

THE ARGONAUTS

A full-length musical comedy
Book by Flip Kobler & Cindy Marcus
Music by Dennis Poore
Lyrics by Flip Kobler

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Argonauts

JASON, M, our hero and rightful BMOG of Thessaly High. A loveable loser determined to go from Underdog to Top Dog.

ZACH, M, brainiac wiz kid. Give him an abacus and he can change the world.

ATALANT, F, the tough girl who can take care of herself. Heck, she could take care of most of the Greek Isles.

DIMITRI, M/F, the nervous one afraid of making waves. And heights. And snakes, and allergic reactions...

IRIS, M/F, Dimitri's sib. Gets tongue tied when excited and tends to talk in mime, grunts and sound FX.

Greg's Gang

GREG, M, current BMOG. Almost as cool, powerful and popular as he thinks. Rules the school without mercy.

MEDEA, F, the girl who just wants to fit in. Will sacrifice her morals for popularity. Until she falls for Jason.

HEATHER, F, the cheerleader. Bubbly, eager but will never major in philosophy. Or science. Or math...

ASTERION, M, a bull-headed kid. Literally. He's a minotaur with the power and temperament of an angry bull. Greg's muscle.

CORAL, M/F, a satyr and soothsayer who tends to baa when speaking. Her magic eight-ball can predict the future.

The Greeks

PHINEAS, M, most popular guy in school once. All-star everything. Now he's a tortured, hen-pecked mess.

KRISTIN, F, a Harpie who smothers Phineas with baby talk and stifling love.

ALISON, F, a Harpie who breaks spirits with her iron fist and acid dripping tongue.

THE GREEK CHORUS, Ms/Fs, a group that moves and speaks as one.

THESPIS, M/F, an actor who wants to break out of the group. Gotta express that individuality.

ICARUS, M/F, a young inventor trying to make wings to fly.

SISSYPHUS, M/F, a Greek who is literally in love with his pet rock, which keeps growing and growing...

CYCLOPS, M/F, the librarian who has a lot of trouble with depth perception.

The Gods

HERA, F, Queen of the gods and Jason's protector.

ZEUS, M, King of the gods. Overbearing and a little smarter than your average olive tree.

Some roles can be doubled for a cast as small as 15. And many roles can be added, including non-speaking roles. The Greek Chorus in particular can be expanded to give a cast of 45+.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

High School: Jason and the entire cast

Who's Your Daddy: Greg and Greg's gang

Heroes: Jason and the Argonauts

Harpies Song: Kirsten, Alison and Phineas

I'll Be Watching Over You: Hera, Zeus

Can You See Me: Jason and Medea

Power: Jason, Greg, the Argonauts and Greg's gang

Heroes Reprise: Jason and the entire cast

(Empty stage. Lots of black platforms and Periactoids. A Greek fanfare is heard. The GREEK CHORUS enters. These are a group dressed in matching togas. They speak and move as a single unit.)

GREEK CHORUS: Ancient Greece. The dawn of civilization. The birth of modern theater. In these glory days, stories were told by a Greek Chorus. A group that spoke with a single voice. In these modern days this ancient technique is—

THESPIAS: Really, really STUPID.

GREEK CHORUS: Hey.

THESPIAS: Oh come on.

GREEK CHORUS: Hey.

THESPIAS: We sound like dorks!

GREEK CHORUS: Hey.

THESPIAS: *(Sigh.)* Fine.

GREEK CHORUS: Today's story is a timeless one. The tale of Jason. And The Argonauts.

(They fade offstage as JASON enters.)

High School

JASON: MONDAY MORNING, YOU RISE WITH THE SUN
DAY'S FULL OF PROMISE, THE WEEK'S JUST BEGUN
YOU'RE ON TOP THE WORLD, THE KING OF EVERYONE
THEN THE BELL RINGS

(Now the Periactoids turn to reveal school lockers. Banners with THESSALY HIGH and CLASS OF CCCXXIV BC. The cool thing here is the total blur of time. Costumes are part modern, part traditional Greek. Jocks have football numbers on their Greek tunics. Prom queens have angora trim on their togas.)

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Props are modern, yet the kids carry swords. It's any time. Jason pulls out a backpack. GREG and his popular gang strut out, bumping Jason. They ignore him except to tape a KICK ME sign on his back.)

DAYDREAM IS OVER WHEN YOU ENTER SCHOOL
SHED YOUR ILLUSIONS ABOUT BEING COOL
THE TRULY COOL ONES TREAT YOU LIKE A FOOL
WHEN THE BELL RINGS

(Now the rest of the school kids enter. The nerds all wear KICK ME signs.)

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| THE ARGONAUTS: | JASON: |
| HIGH SCHOOL | WHERE YOUR HOPES DEFLATE |
| HIGH SCHOOL | AND YOU CAN'T THINK |
| | STRAIGHT |

JASON & THE ARGONAUTS: HIGH SCHOOL
WHERE THEY ANNIHILATE THE GOLDEN RULE
WELCOME TO HIGH SCHOOL

THE ARGONAUTS: HIGH SCHOOL

ZACH: WHERE BRAINS DON'T COUNT

THE ARGONAUTS: HIGH SCHOOL

ATALANTA: WHERE CHEERLEADERS BOUNCE Gross!

THE ARGONAUTS: HIGH SCHOOL

DIMITRI AND IRIS: AND THEY CAN'T PRONOUNCE I.Q.

THE ARGONAUTS: WELCOME TO HIGH SCHOOL

(Greg's gang bursts through the Argonauts as they take the higher platforms, keeping the Argonauts on the lower levels. But we don't meet Greg quite yet...)

GREG'S GANG: DOO DOO DIP DOO DOO DIP DOO DOO
DIP DOO DOO DIP DOO DOO DIP DOO DOO

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THE ARGONAUTS: THE JOCKS WILL JOCKEY TO KEEP
YOU DOWN
PROM QUEENS TREAT YOU LIKE A DOG AT THE POUND
IF THEY THINK YOU'RE SQUARE YOU CAN'T BE
AROUND
IT'S TRUE
WELCOME TO HIGH SCHOOL

(Greg's gang starts to sing like a do-wop group on a street corner.)

