

DANCING WITH THE OLYMPIANS

A COMEDIC ONE-ACT BASED ON GREEK MYTHS

by
Lavinia Roberts



Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

Toll-Free 888-473-8521

Fax 319-368-8011

Web www.brookpub.com

Copyright © 2011 by Lavinia Roberts
All rights reserved

CAUTION: Professionals & amateurs are hereby warned that *Dancing with the Olympians* is subject to a royalty. This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the Copyright Union.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this play are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS & ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this play are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. If necessary, we will contact the author or the author's agent. PLEASE NOTE that royalty fees for performing this play can be located online at Brooklyn Publishers, LLC website (<http://www.brookpub.com>). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. You will find our contact information on the following page.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged. Only forensics competitions are exempt from this fee.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

<http://www.brookpub.com>

TRADE MARKS, PUBLIC FIGURES, & MUSICAL WORKS: This play may include references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). Brooklyn Publishers, LLC have not obtained performing rights of these works. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

COPYING from the book in any form (in whole or excerpt), whether photocopying, scanning recording, videotaping, storing in a retrieval system, or by any other means, is strictly forbidden without consent of Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

TO PERFORM THIS PLAY

1. Royalty fees must be paid to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC before permission is granted to use and perform the playwright's work.
2. Royalty of the required amount must be paid each time the play is performed, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.
3. When performing one-acts or full-length plays, enough playbooks must be purchased for cast and crew.
4. Copying or duplication of any part of this script is strictly forbidden.
5. Any changes to the script are not allowed without direct authorization by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.
6. Credit to the author and publisher is required on all promotional items associated with this play's performance(s).
7. Do not break copyright laws with any of our plays. This is a very serious matter and the consequences can be quite expensive. We must protect our playwrights, who earn their living through the legal payment of script and performance royalties.
8. If you have questions concerning performance rules, contact us by the various ways listed below:

Toll-free: 888-473-8521

Fax: 319-368-8011

Email: customerservice@brookpub.com

Copying, rather than purchasing cast copies, and/or failure to pay royalties is a federal offense. Cheating us and our wonderful playwrights in this manner will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please support theatre and follow federal copyright laws.

DANCING WITH THE OLYMPIANS

by
Lavinia Roberts

SETTING: Mount Olympus. There is a table and four chairs, all on one side of the table. The cards with the Roman numerals 1 through 10 or, I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, VIII, X, are placed in front of three chairs.

AT RISE: HERMES enters with clipboard.

HERMES: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, gods and demigods, satyrs and naiads, nymphs and centaurs. We're filming live, from Mount Olympus, home of the gods, *Dancing with the Olympians*. I'm your host, Hermes, messenger of the gods. Tonight, these lithe toed immortals are going to boogie, swirl, swivel, and tap their way into the top spot. Let's bring out tonight's judges. First, he's brother of the king of the gods, Zeus, and the lord of the waves. This water-loving deity enjoys water polo, surfing, seafood, and long romantic walks on the beach. Let's put those hoofs and hands together for Poseidon.

(Aside to audience.)

Come on folks, you can clap louder than that. I mean, he may not be Zeus, but you never want to make any Olympian feel unwelcome or unloved, if you catch my drift. Trust me on this one. Everyone try clapping one more time, nice and loud.

(Waits for audience to clap louder.)

Now that's what I'm talking about!

(POSEIDON enters.)

POSEIDON: Whoa dude! Give me a high five winged shoed little messenger god.

(Gives HERMES a high five and sits at the table.)

HERMES: Next, she's brains and beauty combined. But that's not all. This brain-child of Zeus, as in literally sprung from a crack in his head, is also the goddess of crafts, justice, war, and wisdom. Let's give it up for Pallas Athena.

POSEIDON: Bummer dude. You have to invite her?

(ATHENA enters followed by NIKE.)

ATHENA: There, there Poseidon. Don't be crying up a salt lake just because the Athenians named their city after me and not you. Really, that little salt water fountain of yours was nothing to my olive tree.

