The Odyssey: by Thespis and the Peloponnesian Midwest... (1st ed. - 12.05.11) - odysseythespis8gm
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To my kid sister Trish, who I made eat Oreos until she puked.
Now we're even.

Cast of Characters

ZEUS
THESPIS/ODYSSEUS
DIRECTUS
JUDGES (3)

The Chorus

DELAIUS
CONFIDENTIUS
QUESTIONIUS
JOINIUS
AYEUS
COSTUMIUS
PROPIUS
BOWIUS
FORGETIUS
NIHILIUS
BOREDIUS
METOO
PICKME
SETTIUS
MEEKUS

Chorus Members Play the Following Roles

TROJANS (5)
GREEKS (4)
TELEMACHUS
PENELOPE
SUITORS (4)
ATHENA
HERMES
POSEIDON
CALGON
CALYPSO
LOTUS EATERS (2)
SHEEP (3)
CYCLOPS
MASTER OF WINDS
CIRCE
SCYLLA HEADS (6)
SIRENS
SAILORS:
OLD SALTY
SNEAKY PETE
SAILOR JANE
SAILOR FRAN
ENSIGN SMITH
SAILOR DAN
SAILOR CHERYL
MARY
SAILOR PHILLIP
SAILOR JAN
SAILOR TERRANCE
SAILOR ANNIE
SCULLY
FIRST MATE UH-OH
SAILOR TIMMY
FIRST MATE PIERRE

Setting

The play takes place at a final rehearsal of the Peloponnesian Midwest Regional Third Place Chorus. There should be a definite area for the chorus at the back, but once Thespis makes his shocking move, the action takes place at the front of the stage.

Acknowledgments

The original production of *The Odyssey: by Thespis and the Peloponnesian Midwest Regional Third Place Chorus* was produced by Southwest Junior High School, Lawrence, Kansas, under the direction of Trish Neuteboom. The cast was as follows:

THESPIS/ODYSSEUS . . . . . Miller Wolf
DIRECTUS . . . . . Evan Frook
ZEUS . . . . . Jake Landgrebe
ATHENA . . . . . Chelsea Sinay
HERMES. . . . . Joaquin Dorado
POSEIDON. . . . . Elliott Abromeit
CALGON . . . . . Sara Ahmed

CHORUS. . . . . All Actors except the Gods
DELAIUS . . . . . Denis Gatotho
FORGETIUS . . . . . Angel McLees
NIHILIUS . . . . . Christian Clark
CONFIDENTIUS. . . . . Hope Wensel
BORDIUS . . . . . Natalie Windholz
JOINIUS . . . . . Prerona Kundu
FILLIUS. . . . . Andrea Wade
AYEIUS . . . . . Fauzia Ahmed
PICK ME . . . . . Tristan Delnevo
METOO. . . . . Nat Hoopes
PROPIUS. . . . . Abbie Wise
COSTUMIUS . . . . . Ella Schoenen
MEEKUS. . . . . Anna Hansen
BOWIUS . . . . . Meele Patal
TROJANS . . . . . Nat Hoopes, Grace Hoy, Sierra Buskerk, Claire Riling, Veronica Heredia, Tristan Delnevo
GREEKS . . . . . Angel McLees, Madi Engel-Thomas, Kyle Vogelsang, Abby Ilardi, Hope Wensel
PENELOPE. . . . . Abbie Wise
TELEMACHUS . . . . . Ty Hartman
TELEMACHUS' SAILORS. . . . . Sierra Buskirk, Andrea Wade
SUITORS. . . . . Kyle Vogelsang, Steele Jacobs, Tristan Delnevo, Elliot Abromeit, Christian Clark, Marshall Griffin
OLD SALTY . . . . . Dylan McManis
SAILOR ANNIE . . . . . Naomi Grant
SNEAKY PETE . . . . . Noah Christilles

Acknowledgments (continued)

SAILOR JANE/SCULLY . . . . . Abbey Cohen
SAILOR FRAN/MARY. . . . . Allison Williams
SAILOR DAN. . . . . Kathleen Nesbitt-Daly
PIERRE . . . . . Evan Frook
SAILOR JAN . . . . . Veronica Heredia
SAILOR PHILLIP . . . . . .Dylan McManis
ENSIGN SMITH . . . . . .Tori Mitchell
FIRST MATE UH-OH. . . . . Jordan Angermuller
CALYPSO . . . . . .Abby Ilardi
LOTUS EATERS . . . . . Nat Hoopes, Ella Schoenen, Anna Hansen, Tristan Delnavo, Nila Mandal, Kyle Vogelsang
CYCLOPS . . . . . Zach Spears
SHEEP . . . . . .Evan Frook, Veronica Heredia, Marshall Griffin
MASTER OF WINDS . . . . . Denis Gatotho
CIRCE . . . . . .Shannon Toalson
SCYLLA HEADS. . . . . Denis Gatotho, Grace Hoy, Claire Riling, Anna Hansen, Mona Ahmed, Meele Patal
SIRENS . . . . . Jaime Cox, Naomi Grant, Ella Schoenen, Abby Ilardi, Anna Hansen
JUDGE. . . . . .Nila Mandal

THE ODYSSEY

BY THESPIS AND THE PELOPONNESIAN MIDWEST REGIONAL THIRD PLACE CHORUS

by Will Averill

(Blackout at the start. Dramatic music, over which the voice-overs take place.)

ZEUS (V.O.). It is a time of heroics and grandeur. It is a time of deeds of legend, and of drama. A time when things got wild and crazy for a little while. Talkin' about Ancient Greece, fo sho. I'm Zeus, and I'm the Top God. The Big Cheese. Deus Uno, ya'll. Behold now, ye puny mortals, a man who would change history forever, whose deeds would be remembered throughout the ages by the example he set. I'm speaking of course, of—Thespis?

THESPIS (V.O.). That's right.

ZEUS (V.O.). Who's Thespis?

THESPIS (V.O.). Just go with it.

ZEUS (V.O.). And why am I talking into this strange voice stick?

THESPIS (V.O.). It's called a microphone, and this is the opening voice over.

ZEUS (V.O.). Oh. *(Pause.)* Behold, mortals, the story of Odysseus, as told by the Peloponnesian Midwest Regional Third Place Chorus. A story that would change the world.

THESPIS (V.O.). Really draw that last bit out.

ZEUS. The WWWWOOOOOOOORRRRRLLLLLLLLDDDDDDDDDD… *(Pause.)* Better?

THESPIS. Yeah.

(Dramatic music swells. Lights up on CHORUS, *somewhere between twenty to sixty, at the back. The* CHORUS *speaks together, unless otherwise noted.*

*(*DIRECTUS *enters.)*

DIRECTUS. Alright people, listen up. We've got a lot of work to do today. As you know, the Peloponnesian Midwest Regional Chorus Championships are this afternoon at the Theatre of Dionysius. And do I need to remind you how important this is?

CHORUS. Yes.

DIRECTUS. It's very important.

CHORUS. Ok.

DIRECTUS. Is everybody ready?

*(*CHORUS *adjusts.)*

DELAIUS. Not quite, sir.

DIRECTUS. Delaius, you've never quite—got it together—have you?

DELAIUS. Sorry, sir.

*(*DELAIUS *adjusts her toga.* THESPIS *enters in a rush.)*

DIRECTUS. Thespis, where have you been?