GREG'S GANG: DOO DOO DIP DOO DOO DIP DOO DOO
DIP DOO DOO DIP DOO DOO DIP DOO DOO

| | |
|---------------------|------------------------------------|
| GREG: | MEDEA, HEATHER & CORAL: |
| FLUSH YOU GOTTA | |
| KNOW THAT WE'RE | |
| FLUSH | AIY-YI-YI-YI |
| WE'RE RICH OUR LIFE | AIY-YI-YI-YI |
| ARE SO PLUSH | |
| MY MOJO IS A TOTAL | OOOH OOOH OOH OOOH |
| HEAD RUSH | |
| DON'T YOU WANT TO | DON'T YOU WANNA BE ME |
| BE ME | AIY-YI-YI-YI |

GREG & HIS GANG: HIGH SCHOOL IS DA BOMB CAUSE
OUR KINGDOM'S COME
WE KEEP THE NERDS PRESSED FIRMLY UNDERNEATH
OUR THUMB
SO COMPLETELY COOL THAT OUR TOES ARE NUMB
AND BLUE
WELCOME TO MY SCHOOL

JASON & THE ARGONAUTS: WELCOME TO THE LAND
OF THE OPPRESSED

GREG & HIS GANG: IF A NERD DON'T HAVE A WEDGIE

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HE'S NOT FULLY DRESSED

JASON & THE ARGONAUTS: THE SPANISH THAT WE
LEARN IS FROM THE INQUEST

THE CAST: IT'S CRUEL
GOING TO HIGH SCHOOL

| | |
|--|---|
| JASON & THE ARGONAUTS: HIGH SCHOOL | GREG & HIS GANG: WHERE WE REIGN SUPREME HIGH SCHOOL |
|--|---|

THEY CAN'T HEAR YOU
SCREAM

THE CAST: HIGH SCHOOL YOU NEED A WINNING
TEAM
TO LIVE THROUGH
GOING TO HIGH SCHOOL

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| ALL THE BOYS: DOO-DOO-DIP- DOO-DOO DOO-DOO-DIP- DOO-DOO DOO-DOO-DIP- DOO-DOO DOO-DOO-DIP- DOO-DOO DOO-DOO-DIP- DOO-DOO | ALL THE GIRLS: HIGH SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL | JASON: DON'T WANT IT DON'T NEED IT CAN'T TAKE IT CAN'T LEAVE IT THE WEDGIES THE NOOGIES THE BULLIES THE LOOGIES |
|---|--|--|

JASON AND ALL THE GIRLS: HIGH SCHOOL

THE CAST: IT JUST SUCKS

GREEK CHORUS: This is a story of two rival groups. The
nerds.

(Jason and his group wave dejectedly and exit. Except ASTERION knocks a stack of books out of ZACH's hands. The little guy kneels on the top platform to scoop them up.)

And the cool ones.

(Greg, Heather, Medea, Coral and Asterion pose, too cool for school.)

It is a tale of heroes and monsters, of good and evil of –

(Behind the Chorus' back, Thespis is making faces and blah-blah motions with his hands.)

– We see you.

THESPI: What?

GREEK CHORUS: Quit it.

THESPI: I didn't do anything.

GREEK CHORUS: Grow up.

THESPI: What are you talking about?

(The Chorus exits as SISYPHUS enters carrying a PET ROCK box. As he crosses stage –)

ZACK: Hey Sisyphus.

SISYPHUS: Oh please.

(He scoffs at the loser and talks to the rock in the box.)

Can you believe that nerd? Yeesh. Who's a good girl? Who's a good girl?

(As he crosses by, Medea, Heather, Asterion and Coral step up to the platform.)

HEATHER: Did you see Greg at the track meet last night? I mean, oh my gods, he was like totally Zeused. The way he hurled the spear thingy –

MEDEA: It's called a javelin.

HEATHER: Big whup. And when he threw the frisbee –

MEDEA: It's a discus.

HEATHER: Whatever! I went all Aphrodite.

MEDEA: Where is Greg anyway?

ASTERION: He said he'd be here.

HEATHER: But he's not. Is he?

MEDEA: *(To Coral:)* Is she always like this?

CORAL: Pretty much. She's in the zone.

HEATHER: Maybe he's hurt or something. Maybe we should call I X I I.

ASTERION: *(Crossing to top platform and seeing Zach gathering books:)* Well looky here. Somebody left a nerd in Greg's spot.

ZACH: Sorry. Really sorry. I didn't know this was Greg's spot.

ASTERION: You can read, can't ya?

ZACH: Yeah, but –

(Asterion slaps a piece of paper to the wall. NERDS with a red circle and line through it.)

Oh. But since Greg's not here, he won't mind.

ASTERION: You don't know Greg, baby.

(That's when the music kicks in and Greg makes his big entrance.)

Who's Your Daddy

GREG: Hey everybody. Sorry I'm late. Ladies...WHO'S YOUR DADDY

(Heather and Medea sigh.)

ONE LOOK FROM MEDUSA TURNS A GOOD MAN TO
 STONE
 THAT BABE TURNED TO PUTTY WHEN I GOT HER
 ALONE
 ADOINIS HAS BEEN KNOWN AS THE GREATEST OF MEN
 I GUESS THEIR ABACUS DIDN'T GO PAST TEN

| | |
|--------------|------------------------------------|
| GREG: | HEATHER, MEDEA & CORAL: |
| WHOA | OH |
| WHOA | OH |
| WHOA | OH |

WHO'S YOUR DADDY
 NOW

YOU'RE MY DADDY YOU'RE
 MY DADDY-DADDY

WHO'S YOUR DADDY
 NOW

YOU'RE MY DADDY YOU'RE
 MY DADDY-DADDY

WHO'S YOUR DADDY
 NOW

YOU'RE MY DADDY YOU'RE
 MY DADDY-DADDY

WHO'S YOUR DADDY
 NOW

GREG: So what is this?

ZACH: Sorry. I didn't know this was your spot.

GREG: Oh it's okay. But you know what this means? It's time
 to play "Beg For Your Life"!

(Game show music starts.)

ASTERION: And here's your host, Greg Pelias!

GREG: Thank you. How 'bout a big round of applause for my right hand, Asterion, the Minotaur.

(Heather and Medea clap. Asterion waves.)

And who is today's lucky contestant?

ASTERION: Well Greg, this is Zach Theseus. He enjoys science fiction, Pythagoras' theorem and playing with his abacus.

GREG: Welcome Zach. Today's first question is "Do you know who belongs in the top spot?"

ZACH: Ummm, what is "You"?

ASTERION: Ding-ding-ding.

HEATHER AND MEDEA: Good answer. Good answer.

GREG: That's right! Next question. "Are you me?"

ZACH: Ahhh, what is "no"?

GREG: Excellent. Now for the daily double. "What are YOU doing in MY spot?"

ZACH: Ummmmm, what is "Just leaving"?

ASTERION: Ungggh.

HEATHER AND MEDEA: Ooooooh.

GREG: I'm sorry. That's incorrect. But we do have some lovely parting gifts for you. Asterion, what do we have?

ASTERION: Uhhhhhhh, I dunno, Sweetheart?

MEDEA: How about a free flight to Thebes.

GREG: I love it.

HEATHER: You do? I was going to say that. I was going to say "a free flight."

GREG: So what do you say, Zach, can you fly?

ICARUS: (*Entering:*) Fly? What a great idea. I bet I could fly. I would need wings though right? Big, big feathery wings and—

GREG: Icarus! ICARUS.

ICARUS: Yeah, Greg.

GREG: You're killing my moment.

ICARUS: Okay, my bad. Flying!

(He runs offstage, zooming like a plane.)

GREG: So what do you say, Zach. Can YOU fly?