POSEIDON: Not cool bringing that up babe. Not cool.

NIKE: Give me a Pallas! With a capital P! Pallas! Now repeat after me. P-A-L-L-A-S! Pallas. Gooooooooo Pallas Athena! Yeah! Athena rocks!

HERMES: Athena, what is Nike doing here?

ATHENA: We're kind of a package I'm afraid. The goddess of victory and me are pretty inseparable. She's always by my side. As in always.

(Aside to HERMES.)

Believe me, as much as I love victory, she can be... well...

NIKE: Give me a V! Give me an I! Give me a C! Give me a T! Give me an O! Give me a R! Give me a Y! What does that spell? Victory! With a capital V! Victory! Say victory! Victory! Yeah! Go Athena!

ATHENA: Perky. Very, very perky!

(ATHENA and NIKE take a seat in chairs behind table.)

HERMES: Next, he's the god of wine, festivities, and theatre.

ATHENA: Can you imagine being stuck as the deity of theatre? Actors are so obnoxious.

HERMES: Let's give it up for one deity who knows how to live it up! Dionysius!

(HESTIA enters holding plate of brownies.)

HESTIA: Hello dearies.

HERMES: Hestia? Goddess of the hearth and home?

NIKE: H-E-S-T-I-A! What does that spell? Hestia! Goooo Hestia!

POSEIDON: Hey there hearth babe.

HERMES: Hestia, what are you doing here? Dionysus is supposed to be judging.

HESTIA: Dionysus couldn't make it hun. He has a cold.

ATHENA: *(Sarcastically)* Oh really?

HESTIA: He sounded most frightful over the phone.

HERMES: You used a phone, not me, to deliver a message?

HESTIA: Sorry dearie. But you weren't replaced by just any phone. This was the new iPhone.

HERMES: Oh yeah, that makes me feel better.

ATHENA: *(Sarcastically)* Sick you say? That must have been really difficult for him considering that we are immortals, deities. We never age. We live forever. We don't get sick.

POSEIDON: Whoa. Totally bad luck him getting a cold. I kind of wish I was sick. I'm missing *Dancing with the Stars*.

HERMES: Look, I don't care if he's playing hooky to cavort around with Pan or home with the flu! Our studio audience is here and our contestants are waiting! We need to start! Look, you have any qualifications for judging *Dancing with the Olympians*? Poseidon is Zeus' brother, so he's in, Athena here is the goddess of wisdom, and Dionysus was the god of theatre. You any experience in show business?

HESTIA: By Zeus, no dearie. But I did bring these homemade brownies.

HERMES: Brownies?

ATHENA: That's not going too... hey, those smell amazing! I suppose we could try one... since you bothered bringing them. Seems wise to eat them, wouldn't you say?

POSEIDON: Totally wise babe.

HESTIA: Eat up dearies.

(HESTIA sets plate of brownies on table front of ATHENA, POSEIDON, and NIKE. They each take a brownie and eat greedily.)

POSEIDON: Calabunga, hearth babe! These are far out! Totally righteous!

ATHENA: She's an excellent choice for a judge! Wonderful!

HERMES: Can I have one?

ATEHNA: Brownies are just for judges. You have to host, remember? Well, go on. Host or whatever. *(Eats another brownie.)*

HESTIA: How lovely! This should be so exciting! I just love being helpful. Let me just go get my bag of knitting dearies.

(HESTIA exits. NIKE stands up and does cheer.)

NIKE: Brownies rock! Yes siree! Brownies rock! They are yummy! Chocolaty, gooey, sweet, and chewy! Goooooo
Brownies! Yeah! Brownies!

(NIKE sits down. HESTIA returns with large bag containing knitting needles, and woolen blanket to "knit," while SHE sits.)

HERMES: Now, let's give a warm welcome to our first contestants. Poseidon and Zeus' older brother, this is one god down under, as in the Underworld. Nicknamed host of many, the unseen one, the lord of darkness, this Underworld ruling deity is joined by his lovely wife, the daughter of Demeter, nick named, spring maiden. Let's give a hand to Hades, lord of the dead, and Persephone, spring maiden!