THESPIS. Directus, I've been doing some thinking.

DIRECTUS. You know that's never been our strong suit.

THESPIS. I've got some ideas.

DIRECTUS. Not now, Thespis. The Regional Championship is mere hours away.

THESPIS. But, sir.

DIRECTUS. No!

THESPIS. Awwww…

*(*THESPIS *takes his place, as does* DIRECTUS.*)*

DIRECTUS. Now, as you all know, this year we've chosen the hardy and true story of Odysseus and his adventures in attempting to return home. Did everyone learn their lines?

CHORUS. Yup.

FORGETIUS. I've forgotten them, sir.

DIRECTUS. Then just mouth along, Forgetius, it's not like anybody's going to stand out here.

THESPIS. About that, sir—

DIRECTUS. Quiet! Remember the movement, smile, and don't bump into the statues. Strophe 1. Begin!

(The CHORUS *now speaks, moves, and shuffles boringly as one.)*

CHORUS.
The Trojan War of Many Years draws surely to a close
Battles and victories for the men of Greece
But one among them has by the gods been chose
A heroic man known merely as Odys-seus.

(They attempt to make Odysseus rhyme with Greece.)

THESPIS. It doesn't even rhyme, sir.

DIRECTUS. Thespis, it's a slant rhyme. Now shut your trap and keep going.

CHORUS.
He would not return to his home at Ithaca for years,
Trapped as he was in the God's cruel hands.
Mighty Poseidon he'd angered, and any good man fears,
The wrath of Gods, under which no man stands.

*(*CHORUS *is pretty terrible.)*

Ten long years have passed since the Trojan War,
Where Odysseus's cunning won the day,
And with that story you we will not bore—

THESPIS. *(Stepping to the front:)* Yes we will!

(A shocked silence. They all stare at him.)

For I am Odysseus!

(More silence.)

DIRECTUS. Thespis, what's the deal?

THESPIS. I am Odysseus.

CHORUS. No you're not.

THESPIS. Fine, but I'm going to play Odysseus.

DELAIUS. Does this mean we're taking a break?

CHORUS. No.

DIRECTUS. What's the meaning of this? Get back in the chorus with the others.

THESPIS. How many of these choral competitions have we been in?

CHORUS. Sixteen.

THESPIS. And how many have we won?

CHORUS. None.

THESPIS. Where do we always place?

CHORUS. Third.

THESPIS. Out of how many?

CHORUS. Three.

THESPIS. Which makes us?

(A long pause.)

CONFIDENTIUS. Great?

THESPIS. No. Last! It makes us last place! Every year for the past sixteen years!

NIHILIUS. Then surely that's where fate wants us to be, Thespis.

THESPIS. Maybe you, Nihilus, but not me. Here I am, I'm going to rock this thing like a hurricane.

QUESTIONIUS. But how?

THESPIS. By being Odysseus.

CHORUS. But you're not.

THESPIS. But I can be. In this story! I shall play the part of Odysseus. I shall act out the role. Which makes me?

BOREDIUS. Weird?

THESPIS. No! I shall be known as—an actor!

(A gasp from the CHORUS*.)*

JOINIUS. I want to be an actor, too!

(Other CHORUS *members join in.)*

METOO. Me too!

AYEIUS. Aye!

DIRECTUS. I'm not sure about this. How could it possibly work? A bunch of people acting independently on stage. They'd just talk over each other.

(The CHORUS *breaks into hot denials "No we won't," "Not me," "I wouldn't," "I might, yeah, but only accidentally." In short, they talk over each other.)*

DIRECTUS. It's just not done!

THESPIS. Watch this, Directus. I'll show you how it can be done.

(To audience:)

The story of the Trojan War.

(To CHORUS*:)*

I'm going to need some Trojans.

PICKME. Oh, pick me! Pick me!

METOO. Me too, me too!

THESPIS. Alright, you, you, you, and you, and you, and you and you.

(The TROJANS *gather and grrr.)*

THESPIS. See, Directus, I've created an army!

DIRECTUS. But they don't even look like Trojans.

THESPIS. That's true.

(The army crumples, saddened.)

COSTUMIUS. Thespis. I've got some curtains I was going to take home, after rehearsal. They're red, just like the Trojan's colors. We could—

THESPIS. We could wrap them around the army, so they'd look like Trojans! Brilliant, Costumius!

*(*COSTUMIUS *distributes the curtains, to a very happy Trojan army.)*

We shall name them after you—we'll call them—costumes!

TROJAN #1. *(Overawed.)* I have a costume! I'm wearing the first ever costume!!

TROJANS. Costumes!

THESPIS. Excellent. The Trojans were hidden behind high walls.

TROJAN #2. There are no walls in the theatre.

THESPIS. If only we could somehow create an invisible one.

TROJAN #3. That's not going to work. Everyone knows you can't see things that are invisible. Like witches, and time.

*(*TROJANS *are depressed again. They 'aww.')*

SETTIUS. Thespis, I've got some lumber I was going to drop off at home, after rehearsal. Perhaps we could use that?

THESPIS. Brilliant. Put it right there. You're a good woman, Settius.

SETTIUS. I know.

THESPIS. And we shall call it—a set. You there, you there—you and you. Come over here. Now we're the Greeks.

*(*GREEKS *cheer.)*

THESPIS. And we can't get over this wall.

*(*GREEKS *boo.* TROJANS *cheer.)*

TROJAN #4. Should have thought of that before we got a set, suckers!

THESPIS. Shh…we're acting now.

TROJAN #4. Sorry. That was my hubris talking.

THESPIS. Now, Greeks!

*(*GREEKS *look at* THESPIS.*)*

That's all of you.

*(*GREEKS *cheer.)*

THESPIS. I, Odysseus, have a cunning plan. We've got to get around that mighty stone wall.

GREEK #1. It's just a piece of wood, we could—

THESPIS. We're acting…we're acting!

GREEK #1. Ah. You mean— *(Points in a way overblown bit of acting:)* —THAT MIGHTY STONE WALL?

THESPIS. Yes. And I, Odysseus, have a plan. We will pretend to retreat.

(They all take two steps back. An overexcited TROJAN *decides to improvise.)*

TROJAN #5. They're retreating!

*(*THESPIS *starts to speak, is interrupted by* TROJAN #5.*)*

—See ya, wouldn't want to be ya!

THESPIS. Don't step on my lines! *(To* GREEKS*:)* Now, they think we've retreated. But we're far enough away that they can't see us.

GREEK #2. But they're right over there.

THESPIS. In the world of the play!

GREEK #2. Got it.

GREEK #3. Acting's hard.

THESPIS. Let us construct a horse made of wood, hide inside it, give it to the Trojans as a gift, and then, late at night, we'll jump out of it and defeat them all!

GREEK #4. Wouldn't it be easier to just use that lumber to build a bunch of ladders and go over the wall?

THESPIS. That lacks imagination. *(To audience:)* So they went with my plan.

GREEKS. We did?

THESPIS. Yes, and we all built a huge wooden horse.

GREEK #5. How are we supposed to do that? You can't put a huge horse on stage.

*(*GREEKS *agree.)*

PROPIUS. Thespis, I've got an idea, we create a representation of a horse on stage, and then the audience will believe it's the real thing.

THESPIS. I don't get it, Propius.