ZACH: (*Pulling out an abacus:*) Aerodynamically speaking, and factoring in these wind conditions, and launch vectors—

GREG: Let's find out.

(He and Asterion pick up Zach and are about to pitch him off the platform when Jason and the others step in. Jason wears high top running shoes.)

JASON: Let him go, Pelias.

GREG: Hey look. It's Jason and his Argo-snots.

(That gets a round of laughter.)

DIMITRI: Oh great. Argosnot. That's the kind of nickname that sticks.

ATALANTA: Relax.

DIMITRI: I'm tellin' you, I won't be able to shake it. They'll call me snot head. Snot boy. People will say, "Hey, is that Dimitri? No, it's Snot."

JASON: Let him go.

GREG: Hey Argo, nice shoes.

(His gang laughs.)

JASON: These are Air Apollos. They make you totally cool—

(And because fate is cruel, Jason now trips over his untied lace. Big wave of laughter from Greg's cronies. Humiliated, on the floor, Jason rips off the untied shoe and throws it away.)

GREG: Oh yeah. Real cool, Jerk-ulese.

ASTERION: Jerk-ulese. Ha-ha-ha. That's funny. Ha-ha-ha—

GREG: Asterion, not that funny.

ASTERION: Okay Sweetheart.

JASON: Let him go.

GREG: Or what? What are you and your Special Olympians gonna do, eh?

DIMITRI: Well they are running shoes.

JASON: You don't own that spot.

GREG: Gosh, I beg to differ. Course, you can always take it up with Student Council.

ATALANTA: The council are all members of your fratority. Alpha 2 Omega.

GREG: Can I help it if you 'tards don't have friends?

ATALANTA: *(Yanking her sword:)* I have one. Wanna meet him.

(She advances, but Asterion intercepts.)

ASTERION: Whoa, ease back there Cupcake.

ATALANTA: Cupcake?

ASTERION: Touchy? What's the matter Sweetheart, was

Daddy upset you weren't born a boy?

ATALANTA: No. Was yours?

(Asterion gets pissed and yanks his sword. Jason yanks his. Greg pulls his and knocks the sword from Jason's hand with one easy move.)

DIMITRI: This is going to end in bloodshed. Probably mine.

IRIS: *(To Greg:)* You know, you think you're all [macho man] ho-hoo, but you're really just [sissy boy] ee-eeeh, you know?

HEATHER: What did she say? Oh my gods, she like a total devioid.

ZACH: I think you mean freakazoid. Devioid is not a word, unless you mean devoid, which in this context— *(Off their looks:)* I'll shut up now.

GREG: Face facts Argo, this here is the top spot. It belongs to the ruling class.

MEDEA: And you got no Bling.

GREG: Blingo. You and your crew are a bunch of freaks and Greeks. You're losers. With a capitol Lu.

ASTERION: And Zers.

GREG: It's your destiny. You're so UNcool you give off heat.

MEDEA: We could roast marshmallows off you.

HEATHER: *(Greg laughs, which cheeses Heather off:)* I was going to say that. But I was going to say toaster strudel. *(Off their confused deadpans:)* What?

GREG: You're pathetic. And everybody in school knows it. Now take Poindexterous here and get out before you melt our chill.

(He shoves Zach to Jason and they stagger to the floor. Greg's guys laugh as the lights come up on The Argonauts, downstage. Greg and his guys fade offstage as Jason gets his sword.)

ZACH: Thanks, you guys. You didn't have to do that.

DIMITRI: This is what I said. Does anybody listen to me?

ATALANTA: Come on.

(They start to walk offstage. Jason doesn't move. His eyes are glued to the top step.)

Jason?

IRIS: Are you like, [coming]?

ATALANTA: Jason?

JASON: It's not fair, man. It's not right.

ZACH: What's wrong?

DIMITRI: Something's wrong? I knew it. Is it a tumor? Internal bleeding? Is it contagious?

JASON: They sit up there like gods. Just too cool for school. I mean, who elected them kings?

ZACH: While I agree with you in principle, I have serious concerns about implementing a change in regime.

JASON: This is our senior year. We're supposed to rule this school. They sit up there in the sunlight and we skulk around the shadows.

DIMITRI: That's cause they're demigods. We're just nobodies.

JASON: But why? I got the shoes. And the guy in the market said this sword would make me dominus.

ATALANTA: Did you get a receipt?

JASON: It was on sale. But it should've given us bling.

ATALANTA: Yeah. Just like the magic chariot you got last year.

ZACH: And the giant's curse the year before that.

ATALANTA: None of those things made us cool.

JASON: That's because we're thinkin' too small. We need to go for the granddaddy of bling.

IRIS: Okay, I'm all like [confused] whoa and huh?

JASON: We need major mojo. Who's the toughest school in the region?

ZACH: Colchis High. They're undefeated in everything. They can't be beat.

JASON: Exactly. And why is that?

ATALANTA: Because of their mascot. They've got the Golden Fleece.

ZACH: Yeah, everybody knows it's got magic powers. Whoever owns the Fleece is invincible and—whoa.

DIMITRI: Whoa? Whoa what? What whoa? Is that bad whoa or good whoa? Bad probably, huh?

IRIS: Wait. You want us to [sneak-sneak] shh-shh to Colchis and then [steal-run] woo-ha!

JASON: Yes.

DIMITRI: Yes? No. You understand that my sister thinks you want to sneak over to Colchis High and steal the Golden Fleece.

JASON: Not steal. Borrow. If we have the Fleece, then we have total bling. We'll be the cool ones. We'll be kings. We'll rule this school. We can do this.

ZACH: Ah, no actually. According to my calculations we can't. We have a zero point seven percent chance of success.

DIMITRI: And me and Iris will get grounded if we break curfew. My mom will turn us to stone.

Heroes

JASON: Gods, you guys. Pelias is right. We are losers. Nerds. Dorks. Freaks.

TAKE A HARD LOOK AT OUR LIFE
IS THIS ALL THAT WE CAN BE
TODAY CAN BE THE DAY WE START
TOMORROW'S HISTORY

A FLOOD STARTS WITH A SINGLE DROP
A FOREST FROM A SEED
IT'S UNDERDOGS LIKE US WHO MAKE
UP GREEK MYTHOLOGY

WE CAN BE HEROES
WE CAN RIDE THUNDER ACROSS THE SKY
AND TAKE THE LIGHTNING
BOLTS FROM THE GODS
AND USE IT TO LIGHT UP THE NIGHT

WE CAN BE HEROES
SO LET OUR TALE BE TOLD
WE'LL WALK THROUGH THE FIRE
STRAIGHT INTO HELL
AND COME BACK WITH A FLEECE OF GOLD
WE CAN BE HEROES

(Jason starts to infect the others. They join. Dimitri the reluctant hold out.)

