

## **SIDE ONE**

### **The Hero/The Tester/The Woman/The Messenger/All Men/All Women/The Doubter/The Enchantress**

THE HERO: *(After a long pause, he rises slowly and surveys the devastation of the battlefield.)* When the battle was over, there were few of us left to celebrate our victory. And after ten years of fighting, we didn't feel much like celebrating, anyway. We were tired and we wanted to go home.

*(THE HERO begins attending to his fallen comrades. As each player regains consciousness, he or she helps another. As an ensemble, they mime each of the following speeches.)*

THE TESTER: We had left our wives and children ten years before to fight over a woman who had run off with a guest in her husband's home. We had won the war. And we wanted to go home.

THE WOMAN: Women and children had been slaughtered.

THE MESSENGER: The unconquerable city of Troy had fallen.

ALL MEN: Queens and the daughters of queens had been made slaves.

ALL WOMEN: Kings and the sons of kings had been murdered.

THE DOUBTER: We had crept into the city inside a great wooden horse.

THE ENCHANTRESS: A gift of deception.

THE DOUBTER: A machine of destruction.

THE TESTER: Like thieves in the night.

THE WOMAN: Not thieves, but killers.

THE MESSENGER: We entered the city and once and for all, we ended the war and made certain our victory.

ALL WOMEN: And now we were tired...

ALL: And we wanted to go home!

## SIDE TWO

### The Messenger/Lotus Eaters/The Enchantress/Sailors/The Hero

THE MESSENGER:                    *(to audience)* All my life I had wanted to be a scout, but they'd never let me do it before. So I set off, through the trees and over the land, stopping now and then to listen to a bird, or skip stones in a stream, or to sniff the green smell of the air. It was a fine day for a sailor to be on the land. The sky was as blue as the bottomless sea. And the air was as sweet as fresh water. The water in the stream was as clear as a spyglass eye. And the grass was as soft as sea foam.

*(He stretches out on the grass to take a nap.)*

I had no sooner lay down, than...

*(Offstage, a chant begins, repeating and growing louder as the company—with the exception of THE HERO—enters as "the LOTUS EATERS." They enter, dancing in a line, the leader pantomiming carrying a bowl. They form a circle, sit and pass the "bowl" around, each taking a drink and relishing the taste of the contents. Each becomes immediately "zonked" as they swallow.)*

LOTUS EATERS:                    We take in the light,  
  
   that comes from the leaf,  
  
   We take in the joy  
  
   that comes from the seed.  
  
   We take in the wisdom  
  
   that comes from the lotus.  
  
   We take in all loving  
  
   And give up our greed.

THE MESSENGER:                *(Hearing them)* What was that!

*(Seeing them)* And who's that!

*(He leaps up and runs to "hide" behind a pantomimed tree.)* I hid behind a tree. I didn't know whether to run for my life or greet them as friends. Like I told you, I'd never been a scout before.

*(He sees that they are smiling)*

They looked friendly. They were smiling.

*(He ventures out from behind the "tree" and waves.)*

Hello!

*(They ignore him)* I said, "Hello, there!" *(No response)*

Uh, what's that stuff you're drinking? *(No response)*

Boy, I sure am thirsty! *(No response.)*

*(He approaches the circle, offended)* I said I'm thirsty!

*(Still no response. He steps right into the middle of the circle and pleads)* Do you think I could have a drink of that stuff?

*(Instantly, all LOTUS EATERS stop and lift their hands and the "bowl" to THE MESSENGER. He considers for a moment, then takes the bowl and drinks. An expression of pure ecstasy comes over his face. He sighs in delight and sinks to the ground, "zonked." All the LOTUS EATERS begin making pleasure sounds and wriggle on the ground in blissful experience. Individual players rise out of this chorus of sounds for a moment to deliver the following speeches and then sink back and join the others.)*

THE ENCHANTRESS: I am sooooo happy!

SAILOR # 1: Happy, happy, happy, happy, happy.

SAILOR # 2: I can touch the sky.

SAILOR # 3: I'm in the sky.

SAILOR # 4: I am the sky.

THE WOMAN: I am the sky and the sky is me.

Hey, nonny, nonny and a fiddle dee dee.

DOUBTER: I am filled with light.

ENCHANTRESS: I am innocent and pure.

SAILOR # 1: Love, love, love, love, love...

SAILOR # 2: I have just passed over Mount Olympus and I'm on my way to the Milky Way!

THE WOMAN:               *(Singing to the tune of "I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande..." ) I'm on my way to the Milky Way...*

*(This is too much for the other LOTUS EATERS. They start to giggle, then to laugh, then to guffaw wildly and uncontrollably, rolling around on the ground. At this moment, THE HERO enters, approaching with caution at first, until he sees that they are harmless and are ignoring him.)*

THE HERO:                       What's so funny?

*(A pause. All the LOTUS EATERS stop laughing for an instant. They then decide that THE HERO is even funnier than what they were laughing at and burst into an even greater round of uncontrolled laughter. THE HERO spots THE MESSENGER among them.)*

THE HERO:                       You, Scout!

THE MESSENGER:               *(Begging like a dog)* Me "Scout!" *(More laughter)*

THE HERO:                       What is the matter with you?