(ZEUS and HERA enter.)

HERA: Thank you, thank you!

HERMES: Zeus? Hera? What are you doing here? You aren't supposed to come on until after pair number three.

HERA: Clearly some oversight, us being the king and queen of the Olympians and all. Frankly, I'm surprised we even have to bother performing, considering how implausible it is for us to take anything but first place.

POSEIDON: Whoa, queenie. First place? With your two left feet and Zeus' super lame break dancing?

ZEUS: Now, now, Hera, winning hardly matters. If we lose, I would always have a few deities to target practice on with my lightening bolts.

(ZEUS looks at ATHENA, HESTIA, and POSEIDON menacingly.)

POSEIDON: I mean, your hustle is totally righteous dude. That polestar suit is pretty, err far out man. Totally groovy.

HERA: Well, he isn't wearing that horrible suit. Because we aren't doing break dancing. We are doing ballroom dancing.
(Waltzes around the stage alone.)

ZEUS: No way! I've got disco fever. *(Does a few break dancing moves.)*

HERA: Ballroom dancing!

ZEUS: Disco!

HERA: Ballroom dancing!

ZEUS: Disco!

HERA: Ballroom dancing!

ZEUS: Disco!

ATHENA: Yes, well, whatever you decide to do, we don't need to watch, because I can safely say that you have earned a perfect 10 on your dance score. From all of us.

(ATHENA holds up her X card. POSEIDON and HESTIA both hold up their cards.)

HERA: Really? Without us even having to perform?

ATHENA: Clearly, as you so rightly stated, such an amazing lightening bolt thrower, I mean, dancer as Zeus, the lord of the skies, and you Hera, goddess of marriage, who is the epitome of elegance and grace, couldn't possible get anything but an absolute perfect. Clearly you two should receive a ten. Don't you agree judges?

POSEIDON: Totally!

HESTIA: Isn't this just lovely? I love giving perfect tens!

ZEUS: You sure you don't want to see some of my break dancing? *(Does a few break dancing moves badly.)*

HERA: You aren't doing any break dancing! If we danced, we would be doing ballroom dancing!

HERMES: Well, congratulations on your score of perfect ten!

ZEUS: Break dancing!

HERA: Ballroom dancing!

ZEUS: Break dancing!

HERA: Ballroom dancing!

(THEY exit. HADES and PERSPHONE enter. PERSEPHONE is talking on cell phone.)

PERSEPHONE: Hello? Hello? Hello?

HERMES: Hades! Persephone! There you are! Sorry about that.

HADES: What? As if Zeus butting in before me is anything unusual. Not like after we defeated the Titans Zeus got to be ruler of the skies and me, I got stuck in Tartarus to rule over a bunch of dead people. And he never would have defeated them if it wasn't for me and my helmet of invisibility, thank you very much!

PERSEPHONE: Hello? Charon? I can't hear you. Hades, can you get a better cell phone plan? I can't hear a word he's saying.

HADES: You ever try and find a cell phone carrier that actually reaches the Underworld? It's harder than escaping a Cyclops cave, let me tell you. The Underworld. You know all I ever do? Paperwork. You know how many people die everyday? Around 300,000. Doesn't matter if it's a weekend, a holiday. They keep coming. Try to imagine how much paperwork that is? All the forms you have to fill out for each one. Then filing it all. I'm surrounded with dead people and their paperwork! And I'm horribly understaffed. Three furies, a skeleton boatman, and a three hundred headed dog. That's it. To watch over all those dead souls, not to mention Titans and the other damned in Tartarus. By Zeus, you have no idea...

PERSEPHONE: Really Hades darling, the Underworld isn't that bad. Not since I've redone the palace in floral.

HADES: *(Dryly.)* Oh yes. Floral.