ATALANTA: OUT ON THE HORIZON
WE'LL FIND OUR DESTINY

ZACH: CAN YOU RIDE TO GLORY IF YOU'RE ORDINARY

DIMITRI: DID I MENTION I'M ALLERGIC
TO SCREAMING AGONY

IRIS: BUT AT THE END OF THE DAY
I MEAN YOU KNOW LA-LA-LA-LA-LEE

JASON & THE ARGONAUTS: WE CAN BE HEROES
WE CAN SAIL POSEIDON'S STORMY SEAS
SHAKE OFF THE COLD WITH
FIRE IN OUR BLOOD
AND USE IT TO TURN UP THE HEAT

WE CAN BE HEROES
THERE'S NO MOUNTAIN WE CAN'T CLIMB
WE'LL TURN OUR NIGHTMARES
INTO OUR DREAMS
CARVE OUR NAME IN THE SANDS OF TIME
WE CAN BE HEROES

JASON:
WE'LL FACE OUR DARKEST
FEARS
WE'LL FACE WRATH OF THE
GODS
IT'S TEN TO ONE THAT WE'LL
COME BACK
BUT I LIKE THE ODDS

THE ARGONAUTS:
AHHHHHHH

AH AHHHHHHH

AH AH AHHHHHHH

AH AH AHHHHHHH

THE ARGONAUTS: WE CAN BE
HEROES
WE CAN RIDE THE THUNDER
ACROSS THE SKY
AND TAKE THE LIGHTNING
BOLTS FROM THE GODS
AND USE IT TO LIGHT UP THE NIGHT

JASON: HEROES

ACROSS THE SKY

| | |
|--|---|
| THE ARGONAUTS: WE CAN BE HEROES SO LET OUR TALE BE TOLD WE'LL WALK THROUGH THE FIRE STRAIGHT INTO HELL AND COME BACK WITH A FLEECE OF GOLD WE CAN BE HEROES HEROES HEROES | JASON: HEROES OUR TALE BE TOLD HEROES HEROES HEROES |
|--|---|

(Song ends and they exit. Sisyphus enters lugging a bowling-ball sized rock. It's getting heavy.)

SYSIPHUS: What-have-you-been-eating? I'm not nagging, I'm just asking.

(He exits as Greg and his gang enter and lounge on the top platform. Heather and Medea drape themselves all over Greg. Asterion checks an appointment book. Coral is playing with a magic eight ball.)

GREG: So what's on my schedule today?

ASTERION: Well at I-I-X-V you got a meeting with prom committee.

HEATHER: Who's going to be your prom queen this year, Greg?

MEDEA: Yeah Greg, who?

GREG: Don't know yet. I haven't decided.

CORAL: Whoooooaaaaa, dude. You better hurry up. Cause you may not be king this year, mi amigo.

GREG: What?

CORAL: Hey, don't shoot the winged messenger dude. I'm just sayin' what the mystic eight b-a-aall commands.

GREG: What's it say?

CORAL: My round black friend prophesizes that you will be dethroned, compadre.

HEATHER: Don't listen to him, Greg. You're the king. He's just half a goat.

MEDEA: He's called a satyr.

HEATHER: So he likes to hurt people.

MEDEA: That's a sadist.

ASTERION: And that job is taken.

CORAL: I am a prophet. I prophesize.

HEATHER: So you make a lot of money, my dad makes —

MEDEA: (*Explaining it to Heather like she's a 3-year-old:*) Not profit. Prophet.

HEATHER: Tomato. Tomato.

MEDEA: He's a soothsayer.

CORAL: Sooth.

MEDEA: See?

HEATHER: Oh barf. Don't listen to him, Greg. You're Hunk-ulese.

GREG: No. Coral's got a gift. His predictions always come true.

CORAL: Merci' mon ami.

GREG: What's it say?

CORAL: It's a little fuzzy. Says your supreme reign as king of

the school may be in jeopardy.

GREG: May be, or WILL be?

CORAL: (*Shaking the ball and reading:*) Cannot predict now. It does say "beware the one-shoe'd man."

(They all gasp. Ominous music sting. They all look around. Where did that ominous music come from?)

GREG: The one shoe'd man?

(Another ominous music sting. They gasp and look around for the music.)

HEATHER: Okay, that's like totally creeping me out.

MEDEA: Jason had one shoe.

HEATHER: Oh please. That twit can't dethrone you.

MEDEA: What if he does?

HEATHER: Look, I know you're like all new and everything and you don't understand the way things work here but—

MEDEA: Wouldn't you like to know what they're up to at least?

GREG: That'd be cool.

MEDEA: So what if I follow them?

GREG: What?

MEDEA: If I find out what they're up to, what's in it for me?

GREG: What do you want?

MEDEA: Initiation. I want to join your fraternity. I want to be an Alpha.

GREG: Okay.

MEDEA: And I want to be prom queen.

HEATHER: What?!

GREG: Done.

HEATHER: No. I'm prom queen. I could follow them. Let me —

GREG: Was her idea. *(To Medea:)* I like the way you think.

HEATHER: I think. A whole bunch of times a day.

GREG: Let me know everything.

(Greg and Asterion exit. Heather follows Greg in frustration.)

HEATHER: Greg. She's just human. I am a nymph. Everybody wants to be with a nymph.

CORAL: Hey Medea. Here, take this ba-a-ag.

(He tosses her a small bag. It rattles when she shakes it.)

MEDEA: What's in here?

CORAL: Donationage from the tooth fairy, mein frau. And a protein bar in case you get hungry.

(He takes off. Medea puts on a pair of sunglasses, like that's a really great disguise. She goes the other way after the Argonauts, who quickly reenter. Medea tries to stay out of sight.)

DIMITRI: Okay, so we're going after the Golden Fleece. You have any idea where to start or are we just gonna fumble around in the dark? Until we like die of starvation, or exposure, or snake bite, or falling off a cliff...

ATALANTA: You got a plan?

DIMITRI: ...run over by a horse, eaten by a dragon...

ZACH: The school is on the other side of the territory. Assuming we can get there safely, they could be hiding the Fleece anywhere. Without some hard evidence we can't just

invade. Only a fool would invade and start a war without good solid intelligence to back it up.

DIMITRI: ...poisonous flowers, falling rocks...

JASON: Iris, can you...?

(He gestures to Dimitri. Iris nods and turns to her brother:)

IRIS: You're all [blah-blah-blah] and Jason wants you to [shhh] so [Whack, she bonks him on the head].

DIMITRI: ...getting beaten up by your sister. We don't know how to find the Fleece.

JASON: You're right. But someone does. *(He kneels and begins to pray:)* Oh Hera, great goddess of Olympus. Hear my prayer.

(Now a little fog drifts up. Angelic music. The Periactoids turn to show ivory pillars. And a sign, MOUNT OLYMPUS—IF YOU WERE A GOD, YOU'D BE HOME BY NOW. The goddess HERA appears on the top platform in a dazzling light. She opens her cell phone and...)

HERA: Speak, Jason. How can I help thee?

JASON: We seek the Golden Fleece. But don't know where to begin. Help me see the light.

HERA: I can help you this much—

ZEUS: Hera.

HERA: Just a minute.

ZEUS: Hera, honey.

