



Herb and Lois Walker's
SCRIPTS FOR SCHOOLS

**MYTHS AND
SUCH**

A 30 Minute Performance
Package Featuring Skits
Based on Greek Myths
PACKAGE TWO

www.scriptsforschools.com

**MYTHS AND SUCH
PACKAGE TWO**

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION

by Lee Karvonen

This collection of short skits intends to retell well-known Greek myths in a humorous and often different way. Some skits use the original characters, while others use modern storytellers trying to relate these myths to modern audiences.

There are two sets of collections: Myths and Such, Package One (with 6 skits) and Myths and Such, Package Two (with 4 skits). Each package can be performed alone, if desired. Running time for each package is approximately 35 minutes. Should you wish to combine the two, the opening scene, which is the same for each package, would not need to be repeated, so you would have a performance with a running time of approximately one hour in length.

There is no magical performance order to either package, other than having the introductory scene first. Currently, they are listed in alphabetical order, Although any order will work. If you have a small cast and have students in 2 or more skits, the skits can be arranged in the order that best allows costume, scene, and/or set changes. Set are not needed, but costumes are recommended. Alternatively, these skits could simply be read in class or in readers theater style on a stage, in the classroom or in front of an outside audience.

These skits are an ideal way to conclude a myth unit and to have fun doing that - or, they can simply be performed as a production for some special event.

MYTHS AND SUCH - AN OVERVIEW...

PACKAGE TWO is designed to motivate you, your students, and your audience to “play” with 4 well-known myths. To set up this program and, prior to the myths, it is suggested that you first perform the brief scene called “Myth vs. Fairy Tale.” After that, the order of performance for the following skits is optional.

NOTE: This package stands alone as a 30-35 minute performance piece and does not need the addition of Package One to complete it. However, if you are performing both Package One and Package Two to produce an hour-long program, you will have already performed 1. MYTH VS. FAIRY TALE at the beginning of the Package One skits. It does not need to be performed again. Simply add the 4 skits below.

1. **MYTH VS. FAIRY TALE** - In this short scene, one friend is trying to tell the other friend a myth. The other friend disputes the way the story is started, arguing that "once upon a time" is exclusive to fairy tales. From there, the argument progresses.

ATLAS AND HERCULES - In this version of the story (when Hercules outsmarts Atlas who has temporarily given him the earth to support), Atlas, this time, proves to be the clever one.

MIDAS AND THE GOLDEN TOUCH - In this version of the story (when Midas acquires and then loses the golden touch and then gets donkey's ears for stating that Pan's music is superior to Apollo's), the story line is the same, but it is all in dialogue and more amusing.

SIEGE OF TROY - In this version of the story when Odysseus and the Greeks outwit the Trojans by leaving them a giant wooden horse), three reporters interview key people - Priam, King of Troy, and Odysseus, King of Ithaca, - and set the scene for the climax on the shore with the Trojan horse.

ZEUS AND HERA - In this version of the story of the many loves of Zeus, Hera finally confronts Zeus with photos and challenges him to explain them and ends by chasing him offstage.

MYTH VERSUS FAIRY TALE

by Lee Karvonen

This skit should open your performance. It will then be followed by the skits in Package One *OR* Package Two (each package is a 30-35 minute show) – *OR* a combination of both Packages (approximately an hour-long show).

(ONE and TWO enter chatting.)

ONE: What do you want to do?

TWO: Tell me a story. A myth!

ONE: Once upon a time, long, long--

TWO: Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

ONE: What?

TWO: This is a *myth*!

ONE: So!

TWO: So it's a myth, not a fairy tale! You can't start a myth with "Once upon a time!"

ONE: Why not?

TWO: Because it's a myth!

ONE: Did myths really happen?

TWO: No!

ONE: Did fairy tales really happen?

TWO: N--No!

ONE: So what's the difference if they both start with "Once upon a time?"

TWO: It doesn't, um, I mean, um, you should, uh, it's not, uh, well, in the myth handbook--

ONE: The myth handbook!?