PERSEPHONE: We simply adore floral, don't we Hades darling? Hello Charon, yes, yes we are about to compete.

What did you want to tell me? Oh. Oh I see. That would explain why you didn't text me. Yes. Of course. We'll be right there.

HADES: What is it Persephone?

PERSEPHONE: Apparently Cerberus bit off Charon's left arm.

NIKE: Ouch! With a capital O! Ouch! Spelled O-U-C-H! Ouch!

PERSEPHONE: Don't worry Nike. It's nothing serious. Charon's a skeleton. He's always throwing his bones around or leaving them in strange places as a practical joke. Especially at dinner parties. It's so irritating, let me tell, you to reach into a bowl of chips and have it reach back. I'm sure he doesn't mind too terribly being limbless for a little while. The only problem is he's the ferryman for the dead crossing the river Styx into the Underworld. He's stranded there until we can get back and help him get his arm.

HADES: See, that's another thing. Only one ferryman! One! For 300,000 people a day! Not to mention the size of that boat! Puny!

PERSEPHONE: Looks like we won't be performing on *Dancing with the Olympians* Hades darling. Better get back down below.

HERMES: But we are in front of a live studio audience! You two are our first couple!

HADES: Well, we can't have the dead piling up to get across the river Styx. Imagine the back up in paperwork that will cause. No, no we have to leave, right away.

(DEMETER enters.)

DEMETER: Nobody move!

HERMES: Demeter? Goddess of the harvest? What are you doing here? *(Scans clipboard)* You aren't on the line up.

DEMETER: Stop right there Hades! Persephone isn't going anywhere! Give her back Hades.

PERSEPHONE: Mom, come on. This is getting kind of old. Stop acting like Hades abducted me in some chariot and dragged me to the Underworld. Hades and I met on an online dating site and we got married in Atlantic City. And I can't hang out with you now. I'm only allowed on the surface during spring and summer, you know that perfectly well. I've been visiting you too much as it is.

DEMETER: But I miss you so much dearest.

PERSEPHONE: Mom, you get too happy when I visit you weird times of the year, hence making everything unseasonably warm. The humans have enough problems with global warming without me adding too it.

DEMETER: But you're my baby.

PERSEPHONE: Seriously mom, you are welcome to visit us in the Underworld anytime. You can see what I've done to Hades' palace. The floral furnishings look fabulous, don't they darling?

HADES: Yeah, sure they do.

PERSEPHONE: All that drab black, as if it was a funeral home or something. Oh, hold on, just a second. *(Listens on telephone again.)* Charon? That you again? Come on Hades. Apparently Cerberus just yanked off Charon's right foot as well. We better get down there before we have to put all of him back together again.

HADES: Of course dearest.

(PERSEPHONE, HADES, and DEMETER exit.)

HERMES: Wait a minute! You can't do this to me! Come back here!

(APHRODITE enters. HERMES looks at clipboard)

APHRODITE: Excuse me handsome, but is this where *Dancing with the Olympians* is perchance?

HERMES: Yes, but if you aren't on my list you need to... (Looks up at APHRODITE.) Stay of course. Aphrodite, goddess of beauty and love.

ATHENA: Love, yes, beauty, that's debatable. Beauty is only skin deep.

APHRODITE: That's what plain women say to feel better about being alone on Friday nights. (To HERMES) Hey there handsome. I know I'm not on the list of performers for tonight's show, but I was wondering if I could compete anyways, hmm?

HERMES: Of course.

ATHENA: Where is your partner?

APHRODITE: A partner would distract from my beauty! I mean, who would want to see anyone, but me?

ATHENA: You have to have a partner Aphrodite.

POSEIDON: Hey babe, I'll be your partner.

HERMES: No me! Pick me! I'll be your partner.

POSEIDON: Whoa dude, I totally asked first.

ATHENA: Stop it, both of you. Poseidon, you can't compete, you're a judge, and Hermes, you can't either, you're the host. Look, Aphrodite, sorry, but you have to have a partner to compete. Show rules.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: I'll dance with her!