HERA: I'm on a call.

ZEUS: *(Entering:)* Have you seen the remote?

HERA: You're Zeus, the god of gods, you can't keep track of the remote?

ZEUS: Who are you talking to?

HERA: Nobody.

ZEUS: The mortals. You know I have forbidden you to help the mortals.

HERA: I know, my husband. My god.

ZEUS: Then knock it off. C'mon, pizza's getting cold.

HERA: Coming. *(As Zeus leaves:)* Jason, all I can tell you is this –

ZEUS: Hera!

HERA: *(Sneeze-gag:)* Phineas! *(Cough hack:)* Phineas!

ZEUS: Don't make me get the lighting bolts.

(The lights fade and we're back with Jason and the Argonauts. Jason seems to be coming out of a trance.)

JASON: Phineas?

ZACH: Of course, Jake Phineas. That's brilliant.

IRIS: So, Jake Phineas is like [who?]

ZACH: Only the greatest hero of Colchis High. He was star quarterback, seven-time Olympian gold medalist. I heard he was dating the two hottest chicks in the world at the SAME TIME. Two! And I can't even get a date.

ATALANTA: Ever ask anyone?

ZACH: What's the point? Look at me.

(Atalanta does, they're nose to nose, drinking from each other's eyes. Zach finally manages...)

There's a ninety-seven percent chance of rejection.

ATALANTA: That's stupid.

ZACH: Ninety-eight.

(The moment of connection evaporates.)

JASON: We find Phineas, he'll help us get the Fleece.

DIMITRI: How do we find him?

JASON: He ran off to Salmydessus with the girls. We'll start there.

(They head offstage with Medea on their heels. The Greek Chorus enters.)

GREEK CHORUS: So the Argonauts set off in search of Jake Phineas.

THESPI: The dude dating TWO of the hottest chicks ever.

GREEK CHORUS: Stop it.

THESPI: I'm just adding spice.

GREEK CHORUS: We don't need spice.

THESPI: You need to come into the A-D's man. Two chicks. Yowza. Jake Phineas must be the luckiest guy in the world.

(They leave and the lights come up on JAKE PHINEAS. If this is the luckiest guy in the world we never want to be lucky. We see the faded PHINEAS on his tunic jersey. Like a one-time star quarterback still clinging to the glory days. He sings a little sing song to himself.)

PHINEAS: Oh I hate my life. I wish I were dead. Somebody please kill me now. Shoot me, stab me, please oh please oh please.

ATALANTA: Phineas!

PHINEAS: No. Not again!

ATALANTA: Jake Phineas!

PHINEAS: No, no, let me be.

(He stands and tries to run, but Atalanta is blocking his path. He turns the other way but Jason and the others are there.)

Who are you? What do you want?

DIMITRI: You're Jake Phineas?

PHINEAS: Have you come to haunt me?

JASON: No.

PHINEAS: Torment me?

JASON: No.

PHINEAS: Kill me?

JASON: No.

PHINEAS: Then what good are you?

DIMITRI: The great Phineas? The coolest guy ever ends up like this? Doesn't bode well for me.

PHINEAS: You got any twinkies? Doritos? Anything like that? I haven't eaten in weeks.

JASON: No, I'm sorry. But we've come a long way. We need your help.

PHINEAS: I can't help you. I can't even help myself.

JASON: Jake. We're after the Golden Fleece. Do you know where it is?

PHINEAS: Yeah, I know where it is. But you'll never be able to get it.

ATALANTA: Why?

PHINEAS: Because it's kept in the school cellar, locked in a chest. And I have the only key.

JASON: Can you give it to us?

PHINEAS: What's in it for me?

JASON: What do you want?

PHINEAS: Freedom. I want you to break my curse.

ATALANTA: You're cursed?

DIMITRI: Death by curse. See, I forgot that one.

PHINEAS: The worst curse ever. I fell in love.

IRIS: Okay, he's all [crazy] and [cookoo-cookoo]

PHINEAS: The gods are punishing me for being too cool. Too much of a babe magnet. Chicks love me.

ZACH: This is a curse?

PHINEAS: I fell in love with two women. No, they're not women. They're shrews. They're harpies. I can't eat. I can't sleep. I never get a moment's peace.

KIRSTEN HARPIE: Oh Jake!

PHINEAS: Oh no.

KIRSTEN HARPIE: Where are you?!

PHINEAS: Help me. Hide me. Please, you gotta save me.

JASON: From what?

PHINEAS: From them. They're here. And they'll sing. And I'll get that song stuck in my head. It's CATCHY! For gods' sake, make it stop.

JASON: Phineas, if we save you, will you give me the key?

PHINEAS: You can't save me, no one can.

JASON: But if we do, is it a deal?

PHINEAS: Yes, yes.

ATALANTA: Jason.

JASON: It's okay. How bad can it be?

KIRSTEN HARPIE: There you are, my bunchy-baby-boo. Who wuvs you? And does baby-boo wuv me too?

Harpies Song

(Music sweeps up and the HARPIES sweep in. They both look like cheerleaders. Vacuous bubble babes with cat like claws. KIRSTEN HARPIE is the first one out, she hangs all over Jake like an albatross. He can't move. She's a ball and chain, literally clinging to his legs as he tries to walk. She talks in baby-talk.)

KIRSTEN HARPIE: DO YOU WANT ME DO YOU NEED ME
COME ON BABY TELL ME THE TRUTH
DO YOU LOVE ME DON'T MISLEAD ME
PROPHETS SAY WE ARE FOR'SOOTH'D

I'LL GIVE YOU A TASTE OF HEAVEN
YOU'LL WISH THAT YOU HAD DIED
I'LL BE WITH YOU TWENTY-FOUR SEVEN
NEVER GOING TO LEAVE YOUR SIDE

WON'T YOU HUG ME WON'T YOU KISS ME
IN MY ARMS IS WHERE YOU BELONG
IF YOU LEFT ME YOU WOULD MISS ME
I WOULD DIE AND TAKE YOU ALONG

THERE'S NO PLACE THAT YOU CAN HIDE
THERE'S NO PLACE YOU CAN RUN
GONNA KAREN CARPENTERIZE
WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN MWAH

GREEK CHORUS: WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN

PHINEAS: WHY DOES FORTUNE
HATE ME

DID THE GODS FORSAKE ME WHOA

NEED A CHANGE OF ADDRESS

I CAN'T TAKE THE MADNESS NO

SITUATIONS HOPELESS

HERE I SIT I'M ROPELESS OOOOH

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE

HARPIES: NYAH

NYAH NYAH

NYAH NYAH

NYAH

NYAH NYAH

NYAH

(Now ALISON HARPIE comes in pushing Jake around with a finger in his chest. She's got a grating, New Yawk nasal voice that cuts through your brain.)