TWO: Yes, the myth handbook! It shows the proper way to start a myth.

ONE: After you.

TWO: Wha--? Oh! Yes. Once--

ONE: Uh!

TWO: Long ago, in a far away land, ...

ONE: Yes, yes.

Opening Skit

TWO: Well, I ...

ONE: Go on. Go on.

TWO: I--I can't.

ONE: Why not?

TWO: I don't know what myth you were telling.

ONE: You should be slapped!

TWO: You're right. Please, go on with your myth.

ONE: Uh oh.

TWO: What?

ONE: I've forgotten what I was going to tell.

TWO: Oh, no. I'm sorry.

ONE: You certainly are.

TWO: Maybe you could tell a nice joke.

(ONE chases TWO off.)

ATLAS AND HERCULES

by Lee Karvonen

CAST:

ATLAS - Supporter of the Sky

HERCULES - big, strong hero

(at one end of the earth, where ATLAS stands, on a chair or table, supporting the world on his shoulders, as HERCULES wanders in, wearing a T-shirt with I AM HERCULES printed on it.)

HERC: (almost staggers in, doesn't notice ATLAS, doesn't look his way)
 Boy oh boy! What a scorcher! (wipes his brow) I've never seen
 a hotter one! What a tough day to be out walking! I'm
 sweating like a pig! I need a drink! And I need a break!

ATLAS: (shaking his head in disbelief) YOU need a break!?! How about
 ME!?

HERC: (not even looking at ATLAS) YOU?! How about ME? I feel like
 I'VE got the weight of the WHOLE world on MY shoulders!

ATLAS: Really! Would you care to try the real thing?

HERC: (finally looking up at ATLAS) Who--oh! My! You DO have the whole world on your shoulders. That must be heavy!

ATLAS: If I had a nickel for every time I've heard that one ...

HERC: You get a lot of visitors?

ATLAS: You'd be surprised. I mean, considering how long I've been doing this, it's not so surprising.

HERC: Career choice, huh?

ATLAS: Funny man! The gods stuck me with this job a long time ago. Just because I'm a titan, it doesn't get any easier. Well, that's not strictly true. Because I am a titan it is a whole lot easier, but still, it's not all beer and skittles.

HERC: That reminds me. I am really thirsty! Do you have any beer?

ATLAS: Are you kidding? It's strictly bread and water for me.

HERC: Wow! That's almost like you're being punished or something.

ATLAS: Come second in a war and see what happens to you!

HERC: Oh! Right! So, who came first?

ATLAS: The gods, of course. They gave me the world to hold up. At least I'm better off than my cousin, Prometheus.

HERC: What happened to Pro-me-the-what?

ATLAS: Prometheus! He gave fire to mankind and so the gods chained him to a big flat rock in the blazing sun down by the seaside.

HERC: At least he can work on his tan.

ATLAS: Every day a giant eagle flies down and eats his liver!

HERC: Oww! Just hearing about that stings! Well, at least he only has one liver. Just think if it were his kidneys the eagle liked.

ATLAS: Think about it. Every day the eagle rips it out of him and eats it and every day it grows back.

HERC: Wow!... Hey, eliminate the eagle and you've got a solid transplant business going! Have you any idea how many guys I know could use a new liver? They're drinking wine every day like it's going out of style! And don't even mention the beer drinkers I know!

ATLAS: I don't think you really get the picture here. I'm talking a punishment from the Olympian gods! They don't set up anybody in business, especially someone who just lost a war to them!

HERC: Well, there's no need to get testy! I was just thinking--

ATLAS: No, you weren't thinking. You were only thinking you were thinking.

HERC: Oh. ... Say, I bet you know where a fella could get a drink around here, don't you?

ATLAS: (smiles slyly and winks at the audience) Ah, yes, as a matter of fact, I do. It's just a short walk from here.

HERC: Great! Just point me in the right direction and I'll be off.

ATLAS: I think you misunderstood when I said a short walk.