ATHENA: Quiet you! You're just an audience member!

AUDIENCE MEMBER: So? I can dance! Watch me! (Stands up and does a dance down the aisle in the theatre.)

ATHENA: No, you can't compete. Now sit down and watch the show.

(AUDIENCE MEMBER sits back in seat.)

HESTIA: Sorry dearie.

APHRODITE: But I prepared my dance! Watch! (Dances to a bad love song.)

POSEIDON: Far out babe! Best dance ever!

HERMES: Perfect ten!

ATHENA: Hermes, you are not even a judge.

POSEIDON: Well, I give her a perfect ten.

ATHENA: It doesn't matter what you give her! Her entry doesn't count because she isn't dancing with a partner.

APHRODITE: This is about the apple, isn't it?

ATHENA: What apple?

APHRODITE: What apple? As if you could forget!

ATHENA: Try me.

APHRODITE: How about the golden apple that said, "To the fairest goddess," the one I won, not you, not Hera.

ATHENA: Oh you mean the one that caused the Trojan War?

APHRODITE: Come on Athena. You are just jealous that Paris chose me and not you.

ATHENA: Actually, this is about your entry not counting because you don't have a partner, as is clearly stated in the show eligibility guidelines. I don't know what your brain cell doesn't understand, but you are not competing. Get off stage.

HESTIA: I'm sorry dearie, but I agree with Athena. Your entry doesn't count.

HERMES: Of course it should count.

POSEIDON: Come on olive tree babe. Aphrodite is clearly super talented.

APHRODITE: Thanks Poseidon. Did I ever tell you, that you are my favorite sea god?

ATHENA: He's the only sea god.

POSEIDON: You sure I can't just err... not be a judge for a little while?

AUDIENCE MEMBER: I would still dance with her!

ATHENA: Very sure Poseidon. Quiet you. Aphrodite, why don't you go hang out with Eros? Watch him shoot a few love arrows or whatever you two do to pretend like your existence has meaning.

APHRODITE: No use arguing with brainiac here. Unlike the goddess of geeks here, I actually have better things to do in my evening than sit around here like some old spinster! Dionysus and Pan are watching *Dancing with the Stars* on Pan's new flat screen home theatre system. I'll be at the party boys. See you later!

(APHRODITE blows a kiss to POSEIDON and HERMES, maybe an audience member or two, and then flounces offstage. POSEIDON and HERMES start to follow her.)

ATHENA: Don't even think about it you two.

(APOLLO and ARTEMIS enter.)

ARTEMIS: Don't listen to that airhead Athena. I don't date either. Who needs men when there is the hunt?

APOLLO: Really sister dearest, must you discuss that vulgar hobby of yours? I am trying to compose a poem and you are interrupting my train of thought.

HERMES: Apollo! Artemis! I haven't introduced you yet. Just a minute. Deities and mortals, demigods and fauns, I'm proud to present our next contestants on *Dancing with the Olympians*, Apollo and his twin sister Artemis. These two are as different as night and day. Apollo, god of the sun, doesn't only tote around the sun all day in his chariot. Apollo also enjoys healing, prophecy, music, and poetry. Let's see a show of hands for Apollo!

(Claps.)

APOLLO: Thank you, thank you.

HERMES: Next, we have his sister Artemis, goddess of the moon and the hunt. Give it up for Artemis.

(Claps.)

APOLLO: Yeah, about that Hermes... this whole dancing thing.

HERMES: Start the music. You two ready?

APOLLO: How can we say this... wait a minute. I composed a haiku on the way here.

Oh to dance, not us

Like leaves blowing we must go

To do as we will.

HERMES: Meaning?

ARTEMIS: Listen, what my little wimp of a brother means by his hairkoo...

APOLLO: Haiku, not hairkoo, and just because my whole life doesn't evolve around shooting poor defenseless animals doesn't mean that I am a wimp.