ALISON HARPIE: STOP YOUR STOOPING STAND UP
STRAIGHTER

WHY ARE YOU EMBARRASSING ME

SUCK THAT GUT IN LOSE SOME WEIGHT OR

I WILL BRING YOU DOWN TO YOUR KNEES

EVERYTHING YOU DO OR SAY

IS A REFLECTION UPON ME

YOU HAD BETTER JUST BEHAVE

OR THIS DESAUDE WILL GET MARQUIS'D

Don't give me that look mister. And you are not wearing those sandals in public. Who cut your hair?

PHINEAS: TAKE A ROPE AND
HANG ME

TAKE A SNAKE AND FANG ME
PLEASE

TAKE A GUN AND SHOOT ME

TAKE MY TONGUE AND MUTE

ME PLEASE

HARPIES: NYAH

NYAH NYAH

NYAH NYAH

NYAH

PHINEAS: TAKE A KNIFE AND
STAB ME
LET THE BUZZARDS HAVE ME
PLEASE
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
THEY ARE ALWAYS HARPIN' ON
ME

HARPIES: NYAH
NYAH NYAH
AHHHHH
AHHHH
AHHHHHH
NYAH NYAH
NYAH NYAH

(Song ends and the Harpies drape themselves over Phineas. The others look on in shock.)

JASON: Whoa.

ATALANTA: Whoa.

ZACH: Whoa.

PHINEAS: Woe is me.

DIMITRI: Whoa is right. *(Humming:)* Ba-da-da-da-da-dum
Ba-da-da-da-da-dum, man that is catchy.

ALISON: Oh-My-Gods. Who are these people, Jake?

JASON: Hi, I'm Jason —

(He approaches, hand out. But both Harpies hiss.)

ATALANTA: Okay, that's just wrong.

JASON: Listen Jake —

HARPIES: Hissssssssssssssssssssssssssss.

(Every time anyone tries to close, the Harpies scratch with their claws. Jason huddles his gang.)

JASON: Alright, we gotta get that key. So we gotta save him.

DIMITRI: Have you seen their claws? I mean one little scratch can get infected. I haven't had a tetanus booster, have you?

(Jason thinks a moment, then draws the huddle even closer. He

whispers to his team, then they break. They play this scene like a great acting troupe. Atalanta and Iris take Kirsten to one side of the stage. Jason, Zach, and Dimitri pull Phineas to the other. Alison don't like that.)

ALISON: Oh-My-Gods. Just where do you think you're going Mister?

JASON: We're outta here. See ya later, Old Buddy. Same time next week?

ALISON: What does he mean? Have you seen these guys before?

JASON: Oh yeah. Just last week in that club in Athens.

ALISON: You went to a club? Who do you think you are?

(Meanwhile on the other side of the stage...)

KIRSTEN: I'm Kirsten. Jake's snuggle bunny. Yes I am.

ATALANTA: You are so lucky. He's dreamy.

IRIS: You're going to be so [happy and giggly] hee-hee.

ATALANTA: I wish I was you.

KIRSTEN: Everybody does. They all want to take a big swim in lake me.

ATALANTA: And why not? I mean you get to stay home. In some cozy little cottage. Just big enough for two. Just you and Jake...and Alison. You never have to be—

(Kirsten's face falls a little more as we go across stage.)

ALISON: —Seen in public?

JASON: Don't worry. He didn't embarrass you.

(He hocks a huge loogie. Alison Eeeeuws.)

ZACH: Oh, yeah. He's the man.

(He scratches his butt. Manly style.)

DIMITRI: Hey Jake. Do that song. "Alison My Love."

ALISON: You sang? In front of people.

DIMITRI: No, no. He played it on his armpit. Oh man it was—

(He starts to make the farting armpit sound as we go back across stage.)

ATALANTA: —Incredible. You got the life. The same four walls every day. With us it's always one adventure after another. Meeting different guys every day. They bring you flowers. Candy.

IRIS: I'm getting like [fat] boom-ba-laddy.

ATALANTA: They read you poetry. Sing you love songs.

KIRSTEN: Other guys do that stuff?

ATALANTA: Oh yeah.

IRIS: But I'm sure Jakey-wakey is all [kissy-kissy], you know.

KIRSTEN: Can I ask you a question—

ALISON: Did anybody see you?

JASON: Not at first. But after the crowd gathered—

ALISON: There was a crowd?

ZACH: Fifty, sixty people. Your parents said to say hi.

ALISON: Ah!

JASON: They didn't understand why you weren't—

ATALANTA: —cooking all his dinners. Washing his underwear.

IRIS: Oh, I'd love to [washing] and then [sniffing] ahhhhhh.

ATALANTA: For ever and ever. Cooking, cleaning, until Jakey-wakey is all pruney-woony.

KIRSTEN: Yeah, but I don't want Jake to—

ALISON: —go anywhere without me again. You understand me, Mister.

ZACH: Cool. We could use a fifth for our burp band.

ALISON: Burp band?

DIMITRI: Yeah, we belch all the classics. Can you do an F above high C? Buuuuurp. Like that. Ahhhh—

KIRSTEN: (*Getting scared:*) —ahhhhhh.

ATALANTA: Then one day no man will ever want you cause you're ugly-wugly. But you'll have your—

ALISON: —Jake, you are not behaving like that anymore, do you hear me.

PHINEAS: Yeah, but—

JASON: Come on. He can't help it. He's a guy. That's what guys do. Right? Right?

PHINEAS: (*Catching on. He plays it up, scratching heavily:*) Yeah, baby. (*Burb-snort-hock.*) Pull my finger.

ALISON: Ah!

PHINEAS: Come here, baby. I want to check your tonsils.

(He scoops in for a kiss. Alison slaps him.)

ALISON: Stay away from me, Jake Phineas. You're a pig. I never want to see you again.

(She goes running offstage. Jake stands a moment, then crosses to Kirsten.)

PHINEAS: Looks like it's just me and you, baby.

KIRSTEN: Yeah. Well...bye.

(She runs off too. Jake is left stunned. Then he whoops for joy.)

PHINEAS: I'm free? I am. I'm free. Oh my gods. Thank you. Thank you all.

(He gives them all a group hug. Phineas and Jason run toward each other in slo-mo as the music cues a love song. Lights turn rosey. Meeting center stage, they hug, Phineas giving Jason the key. They part, still in slo-mo, the Argonauts waving as Phineas exits stage left, the others stage right. Now the Greek Chorus enters. Thespis is shuffled in among them, but his arms are tied and he has duct tape over his mouth.)

GREEK CHORUS: In gratitude for breaking the curse, Phineas gave Jason the key to the chest of the Golden Fleece. Jason and the Argonauts set off through the treacherous black forest.

MEDEA: *(Stepping out from behind a periactoid. She speaks to the vanishing Chorus:)* Where are they going? I couldn't hear. What's the key for?

(Thespis grunts, trying to answer. The Chorus drags him offstage. Medea pulls out a phone and calls. Lights come up across stage. Icarus is there, nailing feathers on a pair of cardboard wings with a hammer. Wham-wham-wham. Greg answers his ringing phone as he and his gang enter.)

GREG: Yello?

MEDEA: It's me. Dea.