PROPIUS. Like this. *(*PROPIUS *holds up a huge cardboard cut-out of a wooden horse.)* I was just going to take it home, after rehearsal.

DIRECTUS. Why would you have a huge—

THESPIS. Just go with it. Brilliant. And it shall be called—a prop!

(All oooh and aww.)

PROPIUS. I'm the props guy!

THESPIS. You, you, and you—inside the Trojan Horse!

(The GREEKS *do as he says.)*

You, you, and you—push!

(They badly mime pushing the horse in front of the Trojan walls.)

GREEK #2. Here you go! You win!

*(*TROJANS *rejoice and go out to get the horse.)*

TROJAN #1. Should we take it?

TROJAN #2. Of course. It's huge, and hollow, yet strangely heavy. What could possibly go wrong?

*(*TROJANS *wheel the horse in.)*

Alright, boys! Party time!

*(*TROJANS *rock out, and then fall asleep.)*

THESPIS. *(Popping head out:)* C'mon, Greeks. Let's go.

(The GREEKS *pop out of the Trojan horse and proceed to go to battle with the* TROJANS*!)*

THESPIS. Who's partying now, Trojans? Who's partying NOW!!!

TROJAN #3. Oh noes. We've been tricked!

TROJAN #4. Tell my mom I—aaaarrrggghhhhh…

*(*TROJANS *fall to the mighty Greek army.)*

THESPIS. And that's how I, Odysseus, won the Trojan War. Almost by myself.

GREEKS. And we helped!

*(*DIRECTUS *is impressed. Applauds.)*

DIRECTUS. Amazing! Fantastical! We will keep this little acting thing of yours, Thespis!

*(*TROJANS *start to get up.)*

TROJAN #1. I died, but I'm not really dead at all!

TROJAN #2. Acting is great!

DIRECTUS. But just one problem, Thespis. You can play out the stories, but who will string them together in a cohesive narrative?

THESPIS. Oooo…I hadn't thought of that. Maybe the Chorus?

(He looks up at the CHORUS. *They shake their heads, and start to come down one by one.)*

CHORUS #1. I don't want to be in the Chorus anymore. Acting looks like way more fun.

METOO. Me too.

CHORUS #3. Me three.

(The entire CHORUS *starts to rebel, walk offstage. One,* MEEKUS, *is left.)*

MEEKUS. *(Softly:)* I don't mind.

THESPIS. No. That won't work. Hmmm…Then who?

(The lights flash, sound of thunder.)

ZEUS (V.O.). MEEEEE!!!!!

(All panic.)

DIRECTUS. What on the God's flat earth was that?

*(*ZEUS *enters. All see him, and are amazed, bow down in awe.)*

ZEUS. It is I! The Mighty Zeus!!

(He looks around.)

Get up. Get up! Stop with all the bowing. It's creepy.

THESPIS. Oh Glorious and Mighty Zeus, we—

ZEUS. Oh, please. Just call me 'Big Z'.

THESPIS. Seriously?

ZEUS. Umm, yeah! It's my street name. I come from the hood.

DIRECTUS. Mount Olympus has a hood?

ZEUS. Southside represent! Lots of steep drops, and very angry mountain goats. Brother lucky to live a week in dat. Wanna see my scars?

ALL. No!

ZEUS. Hollah! *(Freeform rap:)* Big Z has seen your plight, come to make things alright, cause he heard, you placin' third, your play's absurd, no art, slow start, but I'mma impart my smarts cause Thespis got heart.

(The CHORUS *is all utterly confused.)*

It's called freestyle rap. It'll be huge in a few thousand years.

THESPIS. You're so wise, Oh Great and Mighty—

ZEUS. Big Z! I ain't say it twice!

(He holds up his hand as if to strike THESPIS *down, all cower.)*

Now here's how it's gonna be. I'mma tells the whole story, and you act it out you see, and we go to number one from number three. High five!

(He holds out his hand for a high five. No one knows what to do.)

THESPIS. Represent?

ZEUS. Now you talkin'. Let's get our freak on!

(Again, they're confused.)

Do the play.

ALL. Yeaaahhhhh!!!

(The CHORUS *returns to the back. They'll pop out to play characters during the scenes they're needed for, but return to the choral positions when not acting.)*

ZEUS. Check it. Ten years pass since the end of the Trojan War. Odysseus is far from his homeland, but bidness ain't right there. For his son, Telemachus—

TELEMACHUS. That's me!

ZEUS. —is twenty, but still lives with his mama.

*(*PENELOPE *steps forward.)*

PENELOPE. It's been twenty years since I, Penelope, have seen my husband, Odysseus. What's a woman to do? And I've got all these suitors, trying to convince me he's dead, and I should marry them.

(Many SUITORS *come forth.)*

SUITOR #1. He's dead.

SUITOR #2. You should marry us.

SUITOR #3. But not all of us, cause that would be weird.

SUITOR #4. Me! Pick me!!

PENELOPE. Son, I don't know how long I can hold them off for!

TELEMACHUS. If only we had news of father!

SUITOR #1. He's dead.

SUITOR #2. Totally dead.

SUITOR #3. Dude's toast.

SUITOR #4. Pick me! Pick me!!

ZEUS. Meanwhile, on the cold hard streets of South side Mount Olympus, I was co-chillin wit my posse.

*(*ATHENA *and* HERMES *enter.)*

Yo, yo! Athena!

ATHENA. Whaddup, Big Z?

ZEUS. Hermes.

HERMES. In the hizzouse.

ZEUS. You hear about this Odysseus dude?

HERMES. That boy's crazy. You know what he done?

ZEUS and ATHENA. What he done?

HERMES. Only gone and angered our Greek God Poseidon.

ZEUS. How'd he do that?

HERMES. Like this.

*(*ODYSSEUS *and* POSEIDON *enter. From this point on,* THESPIS *will play* ODYSSEUS *full time.)*

THESPIS/ODYSSEUS. Hey Poseidon. You stink!

POSEIDON. Oh no you didn't! I'll get you, Odysseus, if it's the last thing I do. Seriously. You're in a lot and lot of trouble!

(They run off. Back to ZEUS *and friends.)*

ZEUS. One wonders about the intelligence of that Odysseus, a sailor, in so angering THE GOD OF THE SEA.

ATHENA. Well, it happened. We got to help him.

HERMES. Troof!

ZEUS. Alright, Alright. Big Z gonna make everything alright. I got to think. Gimmie some space.

(They do.)

ZEUS. Where is the O to the D now?

ATHENA. Only trapped on an island under a spell by that nymph Calypso. Fool.

HERMES. Oooo. Double plus ungood. Know what I'm sayin'?

ZEUS. No. Hermes—you go 'splain to her that he's to be let go.

HERMES. By any means necessary?

ZEUS. Play nice. I got a reputation to maintain. Athena, you go tell Telemachus that his daddy, Odysseus, is still alive, and he should go find him. Probably on a boat.

ATHENA. What are you gonna do, Big Z?

ZEUS. I'mma run a bath, some bubbles, little glass of warm milk, maybe put on some music, or like one of those C.D.s of the sound of rain. Calm down a little bit. Streets is hard on a God, you know?

BOTH. True dat.

*(*ATHENA *and* HERMES *exit.* ZEUS *speaks to the audience.)*

ZEUS. My brilliant plan set in motion; I went to take a nice long soak. Calgon!

*(*CALGON *enters.)*

CALGON. Yes, master.