ARTEMIS: Clearly, you've never been on the hunt. Usually moping about by yourself composing pompous arias and other drivel that only other pedants like you enjoy, you have no idea the skill and thought that goes into tracking a kill.

APOLLO: Oh yeah, really skillful. You just bumble around the woods in the dark until you find something you can shot.

You have no idea the creative inner turmoil needed to compose a poem.

ARTEMIS: Or do a prophecy, right?

APOLLO: Prophecy also is a very exacting art.

ARTEMIS: Here's a prophecy for you. I see that if you don't stop being the most irritating twin brother ever then you are going to have a broken nose in the very near future.

HERMES: Stop fighting you too! It's time for your dance number!

APOLLO: Didn't you get my haiku Hermes? We aren't dancing! We have more pressing matters to attend to. Well, at the very least I do, what with composing my poetry and music, I hardly have time for such frivolity as performing on *Dancing with the Olympians*.

ARTEMIS: You will have pressing business to attend too. When I break your nose!

(ARTEMIS chases APOLLO off stage.)

HEREMES: Well, there's another pair of contestants on *Dancing with the Olympians* that haven't actually danced.
POSEIDON: So little winged shoed man. Are we actually going to get to judge any dancers?
HERMES: Yes, yes, of course. Let's see who is next? Ah yes, we are totally going to see some fantastic dancing now.
Terpsichore herself, the Muse of Dance, is here to perform on *Dancing with the Olympians*.
NIKE: Muses! With a capital M! Muses! Let's say it again! Muses! Celebrating the arts and sciences hooray! Muses!
Let's clap for the Muses, again I say!
HERMES: Let's give a round of applause for Terpsichore.

(HERMES claps. MUSES enter.)

And it looks like she brought all the Muses along.
CALLIOPE: Oh we hope you do not having us here mind
We Muses love to support each other, as is kind.
CLIO: That's Calliope, Muse of epic poetry. You'll get use to the whole everything rhyming thing, believe me.
ATHENA: Why don't you introduce yourselves?
CLIO: Must we? I hate doing things in the present. Things in the past are so much more interesting.
MELPOMENE: I don't see why we should even bother introducing ourselves! There's no point to any of this! Can't end well!
EUTERPE: (*Sings lines like an opera singer.*) Really Clio, you only hate the present because you are the Muse of history.
Melpomene, Muse of tragedy, stop your whining. And if you are wondering, I am Euterpe, Muse of music.
MELPOMENE: I can't help but feel melancholic Euterpe. I just have this sinister suspicion that I am going to murder my father and marry my mother. Or maybe kill my children as revenge against an unfaithful husband.
HESTIA: Poor thing.
THALIA: Really Melpomene, lighten up. Here's a little joke for you. What did Medusa say to Perseus? Can you guess, can you, can you? Freezed to meet you! Get it freeze, you know like turned to stone, freeze. Freezed to meet you, not pleased to meet you. Okay, okay here's another one. Knock, knock.
HERMES: Whose there?
THALIA: Ima
HERMES: Ima who?
THALIA: Ima sphinx and you better guess my riddle or I am going to devour you! Get it? Ima, as in the name, verses Ima as in I'm a... never mind. You are a tougher crowd than the Trojans after Greece invaded.
MELPOMENE: Oh Thalia, Muse of comedy, nothing helps the encroaching disappear that surrounds me. I feel encircled by bleakness and misery. Oh woe, woe is me. My life is meaningless and shall end in sorrow.
HESTIA: Now, let's see shall we. We have Calliope, Muse of epic poetry, Clio, Muse of history, Euterpe, Muse of music, Melpomene, Muse of tragedy, Thalia, Muse of comedy, and Terpsichore, Muse of dance.
TERPSICHORE: (*Dances as SHE speaks.*) And allow me to say how glad I am to be here.
HESTIA: But there are only six of you here. By Zeus, I was so sure there were nine of you.
EUTERPE: (*Sings lines like an opera singer.*) Urania, muse of Astrology can't be pulled away from NASA and Polyhymia muse of choral poetry and Erato muse of lyric poetry are at Pan's house watching *Dancing with the Stars*.
TERPSICHORE: (*Does interpretive dance moves as SHE speaks.*) Good thing too. Erato and Polyhymia also speak in rhythm like Calliope and it is very annoying.
CALLIOPE: I heard that Terpsichore! I do declare!
A comment so rude one should never share!
HERMES: Okay, we better get started. Where is your dance partner Terpsichore?
TERPSICHORE: Dance partner?
HERMES: You know, to dance with.
CLIO: Dance with?
THALIA: Good one Hermes. And they say I'm the Muse of comedy.
HERMES: That is why you signed up to do *Dancing with the Olympians*, right? In order to dance.
MELPOMENE: Terpsichore dance! Never! Muses don't have any talent! We have none I tell you! None!
HESTIA: Now, Melpomene, don't be melodramatic.
CALLIOPE: What Melpomene speaks is true.
Inspiring others is what we do.
THALIA: See, I'm the Muse of comedy, but my jokes aren't really funny.
ATHENA: We hadn't noticed.
TERPSICHORE: (*Does interpretive dance moves as SHE speaks.*) We are muses. We only inspire others! We can't really do anything ourselves.
EUTERPE: (*Sings*) That is why my singing is so awful!