GREG: Whatta you got?

MEDEA: They went to see Jake Phineas.

GREG: Why would they go to him?

MEDEA: I don't know. But he gave them a key.

GREG: A key to what?

MEDEA: I don't know.

GREG: Hold on. *(He cups the phone and turns to Coral:)* Coral. Why would they see Phineas?

CORAL: *(Off the eight ball:)* Reply hazy, try again.

GREG: What's the key for?

CORAL: Ask again later. Sorry Mi Hefe. We need more d-a-a-ata.

GREG: Great, just great.

(Wham-wham-wham.)

Icarus. ICARUS! I'm on the phone here, man.

ICARUS: Sorry, Greg. I just gotta get these feathers on.

GREG: *(Back into the phone:)* Medea. Change of plan. I need you to get closer to them. I want you to stick to Jason like glue.

ICARUS: Glue. Duh. Glue.

(Icarus takes his wings as the lights fade as the music segues us to another local. The Periactoids turn and suddenly we're in a deep dark forest. Our gang walks on.)

DIMITRI: Are we there yet?

JASON: No.

DIMITRI: Are we there yet?

JASON: No.

DIMITRI: Are we there yet?

JASON: No.

DIMITRI: Are we there yet?

JASON: Do you want me to turn this chariot around?

ATALANTA: I spy with my little eye, something that begins with T.

ZACH: (*Playing with his abacus:*) Ninety-nine percent chance it's Tree.

ATALANTA: This is a dumb game.

ZACH: You think I'm dumb?

ATALANTA: I didn't say that. I said it's a dumb game.

ZACH: But it was my idea to play. So I'm dumb by proxy?

ATALANTA: (*Looking into his eyes. This is mondo-flirting:*) No. You're proxy free. In fact, some people might say you were a genius. Some people might even say they think geniuses are sexy.

ZACH: (*Lost in her eyes:*) I don't know ANYONE who thinks that.

ATALANTA: (*Pop goes the bubble:*) That's cause you're a friggin' moron.

IRIS: A hundred bottles of [glug-glug] you know on the wall, a hundred bottles of [glug-glug] Take one down and [Passing it] like that, ninety-nine bottles of [glug-glug]

DIMITRI: You know what I don't get? Jake Phineas was a guy who had everything. I mean he was destined for greatness. If a guy with all the luck ends up like that, what chance do I have?

ATALANTA: You don't have luck?

DIMITRI: Oh, I have luck. All of it bad. Makes you questions the gods' plans.

ATALANTA: What if the gods don't have a plan.

(That's food for thought when suddenly...)

MEDEA: *(Running in:)* Jason? Jason?!

(Every one whips around, swords drawn. Medea comes in, doing a bad actress moment.)

Thank gods I found you.

JASON: Why?

MEDEA: I've been looking everywhere for you.

ZACH: Why?

MEDEA: I want to join you guys.

ATALANTA: Why?

MEDEA: What's that mean?

JASON: Why?

MEDEA: Yes.

ZACH: Why's an adverb. It means for what reason or purpose—

MEDEA: I know what why means.

ATALANTA: Then why'd you ask?

MEDEA: What?

ATALANTA: What do you mean what?

ZACH: What's also an adverb—

DIMITRI: I think the scene's stuck.

JASON: What are you doing here?

MEDEA: Greg kicked me out of the fraternity. He said I wasn't cool enough. I wasn't Alpha material. He said I was a

complete, total and utter freakazoid.

ATALANTA: So naturally you thought you'd fit in with us.

MEDEA: Okay, so that didn't come out right. Please, I'm just no good at being alone. Please, let me hang with you guys.

JASON: Sorry. We've got plans.

(He starts to lead the Argonauts off. Medea thinks fast, then fakes a sprained ankle. She sits.)

MEDEA: OW! Oooh.

JASON: What is it?

MEDEA: I twisted my ankle back there. I don't know if I can walk.

JASON: *(Comes back and inspects the ankle:)* Looks okay.

MEDEA: Ow! Ooooh! Ouch. Please, don't leave me alone.

(Jason takes his guys and they huddle on the far side of the stage. Scary forest sounds.)

JASON: Alright. What do we think?

ATALANTA: Why don't we just leave her here?

JASON: We can't leave her alone in the black forest.

IRIS: Maybe she's all [ow-ow] so she can be all [looky loo] You know.

DIMITRI: Oh. Yeah. Right. She's probably here to spy on us.

MEDEA: Hello? Rude much? I'm not a spy.

DIMITRI: Death by spy didn't make my list either.

ZACH: There's a seventy-two percent chance this is a trap.

MEDEA: Standing right here. I can hear you.

ATALANTA: Don't tell her anything.

DIMITRI: She could be the villain. Did you read the *Odyssey*?

JASON: Okay. Good guy, bad guy, if she IS hurt, she needs our help. I can't just leave her.

MEDEA: (*Touched and confused by this:*) Thank you.

JASON: Come on.

(He puts his arm around her and helps her hobble as they head across stage.)

MEDEA: Great. So what are our plans?

JASON: Plans? We don't have any plans.

MEDEA: You said we had plans.

JASON: No. I said glands. It's a whole teenage hormone thing. (*Changing the subject:*) You weren't a little freaked about trampin' through the black forest alone?

MEDEA: Nah. These are like my old stomping grounds. I used to go to Colchis High.

JASON: Let me guess, you were head cheerleader. Ran pep rallies. Student council president.

MEDEA: Vice president. What's wrong with that?

JASON: Nothing. If you were little miss popular, why'd you leave?

MEDEA: My parents got divorced. Mom wanted a fresh start. Moved me away from all my friends, everything I knew. What about you? What's your Greek Tragedy?

JASON: My parents died. I was raised by a Centaur. That's a beast. Body of a horse, but the torso of a man –

MEDEA: I know what a Centaur is.

JASON: I thought he was the coolest ever. Then when I get to this school I'm no demi. I'm just the kid of some half-breed freak.

MEDEA: Who says?

JASON: Greg and the Alphas. Everybody at school. But that's going to change. I will get the one thing that guarantees I'm cool.

MEDEA: What's that? What are we searching for?

(Jason doesn't answer. She stomps her foot.)

Oh come on.

(Jason looks at her leg. Uh-oh. Medea suddenly remembers to be in pain.)

Ow. Ooooooh. Ouch.

JASON: Hurtin'? We're losing the light anyway. Last thing we need is to get lost in the dark. We'll camp here, guys.

DIMITRI: Sure, let's sleep in the poison ivy. I haven't had a good rash in a while.

JASON: Sweet Hera. Watch over us in this darkest night and I'll do whatever you say.

(The gang drops their things and starts to make camp. We go back to Olympus with the fog and the music and all of it. Hera is watching, a T.V. remote in her hand.)

HERA: Jason, simply follow my commands.

I'll Be Watching Over You

(As she sings, Jason does every one of her actions. Closes his eyes, lays down, raises his hand...)