ZEUS. Take me away!

*(*CALGON *takes* ZEUS *away.* CHORUS *continues.)*

CHORUS. Athena disguised, as a great warrior chief, went to Ithaca to visit Telemachus and offer some relief.

*(*ATHENA*, disguised with a beard, and* TELEMACHUS *enter.)*

ATHENA. Pssst. Psst!

TELEMACHUS. Who goes there?!?

ATHENA. I am a great warrior chieftain you've probably never heard of.

TELEMACHUS. I don't know, I know a lot of warrior chieftains.

ATHENA. Not me.

TELEMACHUS. Try me. What's your name?

(Pause.)

ATHENA. Dave.

TELEMACHUS. You're right, I've never heard of you. What brings you here, mighty Dave?

ATHENA. Your father is still alive.

TELEMACHUS. No way!

ATHENA. Totes. You must go and find him. I've taken the liberty of gathering you a ship and sailors.

*(*SAILORS *pop out of the chorus, with a cardboard boat in front of them.)*

SAILORS. Ahoy!

TELEMACHUS. Your beard's falling off, Dave.

ATHENA. Silence!

TELEMACHUS. What about my mother, and the evil suitors?

ATHENA. Oh I got that. Now go!

*(*ATHENA *leaves.* TELEMACHUS *contemplates.)*

TELEMACHUS. What a strange and beardy female chieftain named Dave. But if my father's alive, I must try and find him. Even if I've never left Ithaca before, and don't know how to sail. How hard can it be?

(They row him off.)

(Sings:) Sailing, sailing, over the ocean blue.

(They're gone.)

CHORUS.
Upon the other side of the world, Calypso,
keeps Odysseus captured, as you know.

Hermes with his great powers of flight,
is going to try to make things right.

*(*CALYPSO *and* ODYSSEUS *enter.* CALYPSO *sits, motions to* ODYSSEUS, *who kneels and lets her use him as a footstool.* HERMES *enters.)*

CALYPSO. Why if it isn't Zeus's worm, Hermes.

HERMES. Woman, I'm nobody's worm!

CALYPSO. Do you like my footstool? *(*CALYPSO *yells at* ODYSSEUS*:)* Adjust!

ODYSSEUS. Yes, mistress.

(He does.)

HERMES. That's not right!

CALYPSO. Right. Wrong. He's my footstool. I'm thinking of getting a matching sofa, made of YOU.

HERMES. You let him go right now, or I'll—I'll—

CALYPSO. You'll what?

HERMES. I'll call down the wrath of Zeus upon you.

CALYPSO. Big Deal.

HERMES. I shall lift you from here and drop you in a pit of dread, snake-haired Gorgons.

CALYPSO. They're not so bad if you just don't look them in the eye. Keep trying.

HERMES. I'll—I'll—I'll tell everybody in Olympus that you made out with Poseidon at the Mount Olympus Christmas party!

CALYPSO. ICK! NOOO! GAG!! Take him! Take him!!!

*(*ODYSSEUS *is freed.)*

ODYSSEUS. Where am I?

HERMES. Quickly, come with me!

(They exit.)

CALYPSO. GAG! BARF!! *(Thinks.)* Hey—wait a sec! We're polytheistic! We don't even HAVE a Christmas party! You lied! YOU LIED! I'LL FIND YOU!!!! I WILL FIND YOU!!!!!!

(She exits in a rage. ZEUS *enters, in a bathrobe and his hair in a towel.)*

ZEUS. That's better. I almost feel immortal again. *(Sees audience.)* Oh. You're still here. Bet you thought that was the end of the story. NOT!!! For fate was about to seriously rock Odysseus's world. Picture this—

(Several members of the chorus pull out blue sheets and become the ocean.)

ZEUS. The open sea.

*(*ODYSSEUS, HERMES, *and several* SAILORS *enter, a cardboard boat in front of them.)*

HERMES. As promised, Odysseus, a fleet of fifty mighty ships and crew.

ODYSSEUS. How can I ever repay you, Great Hermes?

HERMES. Just gimmie a shout-out in the program or something. Gotta fly!

*(*HERMES *flies off.)*

ODYSSEUS. I like that God. Alright, stalwart and lusty crew—let's set sail for Ithaca!

SAILORS. Aye, aye!

OLD SALTY. Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye!

(The CHORUS *waves the blue sheets up and down, representing sailing through the water. Maybe a few* CHORUS *with cardboard cut-outs of clouds holding them up and going by.)*

ODYSSEUS. Who are you, that aye's so much?

OLD SALTY. I'm yer first mate, Old Salty they calls me. I know these waters like the back of me hand.

(He holds up a hook, menacingly.)

ODYSSEUS. Good Old Salty, I feel we have bonded in this brief moment.

OLD SALTY. *(Lovingly, wiping a tear from his face with his hook:)* Aye, aye. I feel it too, Odysseus.

ODYSSEUS. We shall never be parted, Old Salty. No matter what.

OLD SALTY. Aye.

*(*POSEIDON *enters.)*

POSEIDON. Hey Odysseus. Remember me?

ODYSSEUS. Oh noes.

*(*POSEIDON *raises his trident.)*

POSEIDON. Enjoy the wrath of the very sea itself! I mean, don't enjoy it— I mean—DIE!!! HA HA HA HA!!!

(The lights go crazy. The sea goes nuts. One by one the SAILORS *fall off the boat, with cries of 'ahhhh' and 'oh no.' Finally, there's only* SALTY *and* ODYSSEUS *left floating on wreckage. This next scene is straight out of* Titanic. *Maybe some* Titanic *music, for ambiance.)*

ODYSSEUS. Stay with me, Salty! Stay with me!!

OLD SALTY. I'm so cold. Sooo cold!!

ODYSSEUS. Promise me you'll survive Salty, that you won't give up, no matter how hopeless. Promise me now, Salty, and never let go of that promise!

OLD SALTY. Aye promise.

ODYSSEUS. Never let go.

OLD SALTY. I'll never let go. I'll never let go, Cap'n.

*(*SALTY *lets go.)*

Aaarrrggghhhhh!!!

ODYSSEUS. Oh, come on. I made you promise. That's the one thing I asked you not to do! Oh—

(A board clonks him on the head. He falls underwater. POSEIDON *laughs.)*

POSEIDON. Sucker.

*(*POSEIDON *leaves. The seas calm.* TELEMACHUS's *boat comes past.)*

TELEMACHUS. Dad? Dad? Oh man, there sure is a lot of sea around Troy.

(They keep going.)

ZEUS. This could be the end for Odysseus. But it's not, because we're only halfway through the play. For you see, some of his fleet survived the storm, and saved him.

(The fleet enter, looking around for ODYSSEUS, *see him, and save him. He splutters and shakes.)*

SNEAKY PETE. We saved you, sir!

ODYSSEUS. *(Spluttering.)* And Old Salty?

SNEAKY PETE. No sign of him, Odysseus.

ODYSSEUS. *(In agony:)* SSSSAAAALLLLLTTTYYYYYY!!!!!!

*(*ODYSSEUS *gets up, relieved.)*

And who are you, sturdy sailor?

SNEAKY PETE. I'm your new first mate, Sneaky Pete.

ODYSSEUS. I'm sorry, Sneaky Pete. I cannot love you. It's still too soon.