HERC: No, I don't think so. Short is, um, not long. Walk is, um, not a ride. Oh, you think I misunderstood "a," didn't you?

ATLAS: (shaking head in disbelief) Ah, no. It's a short walk for me, but then, as you can see, I am a giant.

HERC: Well, I walk pretty fast.

ATLAS: Over mountains? Across small seas? Past the odd desert?

HERC: Well, uh, not really THAT fast in THOSE conditions.

ATLAS: By the time you get to where you can get a drink, you won't be able to take one.

HERC: (gulps) Because I'll be--

ATLAS: Dry as a bone, ... literally.

HERC: (gulping again) Literally?

ATLAS: Literally.

HERC: Oh.

ATLAS: I have an idea. Why don't I just whip over there and get one for you?

HERC: You'd do that for me? Well, that's great! Thank you very much!

ATLAS: Aw, shucks, it's nothing. I'd do it for anybody.

HERC: Well, I am so grateful you're going to do it for me.

ATLAS: (slaps forehead) Oh, oh! Silly me! I can't do it!

HERC: What's the problem?

ATLAS: (points to world) I forgot! I'm holding up the world!

HERC: Well, can't you just set it down for a minute?

ATLAS: Oh, no! There's no telling where it might roll to.

HERC: Then you need someone to hold it for you till you get back.

ATLAS: That's right.

HERC: How about Prometheus? ... No, he's all tied up, isn't he?

ATLAS: That's right.

HERC: So, you need a strong, heroic figure to substitute for you.

ATLAS: That's right.

HERC: There must be someone like that somewhere.

ATLAS: That's right.

HERC: A strong, heroic fig--Wait a minute! Wait just one minute! I have it! I'm a strong, heroic figure! I could do it!

ATLAS: That's right.

HERC: I'll do it! Just a minute while I bunch my robe on my shoulders for a cushion. The world is apt to be a wee bit heavy.

ATLAS: That's right. But only for the first few thousand years.

HERC: Okay, I'm ready. Shift the world.

(ATLAS shifts the giant globe onto HERCULES' back.)

ATLAS: Got it?

HERC: Just a little slide (wiggles around) and there. That's got it! Whoa! This is a heavy sucker! I hope you won't be long!

ATLAS: (smiling slyly) Not more than a few thousand years. Well, that's a load off! So long, sucker!

HERC: Hey, aren't you getting me a drink?

ATLAS: If I remember. I have a lot of family to visit and it's been such a long time. I hope you don't lose your grip.

8

Atlas and Hercules
A PACKAGE TWO SKIT

HERC: Hey, if I didn't know better, I'd think you weren't kidding!

ATLAS: You don't know better. I'm not kidding!

HERC: Hey, you can't do this! It's not my job, man!

ATLAS: Your references are all in order. You're hired!

HERC: No, Please! You can't! ... My robe is slipping! I need to adjust it!

ATLAS: I've heard that one before. Just stand there long enough and it will self-adjust. Bye-bye!

(ATLAS exits laughing. Lights DOWN.)

THE END

MIDAS AND THE GOLDEN TOUCH

by Lee Karvonen

CAST:

MIDAS - King obsessed with Gold	MARIGOLD - his daughter
SILENUS - Dionysus drunken tutor	DIONYSUS - God of Wine
PAN – satyr, flute player & God of the Fields	
APOLLO - Sun God and master flute player	
BARBER - Midas' hair trimmer`	RIVER REEDS - reeds by a river

Scene 1: Midas' palace, Midas and Silenus lounging.

SIL: Pass me another wineskin, Midas, old boy, will ya!

MID: Don't you think you have had enough, Silenus?

SIL: How could I have had enough, Midey, old man? I'm still awake!

MID: But if you pass out, you'll have to stay here!

SIL: Well, I have for the past ten days. What's another day or so?

MID: Another day or so, I suppose.