TERPSICHORE: *(Does interpretive dance moves as SHE speaks.)* I just attended tonight in the hopes of inspiring the others who are competing to dance better.

HERMES: Fine, fine. Well, if you aren't going to dance then we better just bring out the next contestants.

THALIA: Well, come on. Let's head to Pan's place to see if we can finish watching *Dancing with the Stars*.

CLIO: I would much rather read the review tomorrow. Reviews about past programs are so much more interesting than watching the actual program.

EUTERPE: *(Sings loudly.)* Goodbye!

(MUSES exit. ALECTO, TISIPHONE, and MEGAERA enter.)

ALECTO: Hey, where did they go?

HERMES: Alecto, Tisiphone, Megaera? What are you three Furies doing here? Shouldn't you be in Hades tormenting the damned?

MEGAERA: Oh we should, should we Hermes? You are going to tell me what to do, that it?

ALECTO: Megaera, stop being so grudging.

MEGAERA: I am the Fury of grudging. Grudging is what I do. And don't you be unceasingly telling me what to do either Alecto. I know you are the unceasing one, so you can't help nagging me all the time, but I've had it up to here. And I will never forget how irritating you can be. Never!

HERMES: What are you three doing up here?

TISIPHONE: Tell me about it. There are plenty of murderers for me to torture in Tartarus, but in here, *(Looks into audience.)* Let's see. That guy in the third row. Yeah that one. He could be a murderer... maybe. Something kind of shifty about him. But besides one maybe murderer, there is no one here to torment. Boring.

ALECTO: Listen Hermes, Megaera, Tisiphone, and I thought we could be useful to you.

TISIPHONE: Alecto got this lame idea into her head and once she's made up her mind about something, it stays there. Unceasingly.

HERMES: Alecto's idea to compete on *Dancing with the Olympians* isn't lame.

ALECTO: Compete here? Hades no! We wanted to know if you would let us torture the losers.

POSEIDON: Hold on here vengeance babes. That is definitely not cool. No way is that going down. Super lame way to treat losers man.

HESTIA: I agree, that isn't very nice. Frankly, I wish we didn't have to have any losers. Everyone should be winners.

TISIPHONE: See, I told you this wouldn't work Alecto.

ALECTO: Had to try.

TISIPHONE: Come on Furies. Let's head back to Hades. I haven't gone this long before without having anyone to torment. Kind of weird. Alecto, don't be too disappointed. I'm sure we can find some nice Titans or something for you to torture.

ALECTO: Okay.

TISIPHONE: You like tormenting Titans, don't you?

ALECTO: I suppose.

MEGAERA: And Hermes, I wouldn't forget that you wouldn't let us torture the losers. And I don't forget anything.