SNEAKY PETE. No big deal. No one's ever loved me. Not even my mother. I hope that someday I may find love, though. Someday—somewhere— *(*SNEAKY PETE *starts to break into song.)* Someone, out there—

ODYSSEUS. Quit that.

SNEAKY PETE. Sorry, sir.

ODYSSEUS. Sailors?

SAILORS. Ahoy!

ODYSSEUS. We've got to resupply. Set sail for that island over there!

SAILORS. Aye, Aye!

CHORUS.
The sturdy crew ran the ships to shore,
The technicalities of which with you we shall not bore,
Once on the island they encountered many greeters,
Those people who we call the Lotus Eaters.

*(*ODYSSEUS *and crew land. There are a couple of* LOTUS EATERS *standing around.)*

ODYSSEUS. Hail, people of this strange isle. I am Odysseus, and this is my crew.

LOTUS EATER #1. *(Chewing lotus:)* Whoa, that dude's talking really loud. What's he saying?

LOTUS EATER #2. Dunno, bra. It's all Greek to me!

(They break into giggles.)

SNEAKY PETE. Sir, they don't seem to speak our language.

LOTUS EATER #1. *(Loudly:)* DO YOU HAVE ANY NACHOS?

LOTUS EATER #2. *(Loudly:)* WE ARE TOTALLY SO HUNGRY RIGHT NOW!

ODYSSEUS. They seem angry.

SNEAKY PETE. I think they're just welcoming us to their island, sir. Let me try. *(To* LOTUS EATERS, *loudly, with much pointing:)* WE COME FROM BIG BLUE WOBBLY THING CALLED SEA. WE SEEK SUPPLIES. FOOD. WATER. UMMM-NUMM-NUMM.

LOTUS EATER #2. Dude, is it me or is that guy really loud? I wish these guys would take off—they're totally giving off bad vibes.

LOTUS EATER #1. Yeah. Alright. Let's bail, let them do whatever, man. Phil's got a mad bongo circle going on the other side of the island.

LOTUS EATER #2. Sweet. *(To* SAILORS:*)* JUST MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME. THE ONLY THING WE ASK IS THAT YOU DO NOT EAT THOSE PLANTS.

LOTUS EATER #1. THOSE ARE OURS. GET IT. OURS!!

SNEAKY PETE. I believe they just said we could stay, sir. And help ourselves to those plants.

LOTUS EATER #2. WE'RE GOING TO PLAY HACKY-SACK NOW. JUST DON'T EAT THOSE PLANTS. THEY'RE HIGHLY ADDICTIVE AND YOU'LL END UP DROPPING OUT OF COLLEGE AND GOING AND LIVING WITH YOUR PARENTS TILL YOU'RE THIRTY-FIVE.

LOTUS EATER #1. IN THE BASEMENT.

LOTUS EATER #2. *(To other* LOTUS EATER*:)* Sweet. Let's roll.

LOTUS EATER #1. Frisbee golf!!!!

LOTUS EATER #2. Woo-hoo!

(They take off.)

ODYSSEUS. We shall gather food and water.

SNEAKY PETE. And lotus plants?

ODYSSEUS. No, Sneaky Pete. Stay away from those plants. I've got a funny feeling about them.

SNEAKY PETE. But, sir—

ODYSSEUS. Sneaky Pete, I've grown fond of you in our time together. Perhaps too fond.

SNEAKY PETE. *(Starting to sing:)* Could it be—

ODYSSEUS. Not now. Listen. Just don't touch those plants. That's all I ask. *(To* SAILORS*:)* Come! Let's gather supplies.

(About half the SAILORS *join him.)*

SAILORS. *(Rushing off:)* Supplies! Supplies! Supplies! Supplies!

(It's just SNEAKY PETE *and a few others on stage. With the plants. The temptation is too great.)*

SNEAKY PETE. The natives said we could have these, right?

SAILOR JANE. Of course, sir.

SAILOR FRAN. They pointed to them several times!

SNEAKY PETE. No harm in just trying a little taste, eh? Just to see what it's like?

SAILOR JANE. But Odysseus said not to!

SAILOR FRAN. I could be persuaded!

SNEAKY PETE. Let's do it!

(They eat the lotus, loudly and animatedly.)

SAILOR JANE. Whoa. Do you see colors?

SAILOR FRAN. I see EVERYTHING.

SNEAKY PETE. What did we have a ten-year war for, man? Can't we all just get along?

(They eat some more. ODYSSEUS *enters.)*

ODYSSEUS. Come, Sneaky—hey—what are you doing?

(They turn, full mouths, green around their faces.)

SNEAKY PETE. What, bra? I wasn't doing nothing.

ODYSSEUS. Then why is your mouth all green?

SNEAKY PETE. Uuuuuu…scurvy?

*(*SAILOR JANE *and* SAILOR FRAN *burst out laughing—too loudly.)*

ODYSSEUS. Back to the ship.

SNEAKY PETE. I'm not going back to the ship.

ODYSSEUS. I said, back to the ship.

SNEAKY PETE. I said, I'm not going back to the ship.

ODYSSEUS. SNEAKY PETER, YOU GET BACK TO THE SHIP RIGHT NOW.

SNEAKY PETE. HOW 'BOUT YOU GO BACK TO THE SHIP.

SAILOR JANE. Whoa, whoa, hostility.

SAILOR FRAN. Can't we all just get along, man? Pass me some more lotus.

ODYSSEUS. I see you've become addicted to these strange plants. Your life is your own, Sneaky Pete, and if that's how you want to play it, I won't stop you. Don't you remember, though, when you wanted to sing?

SNEAKY PETE. No.

ODYSSEUS. It was only a few minutes ago.

SNEAKY PETE. Whatevs.

ODYSSEUS. You may be able to give up your dreams, Sneaky Pete, but I can't. We're leaving. With or without you.

PETE and SAILORS. Without, bra.

ODYSSEUS. *(Retreating in horror:)* Not you too. Not. You. Too.

*(*ODYSSEUS *and non-lotus eating* SAILORS *leave.)*

SNEAKY PETE. That guy's a bummer.

SAILOR JANE. Let's go order pizza.

SAILOR FRAN. So totally!

(They leave, munching lotus. ZEUS *enters.)*

ZEUS. And the moral of this story, kids, is eating leafy green plants is the death of ambition. Or something like that. And it stains your teeth. When you go from ordering pizza to being the pizza delivery guy, you got issues. That's all I'm saying.

*(*DIRECTUS *pops out.)*

DIRECTUS. Keep going!

ZEUS. Anyway, they sailed for a while, happy and content.

*(*ODYSSEUS *and his [slightly reduced] crew sail in.)*

It was never gonna last. Big Z out!

(He leaves.)

ENSIGN SMITH. Sir, there's land ahead.

ODYSSEUS. Good work, Ensign Smith. You'll be the first on my away team.

ENSIGN SMITH. I've got a bad feeling about that.

ODYSSEUS. Nonsense, Ensign Smith. With a name like yours, what could possibly go wrong.

ENSIGN SMITH. Gulp.

ODYSSEUS. Besides, I've developed a certain fondness for you. I feel we've bonded in our short time together.

ENSIGN SMITH. Gulp Gulp.

ODYSSEUS. Let's go.

CHORUS.
Upon an island thick with sheep they land,
Odysseus and his stalwart band,
But little did they know that their little resupply ops,
Would be thwarted by a huge and angry Cyclops.