SIL: That's right. That's all. (passes out)

MID: Silenus! Oh, no! Not again! This time he's going on the wagon. The wagon hitched to my horse outside and he's going to Dionysus' place for a change. Maybe Dionysus will be grateful that I'm bringing his old tutor home.

Scene 2: At Dionysus' palace.

MID: So, Dionysus, here is old Silenus, your beloved tutor, a bit the worse for wear. He's been getting into the grape lately.

DION: Thank you so much for bringing the old fellow here. I'll look after him now. This is such a great favour you've done for me, Midas. You must let me do something for you.

MID: Well, Dionysus, I've always admired gold. If only everything I touched turned into gold, I'd be a happy man.

DION: Are you sure about this, Midas? It might not be as wonderful as you think.

MID: Oh, no! I'm sure! That would make me the happiest man in the world!

DION: Very well. Go home. As soon as you are there, your golden touch will be too.

MID: Thank you, oh great Dionysus! Thank you!

Scene 3: Back at Midas' palace.

MID: I'm here! I'm home! Look out golden touch! Let me touch this flower! Wow! It really works! Let me touch the door handle! Again! I have it! I have the golden touch!

MARI: Hi, Dad. How are you?

MID: I am wonderful! I have the golden touch!

MARI: That's nice. Can I have the keys to the wagon?

MID: Didn't you hear me? I have the golden touch!

MARI: Yeah, sure. But, Dad, I'm meeting some of the kids at the vineyard. We're going to watch the Olympic Trials.

MID: Well, you run along and have a good time. But first, give your father a great big hug.

MARI: Oh, Dad! Okay.

(They hug and Marigold turns into a golden statue.)

MID: Marigold! Marigold! What's happened to you? Oh my God of Wine! She's turned into gold! What am I going to do? I have to think! I need a drink! Where's the wine? Ah, I'll just pour a flagon. Augg! This wine is terrible! Oh no! It's turned into gold! I'd better get something into my stomach. Ah! A chicken leg! Augg! This chicken is terrible! It's turned into gold! Dionysus was right! It's not such a good idea! I've got to get him to change me back! And right now!

Scene 4: Back at Dionysus' palace.

MID: You've gotta change me back, Dionysus! This golden touch is a disaster! You gotta change me back! I'll starve if you don't! And my daughter is a statue now!

DION: Well, my foolish, Midas, I think you've learned a valuable lesson here. Gold is not all wonderful.

MID: I don't care if never see gold again! I'm even thinking of dyeing my butter red!

DION: No need to go to extremes. A little yellow is a beautiful thing, Midas.

MID: Maybe to you, mighty Dionysus! But i only want to see natural from now on! All that glitters is not nice!

DION: Very well, Midas. Go home and place your hands in the local river. When you bring them out of the water, you will no longer have the golden touch. But gold panners everywhere will be all over your river!

MID: O thank you, thank you, great Dionysus! Let me shake your hand!

DION: No way, Jose! I don't want to turn to gold too!

MID: Oops! Sorry! Thanks again! See you later!

DION: I hope not!

Scene 5: Back near Midas' palace.

MID: Ah! There's the river! (jams hands into the river and yanks them out) Now! I'll touch that flower by my front door! (touches flower) Aha! It's turned back into a live flower! Marigold! My Marigold! I'm coming! (races up to Marigold and touches her hand and she comes alive instantly) Oh, Marigold! You're alive!

MARI: Of course, I'm alive! Can I have the wagon keys now? I am way late already!

MID: The keys? Of course! Now you run along and have good time!

MARI: I always have a good time with my friends.

MID: Be sure to take your sunscreen.

MARI: No way! I want to have a perfect golden tan!

MID: Be careful what you wish for!

MARI: Dad, you're looking a little pale. I think you need a vacation.

MID: You could be right. Just don't stay out in the sun too long.

MARI: Don't worry, Dad! I'll be your golden girl when I get back.

MID: Rrriight!

Scene 6: Out in the fields, Midas and Pan lounging.

MID: You sure are a great flute player, Pan.