HERA: CLOSE YOUR EYES LAY DOWN YOUR HEAD

WARM SWEET EARTH BECOMES YOUR BED
COME HELL OR HIGH WATER I RAISE MY HAND
AND PLEDGE NO HARM COMES TO YOUR BAND
HANDS DOWN
I'LL BE WATCHING OVER YOU

ZEUS: Hera? Sweetie?

HERA: I'm busy.

ZEUS: How do I get the lid off the mayonnaise jar?

HERA: Turn it to the left.

(All the sleeping Argonauts turn to the left.)

ZEUS: I tried that. I'm not stupid.

HERA: Then turn it to the right.

(The Argonauts turn to the right.)

ZEUS: Oh. Got it.

(Now as Hera sings and the song gets madder and faster, Jason's still following her directions. Standing, sitting, kneeling, whatever she sings, he does while still asleep. It's like she's unwittingly commanding a puppet.)

HERA: SLEEP WELL JASON YOU LUCKY SOD
YOU'RE NOT MARRIED TO A GOD
WHO MAKES YOU SIT WHO MAKES YOU HEEL
WHO MAKES YOU BOW WHO MAKES YOU KNEEL
I SWEAR
I HAVE THOUGHT OF DEMI-CIDE.

WHEN HE SAYS JUMP I SAY HOW HIGH
BEND OVER BACKWARDS TILL I'M UPSIDE DOWN
IF I COULD I WOULD WAVE GOODBYE
PACK MY BAGS AND SKIP THIS TOWN

THOUGH YOU MORTALS MAY BE FOOLS
YOUR WILL IS FREE FROM ZEUS' RULES
HOLD YOUR HEAD HIGH AND MAKE A CHOICE
RAISE YOUR FIST AND RAISE YOUR VOICE
I SWEAR
YOU HAVE GOT IT MADE

ZEUS: Hera, baby. I made you a sandwich.

HERA: You did?

ZEUS: With extra pickles the way you like.

HERA: Awwwww.

ZEUS: And I'm carving a fjord in the shape of this much of your face.

(Nose to forehead.)

HERA: Awww.

WHEN I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE
YOU CARVE MY FACE INTO A FJORD
YOU SPIN MY HEAD AND STEAL MY HEART
I KNOW WE'LL NEVER BE APART
MY ZEUS
I AM WATCHING OVER YOU.
SO SLEEP.

(Hera and Zeus are just about to kiss when he notices the T.V. remote in her hand.)

ZEUS: Hey, you found the clicker. What were you watching?

HERA: Nothing.

ZEUS: You were watching the mortals again!

HERA: No. No. This had nothing to do with real life. It was Fox news. Hey, let's go bowling.

ZEUS: Oh, I don't wanna –

HERA: Come on. We'll double with Hades and Persephone and scare the bejeepers out of the humans.

(Okay. They exit as the lights come up far stage right where Greg and his gang walk beneath a sign marked LIBRARY. The Greek Chorus enters, Thespis is no longer tied, but he still has tape on his mouth. Some time during the following he holds up a sign behind the Chorus' heads. I'M WITH STUPID and several arrows pointing to each of the chorus.)

GREEK CHORUS: As The Argonauts slept, Greg was determined to find out why they went to Phineas. They did research at the Library.

GREG: Are you the Cyclops?

CYCLOPS: *(Turning to see them:)* Ye-eees! Welcome to my library. *(He sticks out a hand, smacking Greg in the face:)* Sorry. *(He turns and whaps Coral:)* Whoops. *(Bending down to pick up the dropped eight ball, they bonk heads:)* My fault. Sorry. I have a little problem with depth perception. How can I help?

GREG: You have a book on who's who in Salymedeusses?

CYCLOPS: No.

GREG: Biographies on Jake Phineas?

CYCLOPS: No.

GREG: What do you have?

CYCLOPS: *(Pulling out three scrolls and putting on a giant pair of single-lensed glasses:)* I have *The Collected Works of Aristotle. An Encyclopedia of Greek Myths and Dude, Where's My Country.*

GREG: Three? That's it? Three books?

CYCLOPS: We're a small library. Budget cuts are killing us.

GREG: Let me see the encyclopedia.

(He grabs the scroll and scans it, Heather, Asterion and Coral looking over his shoulder.)

ICARUS: *(Entering:)* Hi. Do you have any books on modern aviation?

GREG: Icarus!

ICARUS: Sorry, Greg.

GREG: There. Greek myths. Jake Phineas is the key master of the Golden Fleece.

ASTERION: Golden Fleece?

CORAL: Bummer, dude.

HEATHER: Wait, doesn't that mean if Jason gets the Golden Fleece he'll have the bling and you'll be all like a waste of carbon-based proteins. *(Off Greg's look:)* This is probably one of those times I should think silently to myself.

(Greg grabs his cell phone and punches numbers. Lights come back up on Jason's gang. They're draped on platforms, sleeping. Spooky forest sounds. Medea's phone rings. Lights stay up on both groups.)

MEDEA: Hello?

GREG: Where've you been? Why didn't you check in?

MEDEA: I'm a little undercover here.

GREG: You know what they're up to?

MEDEA: I'm working on it.

GREG: They're going after the Golden Fleece.

MEDEA: Whoa.

GREG: You're going to stop them.

MEDEA: How?

GREG: You get the gift from Coral?

MEDEA: (*Holding up the little bag:*) Right here.

GREG: Use it.

MEDEA: What, is he like allergic to Tiger's Milk?

GREG: Not the protein bar. The other thing. (*He hangs up and turns to his cronies:*) If they get the Fleece, what happens?

CORAL: Sorry mon ami. B-u-ut your reign is over.

GREG: Not gonna happen, right. (*To Asterion and Heather:*) You two get to the forest and make sure they fail.

HEATHER: Why us?

GREG: I thought you were all anxious to go?

HEATHER: Yeah, then you were all Medea this and Medea that.

GREG: You keep Jason from reaching the school and you're prom queen, okay?

HEATHER: Okay.

(Heather and Asterion head off. Lights center on Jason, Medea and the gang. She digs into the bag and pulls out –)

MEDEA: Teeth. Ug.

(She begins to scatter them around as the music gets scarier. When she's done, she backs away. Music swells and POW! Out pops a skeleton where a tooth was thrown. Actually it's just actors in skeleton costumes and masks. But they make pretty scary skeletons.)

And now is a good time to leave.

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(And she tries, but one of the skeletons grabs her.)

Not me, Bonehead.

(She struggles free, only to back into more skeletons. They whip out swords and are ready to attack her when she screams. It wakes the others –)

ATALANTA: Jason!

(The Argonauts snap awake. And a battle ensues. Flashing swords and flying fists. Music is dark and scary. Every time a skeleton is defeated, it falls out of sight. Then reappears somewhere else. Makes it look like there's lots and lots of them. Our guys clear an escape path stage left.)

Jason! This way!

(Jason starts to follow when Medea screams. She's been captured by a skeleton. Jason abandons his escape and rushes to save her.)

Jason. No!

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