*(*ODYSSEUS *and* SAILORS *on the island. There are plenty of* SHEEP *around.)*

ODYSSEUS. Look at all those sheep! Let's get us some veal!

ENSIGN SMITH. Sir, look—a huge cave, littered with bones. That can't be good.

ODYSSEUS. Nonsense. It's obviously just the bones of sheep that couldn't see the entrance of the cave, and kept banging their heads against the wall until they knocked themselves out and died. It's that simple. Nothing to fear. Now everybody, grab some sheep!

*(*SAILORS *grab the* SHEEP*; start to move them towards the boat.)*

SHEEP #1. Baaa—stop that!

SHEEP #2. Watch the wool, buddy. That's cashmere!

SHEEP #3. *(British accent:)* I say, how very dare you.

ENSIGN SMITH. Sheep sure are noisy, sir, it's a good thing no one is around to—

*(*THE CYCLOPS POLYPHEMUS *enters, swinging a hammer. He screams, and hits* ENSIGN SMITH *on the head.)*

—aaaarrrrggghhhh…

*(*ENSIGN SMITH *falls.)*

ODYSSEUS. ENSIGN SMMMMIIIITTTTHHHHHH!!!!!!!

CYCLOPS. Who dares to disturb the flock of the dread Cyclops Polyphemus!

ODYSSEUS. It is I.

*(*ODYSSEUS *jumps behind the* CYCLOPS*.)*

CYCLOPS. I? Oh that's not funny. You know I've only got one eye.

ODYSSEUS. No, I mean I—

*(*CYCLOPS *turns,* ODYSSEUS *counters.)*

CYCLOPS. Seriously, you're making fun of my disability.

ODYSSEUS. Over here.

*(*CYCLOPS *turns,* ODYSSEUS *counters.)*

CYCLOPS. Where?

ODYSSEUS. Right behind you.

*(*ODYSSEUS *pokes the* CYCLOPS*!)*

CYCLOPS. Stop! It's Hammer Time.

("Hammer Time" by M.C. Hammer starts.)

(To music:) I'll smash this.

(He smashes some ships.)

(To music:) I'll smash this.

(He smashes some SAILORS.*)*

(To music:) Yeah, I'll smash this.

*(*ODYSSEUS *and his men run around, avoid hammers, and scream. In the end, the* CYCLOPS *captures them all.)*

CYCLOPS. Well what do we have here? Who might you be?

SAILOR DAN. Help me, help me!

CYCLOPS. Won't give me your name, eh? Well I'll just call the three of you—Breakfast, lunch, and dinner! Ha ha ha ha ha.

SAILOR DAN. Can I be dinner?

CYCLOPS. You'll all be part of my nutritionally balanced diet. I've always liked Greek food. *(*CYCLOPS *laughs at his joke.)* To my cave!

*(*CYCLOPS *takes them away.)*

CHORUS.
In the Cyclops cave huddled our three men,
Terrified of what would happen to them.
They knew Odysseus would get them out of this fate,
But how was a cause of much concerned debate.

(In the CYCLOPS's *cave. The* SHEEP *mill around. The men are terrified.)*

SHEEP #1. Well quite frankly, they deserve to be eaten.

SHEEP #2. The way they herded us—like cattle.

SHEEP #3. *(British accent:)* Most unbecoming.

SAILOR DAN. Please, sir, you have to get us out of this.

CYCLOPS. Silence, Dinner! Or do you want to face—my hammer!

SAILOR DAN. Not really.

CYCLOPS. I said, no talking! You're breakfast now!

(The CYCLOPS *hammers* SAILOR DAN.*)*

SAILOR DAN. *(Crumpling:)* Ouchie.

(The CYCLOPS *starts to drag* SAILOR DAN *off.)*

ODYSSEUS. One moment, Cyclops—perhaps you'd like something to go with your breakfast?

CYCLOPS. You want to be an appetizer, puny man?

ODYSSEUS. Not at all—but I do happen to have—some wine. *(*ODYSSEUS *holds up a flask of wine.)* I was saving it for a special occasion, but—

*(*CYCLOPS *grabs it. Looks at it.)*

CYCLOPS. I don't usually drink before noon, but maybe just this once— *(*CYCLOPS *glugs the wine.)* Oooo…that's strong. *(*CYCLOPS *passes out, starts snoring.)*

ODYSSEUS. Excellent—now we just run out of the cave.

SAILOR CHERYL. Sir.

ODYSSEUS. —back to the ships—

SAILOR CHERYL. Sir.

ODYSSEUS. —and we're on our way!

SAILOR CHERYL. Sir!

ODYSSEUS. No need to thank me, Sailor Cheryl, let's go.

*(*ODYSSEUS *runs towards the entrance to the cave, realizes the* CYCLOPS *is blocking it.)*

Oh boy.

SAILOR CHERYL. That's what I was trying to tell you, sir, he's passed out right in front of the entrance to the cave.

ODYSSEUS. Well that could have gone better. I must think. Wake up Dan.

*(*SAILOR CHERYL *walks over, shakes* SAILOR DAN.*)*

SAILOR DAN. Mommy?

SAILOR CHERYL. As if.

ODYSSEUS. *(To himself:)* The Cyclops couldn't see me behind him because he only had one eye. He wouldn't be able to see me at all if he had—that's it! Dan!!

SAILOR DAN. I'm Batman!

ODYSSEUS. Sure. Grab me that large piece of sharp wood over there offstage.

SAILOR DAN. *(Running off:)* Wherever there is injustice, I'll be there!

ODYSSEUS. Sailor Cheryl, here's what we're going to do. You sneak over, and lift up his eyelid, and I'm going to ram that sharp piece of wood right into his eye—then he'll be blinded. Brilliant, eh?

SAILOR CHERYL. I'll be very close to him when that happens, and I'm not sure I'm comfortable with that.

ODYSSEUS. Nonsense, you'll be very safe. I promise.

*(*SAILOR DAN *runs in with a big pointy stick.)*

ODYSSEUS. Okay, Cheryl—go! Dan, with me! Here we go!

*(*CHERYL *sneaks behind the* CYCLOPS. ODYSSEUS *and* DAN *run towards him with a pointy stick.* CHERYL *opens the eyelid;* ODYSSEUS *and* DAN *ram the stick into the* CYCLOPS *eye! [Don't really ram a stick in the actor's eye, that's just mean.])*

CYCLOPS. *(Waking, enraged and blinded:)* AAAARRRRGGGHHHHH!!!!!

(He flails his arms wildly, throwing SAILOR CHERYL *in a heap in the corner.)*

SAILOR CHERYL. Owwww…That was what I was worried about, sir.

ODYSSEUS. Shhhh!

(The CYCLOPS *flails around, trying to find them. Each time he gets close, they move. The* SHEEP *are outraged.)*

SHEEP #1. Baaaa-d move!

SHEEP #2. That was just unnecessary.

SHEEP #3. *(British accent:)* Poor form, dear boy.

CYCLOPS. I'm blinded! I am blinded! And enraged!! Enraged because I've been blinded!! Which I think is a natural reaction, given the circumstances!!! Who has done this to me?

*(*ODYSSEUS *can't contain his glee, pipes up.)*

ODYSSEUS. It was I.

*(*CYCLOPS *swings at where* ODYSSEUS *was, but* ODYSSEUS *has already moved.)*

CYCLOPS. Enough with the eye jokes, jerk! What is your name?