(ALECTO, TISIPHONE, and MEGAERA give HERMES a menacingly look, then exit.)

NIKE: Give me an F! F! Give me a U! U! Give me a F-U-R-Y! What does that spell? Fury! And who are the Furies furious at! Hermes! That's right! Hermes! H-E-R-M-E-S! What does that spell? Hermes! They're going to slice him, and dice him, and throw him into....

HERMES: Yeah, that's enough Nike. Ladies and gentleman, let welcome our next contestants. He's the god of dreams and she is one of the Graces and the goddess of mirth. Let's welcome Morpheus and Euphrosyne! Give them a hand folks.

(EUPHROSYNE giggles obnoxiously offstage. MORPHEUS and EUPHROSYNE enter. MORPHEUS is snoring loudly and being carried by EUPHROSYNE, who is laughing loudly, preferably with a silly, slightly irritating giggle.)

Is everything okay Euphrosyne?

EUPHROSYNE: Sure, sure. Minus the fact my partner is fast asleep! Must be having pleasant dreams. *(Bursts out laughing as if this is funny.)* You know, god of dreams, having pleasant dreams.

HERMES: You tried waking him?

ATHENA: That giggle should do it.

EUPHROSYNE: I have tried everything, believe me, but he's fast asleep. Looks like he's put to bed our chance of winning *Dancing with the Olympians*, eh? *(Again laughs heartily.)*

HERMES: I fail to see the humor in that you have no partner.

EUPHROSYNE: Now, now, Hermes. What is life without finding the humor where we can? I dream of a world filled with laughter. Bet he does too. *(Laughs loudly again.)*

ATHENA: So you are not disappointed that you can't compete?

EUPHROSYNE: You kidding? I'm never disappointed about anything. Besides, don't want to miss *Dancing with the Stars*. Look, I better put Morpheus to bed. Night folks. Pleasant dreams.

(EUPHROSYNE laughs again. EUPHROSYNE and MORPHEUS exit.)

POSEIDON: So Hermes, little wing shoed dude, you got anymore contestants? I have some waves to catch man. Can't stay here forever dude.

ATHENA: And I also am quite engaged at present with numerous riveting intellectual pursuits.

POSEIDON: Huh?

NIKE: She's just speaking in her native geek.

POSEIDON: Oh.

HERMES: Don't worry. Here is our final couple of the evening. I know they will be great. And I'm sure that our studio and at home audience members will love this couple too, because, get this, our goddess will be dancing with one of you. That's right. One lucky audience member was selected before the show to dance with Circe. Traveling from the Island of Aenea, let's see a show of hands for Circe and our lucky audience member.

(CIRCE enters.)

HERMES: Circe? Where's your partner?

CIRCE: You mean that mortal guy?

HERMES: Yes, the one you are supposed to be dancing with.

CIRCE: Oh. I didn't know he was for dancing with.

HERMES: What did you think he was for?

CIRCE: Oh, nothing.

HERMES: Great. Well, where is he? You two ready?

CIRCE: Actually, Hera help me, but I have no idea. He must of left or something.

HERMES: What? Where did he go?

CIRCE: Beats me. Look, you wouldn't have happened to see a pig running around here, would you?

HERMES: Pig? Why would there be a pig in our studio?

CIRCE: No particular reason.

HERMES: Your pet or something?

CIRCE: You could say that. Look, so I really can't compete unless I have him with me?

HERMES: Afraid not.

CIRCE: Ah Hera. Here piggie piggie. Come back to Circe little audience member.

HERMES: What did you say?

CIRCE: Nothing. I mean, I said here piggie, piggie. Not audience member. Not that I'm not looking for him. I mean, I am looking for the piggie. I mean... bye. *(Exits.)*

ATHENA: I smell something fishy going on around here.

POSEIDON: Nah, that's just me. Look, are we done here?

(ERIS and ARES enter.)

ARES: Not even close.

END OF FREE PREVIEW