PAN: You're not whistling Dixie, Midas!

MID: I know I'm not! I was just saying--

PAN: I know! I know! You love my flute playing. No surprise! Nobody's better!

MID: You got that right!

APO: (entering) Excuse me! Nobody's better?

PAN: That's right, Apollo! Just because you're the sun god doesn't mean you can play better than I can.

APO: No, but it helps.

PAN: Anyway, if you think you're so good, let's have a throwdown! Just you and me and two flutes!

APO: You're on, Pan! Who'll judge this?

PAN: Midas here and those music lovers standing just offstage over there.

APO: Done! After you, maestro.

PAN: (a recording, probably) There! That was pretty cool, I figure!

MID: It was fab, Pan!

PAN: Now you, Appy!

APO: Here goes. Hang onto your flute! (a recording of beautiful flute music) Well, judges, who rules?

OFFSTAGE VOICES: Apollo! Apollo! By a mile!

APO: Midas?

MID: Oh, no! It was Pan, for sure!

APO: Tell me you're not sure.

MID: Oh, I'm sure. Pan is the man!

APO: Anyone with ears that bad needs to let the world know they're bad, really bad. Go home, Midas! When you get there, look in a good mirror!

MID: Okay. All right. You don't have to be such a sore loser.

APO: There are none so deaf as those who will not hear.

Scene 7: Back at Midas' palace, Midas with donkey's ears now.

MID: Sore loser. Tells me to look in a good mirror. Here's one (looks) EEEEEK!!! What happened to my ears?!? I have donkey's ears! (suddenly shudders and stage whispers) I have donkey's ears! I'd better not shout about them. I have to hide them so no one will ever

know! Where's my ten gallon hat? (grabs hat and jams it onto his head, tucking in his ears) Oh, no! I have my barber coming at ten this morning! I will swear him to secrecy on his very life! No one blabs about these ears. No one!

BAR: Good morning, King! How's every little thing? Ready to get your ears lowered?

MID: Why did you mention my ears? Have you heard something?

BAR: Ears! Heard something! That's a good one, King! You're one smart cookie! No donkey, you!

MID: Somebody did say something! Who told you?!?

BAR: Who told me what? I'm just came to give you a haircut!

MID: Very well. But I am going to tell you a secret and you must swear on your very life that you will tell no one!

BAR: What's the big deal, King? It's just a haircut!

MID: Swear on your life!!!

BAR: I swear! I swear!

MID: All right! Now, when I take off my hat, you must promise never to reveal what you see. And don't laugh!

BAR: I promise not to rev-- (Midas removes hat revealing donkey's ears)
Ha ha ha! Oh, Ha ha ha! (Midas stares severely.) Oops, sorry, King!
I just couldn't help it!

MID: Now you see why you must never reveal what you have seen!

BAR: Oh, yeah! I get the picture! I won't tell. Just be sure to ASS me no questions! Ha ha ha! Ha ha ha!

MID: BARBER! Your life is hanging by a thread!

BAR: Double oops, King! It's just that you really startled me, you know.

MID: I realize it's a bit of a shock.

BAR: Now that's an understatement.

MID: Careful, Barber. Or it will be a pleasure to order your execution.

BAR: Sorry, King. In order to forget it, I will just have to let it BURRO into my brain. Ha ha ha! Ha ha ha!

MID: You are right on the edge, Barber.

BAR: You're right, King. That's it. No more cheap jokes at your expense. Okay, up in the chair and we'll get those ears low--get that hair trimmed.

Scene 8: Barber is on his way home and stops by a river.

BAR: Are you kidding me! I'm supposed to keep those ears quiet! I'll never do it! I can't stand it! I have to tell somebody or I'll burst! But it can't be anybody! What am I going to do? ... I know! I'll dig a hole by this riverbank and shout the secret into the hole. That'll get it off my mind, so to speak. (digs hole quickly and leans his head in)
MIDAS HAS DONKEY'S EARS! ... There! I've done it! Now I can relax and breathe and do all those normal kind of things again. And Midas' secret is safe. Now I can go home. Ha ha ha! Ha ha ha!