SAILOR DAN. Careful sir, remember, the Cyclops is the son of Poseidon, who already hates you a lot!

SAILOR CHERYL. Don't tell him your name!!

ODYSSEUS. I shall tell you my name, foul giant!

SAILOR CHERYL. Don't you ever listen to constructive criticism?

ODYSSEUS. My name is—Nobody!

CYCLOPS. Nobody?!? I have been blinded by Nobody??? I HAVE BEEN BLINDED BY NOBODY!!!

*(*CYCLOPS *flails around again with his hammer, enraged.)*

ODYSSEUS. *(Whispers:)* Get ready to run for that exit. On my mark.

CYCLOPS. I'll tell you what, Nobody—

ODYSSEUS. Get set!

CYCLOPS. I'm going to have a seat right here—

ODYSSEUS. Go!

CYCLOPS. To make sure Nobody doesn't get out alive!

*(*CYCLOPS *plants himself squarely in front of the exit.)*

ODYSSEUS. Stop!

*(*SAILOR DAN *can't stop in time, runs straight into the* CYCLOPS, *who grabs him.)*

CYCLOPS. Are you Nobody?

SAILOR DAN. I'm Dinner! Not Breakfast!

CYCLOPS. Looks like I'm having Dinner for Breakfast.

*(*CYCLOPS *hits* SAILOR DAN, *drags him out. On the way out, he puts down a big boulder to block the entrance.)*

CYCLOPS. This boulder will keep Nobody else from escaping.

SAILOR DAN. Heeeeellllppppp meeeeeee…

*(*CYCLOPS *laughs, exits.)*

CHORUS.
For three days mighty Odysseus and stalwart sailor Cheryl,
Sat in the cave in much and great total peril,
For the Cyclops only moved the boulder to let sheep graze,
And should they be caught and killed it would surely end these plays.

SAILOR CHERYL. We'll never survive, Odysseus!

ODYSSEUS. I've got a cunning plan, Cheryl. The Cyclops is blind, right?

SAILOR CHERYL. Which is your fault.

ODYSSEUS. Fault, great achievement, it's pretty much the same thing. Anyway, did you see how he pats the top of the sheep each time he lets them out to make sure they're not us?

SHEEP #1. Is that what that was about?

SHEEP #2. I thought it was cause he loved us.

SHEEP #3. *(British:)* Nonsense, old bean. We're being used.

ODYSSEUS. If we just tie ourselves to the underside of the sheep, we can simply ride out when he lets them out to graze.

SAILOR CHERYL. You want to escape on the underside of a sheep?

ODYSSEUS. Oh yes!

SAILOR CHERYL. Gross. *(Pause.)* Let's do it.

> *(They tie themselves underneath the* SHEEP, *who complain and protest, but being sheep, don't put up too much of a fight.* CYCLOPS *enters, moving the boulder.)*

CYCLOPS. Alright sheepies, time to come out. Oh, and you too, Lunch and Dinner, if you're ready to be eaten! Ha. Ha ha. Little cannibal joke there.

> *(*SHEEP *start out, with* ODYSSEUS *and* SAILOR CHERYL *underneath them.* SHEEP *protest.)*

SHEEP #1. He's under here! He's under here!

SHEEP #2. Check underneath!

SHEEP #3. *(British accent:)* I'm afraid the Cyclops doesn't speak sheep, my friends.

CYCLOPS. You sheep sure are noisy today. Could it be—

> *(*CYCLOPS *stops—thoroughly checks one of the* SHEEP, *which just happens to be the one with no one tied underneath it.)*

—nah.

> *(The* SHEEP *carrying* ODYSSEUS *and* SAILOR CHERYL *get through. They have escaped!)*

ODYSSEUS. Quickly, Sailor Cheryl! To the boats!! We've escaped!!

> *(The* CYCLOPS *hears this.)*

CYCLOPS. WHAT?!?

ODYSSEUS. That's right, Cyclops, I have done it—

SAILOR CHERYL. Don't tell him your name—

ODYSSEUS. I, Odysseus, have blinded and tricked you. Sucka!!

SAILOR CHERYL. You just don't listen.

CYCLOPS. Odysseus! I'm telling my father Poseidon on you. You're REALLY in trouble now!

ODYSSEUS. Good luck. I'm going home! Let's go!

> *(They escape.)*

CYCLOPS. Ooooo! I'm so mad!!! I just wanted—I just wanted—some friends. Sigh. At least I've still got my sheep.

*(*SHEEP *enter in* Mission Impossible *gear.)*

SHEEP #1. Let's go!

(They do a clever, cunning, and stunt filled escape from the island as well.)

SHEEP #2. Later, Cyclops.

SHEEP #3. *(British accent:)* Tally Ho!

CYCLOPS. I'm so sad.

*(*CYCLOPS *leaves, sniffling.* ZEUS *enters.)*

ZEUS. That was some crazy undersheep action, know what I'm saying? So Odysseus has about ten ships left, and he's getting close to home, when he's approached by a strange visitor.

*(*ODYSSEUS *stands at the front of his ship.)*

ODYSSEUS. We're almost there, boys!

MARY. And girls!

ODYSSEUS. And girls, yes, sorry First Mate Mary.

MARY. Absolutely fine, sir. Just that some of the ladies perceive you as a chauvinist pig.

ODYSSEUS. Thanks for keeping me politically correct, girl.

MARY. You don't—get it, do you?

ODYSSEUS. Mary, I feel we've bonded in our past few days together. I feel close to you. Strangely close—

(A strange whistling is heard.)

—what's that?

MARY. A odd whistling!

ODYSSEUS. Go make sure the men—

MARY. —and women—

ODYSSEUS. —obviously, goes without saying—make sure all their hatches are battened down.

MARY. Yes, sir!

*(*MARY *exits.* ODYSSEUS *is on his own. The lights flicker and flash. A blackout, with lights up to reveal* THE MASTER OF WINDS *is floating next to* ODYSSEUS. THE MASTER OF

WINDS *should constantly be gesticulating and waving hands and arms, and preferably be way overdone.)*

MASTER OF WINDS. Ooooooooo…oooooooo…wwwwwooo-ossssshhhhhhhh…

ODYSSEUS. Who are you, oh strange floaty thing?

MASTER OF WINDS. I am the Maaaaaster of Wiiiinds!

ODYSSEUS. The Master of Winds? Zounds!

MASTER OF WINDS. *(Breaking character:)* I know, it's not very impressive, is it.

ODYSSEUS. No, it's pretty good.

MASTER OF WINDS. I wanted to be Master of Puppets, but that was taken.

ODYSSEUS. Winds are pretty important, though, especially to a sailor—

MASTER OF WINDS. I was gonna be King of Pain for a little while, then someone called the Police. So this is kind of my gig now.

ODYSSEUS. I bow before you, oh Mighty Master of Winds.

(He does.)

MASTER OF WINDS. *(Delighted:)* Oh…that's nice! *(Back in character:)* Ooooooodddyyyssseus. I have been sent by the Miiiighty Zeeeuuusss.

ODYSSEUS. Zeus sent you?

*(*ZEUS *pops in.)*

ZEUS. Awww, yeah. I got your back, O.D.

*(*ZEUS *pops out.)*

MASTER OF WINDS. I bring you aid in your time of need!

ODYSSEUS. I like aid.

