

DAEDALUS AND ICARUS

by Lee Karvonen

CAST:

REPORTER

REP

MINOS

MIN

REP: So, here we are in downtown Crete, the site of the recent escape by Daedalus, the talented craftsman, and his son, Icarus. I'm standing with King Minos, the ruler of Crete. Tell me, King, what happened?

MIN: That miserable, no-good, lowdown scumbag!

REP: Wait a minute, King! Who are you talking about?

MIN: Daedalus! That little creep helped Theseus, my mortal enemy, by the way, to escape from the Labyrinth and my own personal monster, the Minotaur.

REP: The Minotaur? Oh, yeah! That half man, half bull thingy.

MIN: That's right! He used my own daughter to help Theseus. Gave him a ball of string so he could find his way out. That takes all the fun out of being stuck in a Labryinth!

REP: So you were pretty upset with Daedalus, weren't you?

MIN: Upset? Upset! I was furious!!! I'm the king here! I make up the rules! Who is Daedalus to mess with my rules?!?!

REP: Some kind of smart, I'm guessing.

MIN: Well, he won't get away with this! There's no way!

REP: I'm just the reporter here, but it seems to me that he did get away with this. Didn't he just fly the coop?

MIN: You hadda bring that up, didn't you? Pour a little more salt in the old wounds, didn't you? I bet you used to pull the wings off flies when you were a kid, didn't you?

REP: Look, you may be the king, but I ask the questions here. Didn't Daedalus, and his son Icarus, just fly out here on wings made of feathers and wax?

MIN: Yes, they did! Now, are you satisfied?

REP: Well, no. How did this happen? Where were the guards? How did they get that many feathers and that much wax? And were they cleared for take-off by air traffic control?

MIN: I don't know! Nobody seems to know! Do you know how difficult it is to get good help these days?

REP: I really couldn't say. But what is your next move?

MIN: I've sent my fastest ships after them.

REP: You sent some boats after them? They're traveling by air! And with only carry-on luggage! You couldn't catch them at the airport! They'll be through customs before your boats hit the docks!

MIN: You enjoy your work, don't you?

REP: It's a living. But tell me, King, since you'll never see these two jailbirds, you should pardon the expression, again, is there anything that will make you happy about this incident?

MIN: All I can think of is something my old buddy, the Sheik of Araby, used to say. "May the fleas of a thousand camels descend upon you!"

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ODYSSEUS AND THE CYCLOPS
by Lee Karvonen

CAST:

ODYSSEUS - very clever Greek warrior and sailor

CYCLOPS - Polyphemus, shepherd and one-eyed son of Poseidon

ONE - crewman of Odysseus

TWO - another crewman of Odysseus

THREE - third crewman of Odysseus

POSEIDON - God of the Sea

CYCLOPS 2 - another cyclops

CYCLOPS 3 - one more cyclops

SCENE: An uncharted island in the eastern Mediterranean on which Odysseus and his crew have just landed their ship.

ODYSS: Well, here we are on an uncharted island in the eastern Mediterranean.

ONE: Yes, we certainly are on an uncharted island in the--

ODYSS: I've said it once. That's enough.

ONE: Sorry, Odysseus.

ODYSS: Let's go exploring!

TWO: I'm with you, captain!

THREE: I'm with you too, captain.

ODYSS: (after a pause) And you?

ONE: Apparently I'm with you also, captain.

ODYSS: Then let us go exploring!

TWO: Look, Captain, there's a cave over there!

ODYSS: What are we waiting for! Let's check it out!

THREE: (looking up, way up) This is one big cave!

TWO: Yeah! NBA big!

ONE: I'd say Big Brothers of the NBA big!

ODYSS: There's a camp site over here! Whoa! Everything is giant-sized!

(Noise offstage)

ONE: Captain! Someone, or something, is coming!

ODYSS: (stage whisper) Everybody quiet! Let's hide behind this rock!

(Just after they are hidden, a cyclops enters with a herd of sheep, then rolls a giant boulder across the entrance.)

CYC: Fee, fie, fo, fum! I smell the blood of a Grecian man! Come out, come out, wherever you are!

(ODYSSEUS steps out from behind the rock.)

ODYSS: Hello, my visually challenged friend!

CYC: Who's visually challenged?!?