REEDS: Here we are, growing by the river, minding our own business. Just a bunch of river reeds hanging out with the cool water. Then somebody digs a hole and Wow! What's that we hear? What's that about Midas? He has what? He has donkey's ears! Midas has donkey's ears!
MIDAS HAS DONKEY'S EARS! HA HA HA HA!!! WHAT AN ASS HE IS! MIDAS HAS DONKEY'S EARS!

THE END

SIEGE OF TROY

by Lee Karvonen

CAST:

REPORTER 1 - REP1	KING PRIAM OF TROY - PRI
REPORTER 2 - REP2	ODYSSEUS - ODY
REPORTER 3 - REP3	LAOCOON
CASSANDRA	

SCENES: Reporter 1 is inside the walled city of Troy interviewing King Priam. Reporter 2 is outside the city in the Greek camp interviewing the wily Odysseus. Reporter 3 is on the beach covering Laocoon, Cassandra, and Priam.

REP1: I'm here inside the walled city of Troy speaking with the King, Priam. The city is surrounded by every Greek warrior you can name and the city has been under siege for nine years. Tell me, King Priam, how is everything in Troy these days?

PRI: It's terrible! One son started this whole mess by stealing that Greek king's wife and the other ignored his mother's pleading and got himself killed trying to be a hero and beat Achilles one on one! Go have children!

REP1: So, you've had better wars?

PRI: I've had much better wars! Right now we're dealing with food shortages. For example, we're having to water down the wine.

REP1: But you do that regularly anyway, don't you?

PRI: Well, yes, but still

REP1: Still nothing! This reporter wants facts! What else is running short?

PRI: Seafood.

REP1: Seafood?

PRI: Yes, seafood! We haven't been down to the beach in nine years! The freezers are empty! No shrimp cocktail! No lobster thermidor! No crab cakes!

REP1: Speaking of your wife, how is home life these days?

PRI: Hecuba is just fine, thank you. Although her daughter drives her crazy. Me too, if you must know.

REP1: What is the problem?

PRI: Cassandra rushes around predicting all sorts of things. Of course, nobody takes her seriously.

REP1: Is she always wrong?

PRI: No! She's always right! But nobody believes her!

REP1: What's it like having the most beautiful woman on the planet for a house guest?

PRI: Oh, spare me! She has her hair done EVERY DAY! Her make-up is costing me a fortune! And her clothes! Don't even go there!

REP1: A little prima donna, is she?

PRI: And mirrors! I can't find a mirror in the palace! They're all in her room! I swear she lives in front of them! Vanity, thy name is Helen!

REP1: A little prom queen, is she?

PRI: And special foods! This week we're all vegetarian! Last week, no one could eat a CARB! Next week we could be complete VEGANS!

REP1: A little self-indulgent, is she?

PRI: My son! MY SON had to pick HER! He could have had all the riches in the WORLD! He could have afforded to PAY for all this lunacy! He could have had all the KNOWLEDGE in the world! But was he smart

enough to figure that out? NO!!! He picks the prettiest face in the world! And now we spend all my hard-earned money keeping her in beauty products!

REP1: A little too much, is she?

PRI: No, she is quite enough. I'm almost ready to surrender just to get rid of her.

REP1: Well, thank you for sharing those insights with us, King. And now over to our reporter in the Greek camp with one of their leading soldiers, Odysseus, King of Ithaca.

REP2: Thank you. I'm here with the wily Odysseus, King of Ithaca. So Odysseus, tell us, what has the siege been like for the Greek army?

ODY: Not as much fun as you might think.

REP2: What do you mean?

ODY: We sit outside a walled city which has fresh water, crops, provisions, a strong army, and a really cheeky attitude. The longer we sit, the surlier we get. We've done more fighting among ourselves than with the Trojans. And we've managed to kill more Greeks than Trojans.

REP2: Oh, really. How many more?