MASTER OF WINDS. I present to you—the ancient and holy Bag of Winds.

*(*MASTER OF WINDS *holds up a whoopee cushion, or balloon, depends how far you want to go with this.)*

ODYSSEUS. That's awesome. What does it do?

MASTER OF WINDS. Simply point it in the direction you wish to travel, and the wind will be behind yoooooou.

ODYSSEUS. It's just that simple?

MASTER OF WINDS. It's just that simple. *(*MASTER OF WINDS *gesticulates wildly:)* Buttttt heeeeed my warrrniinnggg! Only you, Odysseus, are strong enough to control it. Do not let it out of your sight. Otherwise, baaaaddd things could happpppennnnnnn…

ODYSSEUS. Trust me; this whole trip has been full of bad things.

MASTER OF WINDS. And with that—I ffffffllllllllllyyyyyyyyyyy.

> *(*MASTER OF WINDS *gesticulates wildly for a moment, stops, smiles, and runs offstage.)*

ODYSSEUS. What a strange person.

> *(*FIRST MATE MARY *runs back onstage.)*

MARY. Sir, good news! The hatches have all been battened, and the poop deck swabbed. And Ithaca's in sight!

ODYSSEUS. *(Dramatically:)* My home. After these long years, my home is in sight. I must have a look at it. Where is it?

MARY. *(Pointing offstage:)* You can see it from over there, sir.

ODYSSEUS. I must have a look. Here—hold this for a sec. I'll be right back. Don't open it, whatever you do. You must promise me. You'll hold on. Even when all hope is gone. And not open that.

MARY. I promise.

ODYSSEUS. Never let go.

MARY. I won't.

> *(*ODYSSEUS *looks at her, unsure, for a moment, then nods. She takes a long look at the "bag." Looks at the audience. Looks at the bag again. Thinks. Starts to put it down. Picks it back up. Looks around. Opens it. The lights, sound, and everything go crazy.* MARY *is blown around by the top of the balloon, or whoopee cushion, the back of it sputtering. She holds on to the boat. The entire fleet is blown backwards from where they came.* MARY *is holding on to the ship with one hand, the 'bag' with the other.)*

Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!

> *(*ODYSSEUS, *fighting the great wind re-enters.)*

Heeeeeellllpppp!!!!

ODYSSEUS. Let go! Let go!

> *(*MARY *lets go of the ship, is blown away offstage left by the bag, flailing and flying.)*

Not of the ship, of the bag!

*(*MARY *flies back by, stage left to stage right, propelled by the bag.)*

Aaaaaaaaaa……

(More storm and craziness. The storm subsides.)

ODYSSEUS. MAAARRRRYYYYYYYY!!!!!!

SAILOR PHILLIP. We've been blown off course, sir!

ODYSSEUS. How far off course?

SAILOR PHILLIP. Ummm…remember how we started it out from Troy?

ODYSSEUS. *(Pause.)* Yeah.

SAILOR PHILLIP. Yeah. *(Pause.)* We're back there again.

ODYSSEUS. Noooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!

SAILOR PHILLIP. And we've only got four ships left.

ODYSSEUS. Great. Any good news?

SAILOR PHILLIP. Well, sir, we've learned which islands NOT to stop at on the way home.

ODYSSEUS. I despair.

*(*ZEUS *enters, crying.)*

ZEUS. Me too. I hate sad endings. Unless I cause them.

*(*ATHENA *enters.)*

ATHENA. What the tears for, Big Z?

ZEUS. Odysseus ain't never gonna get home to his baby mama.

ATHENA. You gave him the bag of wind, didn't you?

ZEUS. *(Crying:)* Yeah. Yeah.

*(*HERMES *enters.)*

HERMES. Oh, hey, hey, big guy. C'mere.

*(*HERMES *gives* ZEUS *a hug. He continues to cry.)*

HERMES. We've got to do something. I know a quick way he can get home—but it involves a stop at the Isle of Circe!

ZEUS. She turns men into pigs, though. Odysseus can't go home all piggy. That ain't right!

ATHENA. I think I know a way to help him. Hermes—you go find Telemachus, tell him to meet Odysseus at the Isle of Circe. I'll find Odysseus, and help him out.

ZEUS. What about me?

ATHENA. What time's your Pilates class?

ZEUS. Three-thirty.

ATHENA. Just go to that, relax, we've got this one.

ZEUS. Fine. Calgon!

*(*CALGON *enters.)*

Take me away!

*(*CALGON *nods, takes* ZEUS *away.)*

CHORUS.
Athena visits Odysseus bringing hope,
And sage advice to deal with the witch Circe,
And Hermes finds Telemachus, and tells him not to mope.
That soon reunited with his father he will be.

*(*ODYSSEUS *small fleet enters, lands on an island. On the island is a huge table laid out with food and wine.)*

ODYSSEUS. Sailors!

SAILORS. Yes, sir.

ODYSSEUS. We have landed on the Island of Circe, as per Athena's instruction. She knows a quick way for us to get home. But be careful! Be vigilant! Do not eat—

SAILOR JAN. Look, everybody—food!

SAILOR TERRANCE. Let's get our grub on!

ODYSSEUS. No, no—don't eat or drink—

SAILOR ANNIE. There's milk! I love milk!

(The SAILORS *pig out.)*

ODYSSEUS. Will you just stop and listen for ONE SECOND.

SAILOR JAN. I don't feel so good.

(The SAILORS *start to double over, very sick. They grunt and 'ooo.' Eventually their groaning turns to pig like grunts, and they stand back up with pig noses.)*

SAILOR JAN. Oink!

SAILOR TERRANCE. Oink Oink!

SAILOR ANNIE. Th-th-th-that's all folks.

(They continue to grunt and oink in a most pig-like fashion. CIRCE *enters.)*

CIRCE. My, my. Look at all the little piggies!

ODYSSEUS. Is this your doing, witch!

CIRCE. No. It's entirely theirs. I simply provided the means to their downfall. Almost tragic, wouldn't you say?

ODYSSEUS. Why have you done this?

CIRCE. Cause I LOVE BACON! *(She laughs, evilly.)* Would you like a glass of milk?

ODYSSEUS. Got milk?

CIRCE. Of course.

(She gives him milk, he chugs it. Shows no effect. The SAILOR PIGS *continue to roll around, oinking.)*

ODYSSEUS. I've been told you know the short way to Ithaca.

CIRCE. I do, but why should I tell it to you—swine!

ODYSSEUS. Because I long to get home.

CIRCE. You're not turning into a pig…when you drank the milk, you should have turned into—oh—you're good. You're very good. I'm intrigued. How have you not gone piggy?

ODYSSEUS. Let's just say I was blessed by the goddess Athena—with this!

(He holds up some herbs.)

CIRCE. Moly?

ODYSSEUS. The only known herb that will counteract your turning sailors into pigs trick, lady.

CIRCE. Why didn't you give it to all your sailors then?

ODYSSEUS. Well, I've—I meant to—I've been busy.

CIRCE. You're a little bit selfish, aren't you?

ODYSSEUS. Nonsense, I'm a hero.

CIRCE. It's alright. I'm selfish too. We're a perfect match. I'm so in love with you right now. Do you want to be my boyfriend?

ODYSSEUS. No! I just want to get home!

CIRCE. Darn it! That's what they all say!

ODYSSEUS. Release my men—

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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