well….uh….oh…Poseidon and Persephone…she makes the Spring, when Poseidon lets her come up from the underworld.

BRUCE: Oh really…and she is human, correct.

CROSOGGONUS: Yesss?

BRUCE: And you are human too. Crosoggonus…make a flower for us…now! Do you know of any human who can make a flower pop out of the ground if they simply will it to?

CROSOGONUS: Well…maybe Poseidon gave her the power to do it.

BRUCE: Poseidon has power over the underworld…not the earth.

GREEDIUS: Well then, Zeus gave the power.

BRUCE: Zeus has no control over the seasons…only humans.

CROSOGGONUS: This is crazy…of course Zeus can do whatever he wants!

Zeus: That’s right! Tell him Crosoggonus…tell them of my power.

BRUCE: Then why is it not written so? Why have we not learned it? Why is Zeus susceptible to Hera or Athena in the stories of old? If the gods are so powerful, why do they argue and display shortcomings of vanity and vice?

It is not logical…they do not fit with the reality of this world.

ALEXANDRA: If the gods live on Mount Olympus, a part of this world, why have we never seen them? Where are their chariots of gold flying across the sky…where are Cupid’s arrows…do you really believe you will see and hear the gods if you climb that mountain?

*Greeks start to mumble in confusion.*

*Geeks and actors enter, riding stick horse.*

GREEDIUS: Tyrants! Look! T’is a trick!

PLAYDOH: Exactly! It is not real…just as your gods are not real!

ATHENA: To War!

CROSOGGONUS and OFFELIA: To War!

JURY MEMBERS/Greeks: To War!

GEEKS and ACTORS: Okay then.

*Music/background*

*Greeks argue and Trojan war begins (brief scene of actors fighting greeks etc.)/gods and goddesses arguing; Greedius has Socrasees/Finally…Playdoh holds the Golden Lease above their heads.*

PLAYDOH: Greedius! I have the golden lease…I will destroy it if you do not release Socrasees!

GREEDIUS: Gasp! The Golden Lease…every landlord dreams of having the Golden Lease! It is unbreakable; worth more than any man can dream of! No…please…do not destroy it! Crosoggonus…I must have it!

CROSOGGONUS: Very well…release her.

*Socrasees is unchained. Playdoh passes lease to Greedius.*

*Crosoggonus grabs Socrasees holding the cup to her mouth.*

CROSOGGONUS: Ha, ha…you fools…she still shall have the hemlock!

ALEXANDRA: Wait! I will drink it!

CROSOGGONUS: Why?

ALEXANDRA: She is an old woman…she will die soon anyway…why not take my life, for I too no longer believe in the gods…many years lie ahead of me to “ruin” the minds of youth by speaking the truth…is that what you want?

CROSOGGONUS: She does have a point…here take the cup!

SOCRASEES: No…not the girl!

ALEXANDRA: But Socrasees…you should not die innocent!

SOCRASEES: Would you have me die guilty?

ALEXANDRA: No! I would not have you die at all!

*OFELLIA hands ALEXANDRA the cup.*

ALEXANDRA: Cheers!

*She drinks and falls (mostly) dead.*

SOCRASEES: No!

PLAYDOH: Alexandra!

BRUCE (quietly): Not to worry…

PLAYDOH: Oh!…yeah.

GREEDIUS: (evil laugh) Ha, ha, ha…one less vagrant, and I have the Golden Lease…no more shall I deal with lousy renters…the lease that cannot be broken…the lease that ensures endless bags of gold!

GREEDIUS opens lease and reads: What? What’s this? No! Say it isn’t so!!!

*Greedius tosses lease to ground. Ofellia picks it up and reads it.*

OFELLIA: Said tenant must agree to the following items in order to live rent-free within this universe: Item one: Payment shall be due upon the first and last day of your life and all days in between. This payment shall be made by serving thy neighbor and honoring the One True God.

CROSOGGONUS: Let me see that! Item two: Tenant shall not damage any property of the universe, including human beings, by a willful-want of greed, pride, or power.

Light change

HERA: Zeus…stop this…

ZEUS: I cannot…it is the truth…and we are not a part of it…

*Crosoggonus drops lease. Herculess picks it up.*

HERCULESS: Item three: Tenant shall not allow false occupants to reside on the premises of their mind and heart, and shall give full rent and attention to the One True God.

GREEDIUS: Can this really be…the Golden Lease?