ODYSS: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize you were so sensitive about it.

CYC: Sensitive about what?

ODYSS: Your ocular deficiency.

CYC: My what?!?

ODYSS: Your lack of a plural lens.

CYC: My what?!?

ODYSS: Your disturbingly stingy vocabulary!

CYC: Hey! There's nothing wrong with my vocabulary! And you are trespassing!

ODYSS: I saw no sign or indication that this is private property.

CYC: And you can't see that this is a camp! That someone lives here!

ODYSS: Oh, it's clear there is a squatter here, camping on someone's property.

CYC: This is my camp! On my property!

ODYSS: You have a deed? Some paperwork?

CYC: What's a deed?!? This is my place! Just ask my father!

ODYSS: Oh, not that old "Wait till my father gets home" routine! Who is

he? Let's see. The mayor? Nah. Too big. The local sheriff? Nah. Too stupid. The town crier? Nah. Too loud.

CYC: My father is Poseidon, god of the sea!

ODYSS: I bet you tell that to all the intruders.

CYC: Only the really slow learners! Now, I think I'll have you for dinner!

ODYSS: Why that's terribly decent of you. No shellfish, please, the red tide's running. And hold the mayo. Good news! I have no nut allergies and I'm lactose tolerant.

CYC: You ARE a slow learner! You're for dinner!

ODYSS: I think you are right over the top! But as long as we are discussing dinner, we must select a good wine.

(A sneeze is heard.)

CYC: Who was that? The rest of you better come out front right now!

(ONE, TWO, and THREE creep out and stand before the CYCLOPS.)

ONE: Three more for dinner?

CYC: Not at all! I'm no gourmand, merely a gourmet. You look like

dinner for the week!

ODYSS: The man's hospitality knows no bounds! Now, about the wine. I'd like you to sample this imported red. It's not a great wine, but I think you'll be amused by its presumption.

(ODYSSEUS pours two bottles into a pail and hands it to the CYCLOPS.)

CYC: (after drinking it all down) Excellent! Dry, but fruity, with currants and blackberries and figs lingering on the palate. A perfect choice whenever I eat Greek!

ODYSS: Then we will be two for dinner?

CYC: You know, I like you. As my sommelier, I think I will spare you, for a while. You, I will eat last!

ODYSS: Well, thank you! Your generosity is exceeded only by your good looks! By the way, what shall I call you?

CYC: Call me Polyphemus! And what's your name, my vertically challenged Greek amigo!

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THE GOLDEN APPLE OF DISCORD

by Lee Karvonen

CAST:

NARRATOR 1 - N1, NARRATOR - N2, NARRATOR - N3, NARRATOR - N4,
NARRATOR - N5, HERA, APHRODITE, ATHENA, PARIS

(Narrators 1, 2, 3, and 4 begin onstage.)

N1: This is the story of the Golden Apple of Discord.

N2: It seems that the goddesses on Mt. Olympus could not agree on who was the most beautiful and wonderful.

N 3: Eris, the Goddess of Discord, was not included in the contest.

N 4: She was not pleased with this oversight, not at all.

N 1: In fact, she was a little upset.

N 2: In point of fact, she was ANGRY.

N 3: She was, by the way, the twin sister of Ares, God of War, so anger management kinda ran in the family.

N 4: She decided that she was going to do something about this slight.

N1: So, she went to the Olympus fruit store and bought a golden apple.

N2: And on it she inscribed, "To the most fair."

N3: Well, there went the neighborhood.

N4: Every goddess felt that she was the most fair.

N1: And though they tell us that beauty is only skin deep

N2: We know that is entirely true.

N3: And entirely important.

N4: So, the fight was on!

N 5: (enters) Meanwhile, back at the contest, three goddesses were nominated for Ms. Olympus.

There was Hera, wife of Zeus and Queen of the Gods.

(Hera enters and bows.)

There was Athena, Goddess of Wisdom.

(Athena enters and bows.)

And there was Aphrodite, Goddess of Love.

(Aphrodite enters and waves cutely.)

N 5: But who could judge this contest. All the gods had their favorites.

N 2: They chose Paris, (Paris enters and nods.) a young man tending sheep in the mountains.

N3: But that was just his hobby. His day job was being the second son of Priam, King of Troy.

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