THE MESSENGER:               *(Recognizing him)* Cap, Ol' Buddy! You want a drink?

*(Immediately, all LOTUS EATERS stop laughing and raise up their hands offering the "bowl." THE HERO looks at them all, accepts THE MESSENGER'S "bowl," sniffs it, and then dashes it to the ground—to the consternation of the LOTUS EATERS.)*

THE HERO:                       You fools! Don't you know that Truth can't be found by sniffing or sipping, in a bottle or a bowl? The only truth you can know is the truth you live every day!

### **SIDE THREE**

#### **ENCHANTRESS as Circe/The Hero/The Messenger as Hermes**

THE MESSENGER:               Paging Odysseus! Paging Odysseus! Special express message from Mount Olympus!

THE HERO:                     Here, boy, I'm Odysseus.

THE MESSENGER:             Don't call me "boy!" I'm a god!

THE HERO:                     Sorry, my mistake.

THE MESSENGER:             Well, watch it! You never know! Sign here, please.

*(THE HERO pantomimes signing a telegram. HERMES then proceeds to "sing" the telegram.)*

THE MESSENGER:             Well, if you want to go to Circe,  
  
                                      then you have to be a man.  
  
                                      And to keep it all together,  
  
                                      Then you have to see the plan.  
  
                                      Now, Zeus, the father, sent me, Hermes,  
  
                                      To give to you this charm.  
  
                                      And if you use it wisely,  
  
                                      It'll keep you out of harm.

*(THE MESSENGER pantomimes giving Odysseus a charm. Odysseus examines it, puzzled, while THE MESSENGER continues to do a soft shoe and sings to himself.)*

THE HERO:                     Wait a minute! What kind of charm is this? Why do I need a charm? How does it work?

THE MESSENGER:             You ask a lot of questions! You know that?

THE HERO:                     How else am I going to find out?

THE MESSENGER:             Keep the faith, Odysseus! If Zeus weren't interested in you, I wouldn't be here, right? Right! The charm will work if you believe in it. Anything will work if you believe in it. That's what magic is...all about! All you have to do is remember that you're a man. Not a lion, nor a pig, nor a duck-billed platypus, but a man. M-A-N,

man! There! Now, you think you can remember that?  
Good. I'll see you around. Say "hello" to Circe for me.

*(THE MESSENGER dances off. THE HERO stares at him. CIRCE steals up behind THE HERO and puts her arms around him.)*

THE HERO: Hello, Circe.

THE ENCHANTRESS: Welcome, Odysseus. Come and embrace me. Can I get you anything? How about some dark, rich, red wine?

THE HERO: How about some dark, rich, red blood, Circe? Yours!

*(He grabs her and forces her to her knees. They continue to struggle during the next sequence.)*

THE ENCHANTRESS: What are you doing?

THE HERO: Reminding myself, and you, that I am a man.

THE ENCHANTRESS: And I am a woman, Odysseus.

THE HERO: No! Once, maybe, before bitterness and rage changed you into a thing of evil. Now, give my men back to me as they were, or by all the gods on Mount Olympus, I swear I'll cut your heart out.

THE ENCHANTRESS: You would kill me?

THE HERO: Without a moment's regret.

THE ENCHANTRESS: And my beauty, is that nothing to you?

THE HERO: Only that I will have killed a beautiful demon. Now, decide! Either I win the moment, or you lose forever.

THE ENCHANTRESS: *(After a brief, final struggle)* Very well, you have won. My spells have no power over one who knows who he is. Release me and I will return your men to you.

## **SIDE FOUR**

### **The Hero/The Messenger as guide/ALL voices as Tiresias**

THE MESSENGER: Now, think of your loved ones and those still living: Penelope, your wife and Telemachus, your son. Now, think of your past and the past of your land. Think of your heroes and those who have died: Agamemnon and Achilles, Hector and Paris. See them wandering forever in the Land of the Dead. Now, in your mind's eye, see the prophet Tiresias, who combines the wisdom of intellect and the wisdom of intuition. Ask Tiresias your questions, Odysseus.

ALL: Ask your questions, Odysseus.

THE HERO: Am I really in the Land of the Dead?

THE DOUBTER: If you believe you are, you are.

THE TESTER: You are...

THE MESSENGER: If you believe.

THE HERO: And are you the oracle Tiresias? And will you tell me the truth?

THE TESTER: Truth is a point of view, Odysseus.

THE WOMAN: Where you point is what you view.

THE HERO: Will I see my home again?

THE DOUBTER: If you can, you will.

THE ENCHANTRESS: If you want to, you will.

THE TESTER: If you will, you will.

THE HERO: What must I do?

THE TESTER: What you must.

THE WOMAN: What you do.

THE HERO: But which way do I go?

THE MESSENGER: Past all those voices which would lead you astray.

ALL WOMEN: The sirens, they're called.

THE TESTER:	And if you listen to them, they will lead you to your doom.
THE ENCHANTRESS:	They will sing to you, Odysseus...
ALL WOMEN:	...offering you all the joys of the world.
THE MESSENGER:	But they are not the way home.
THE HERO:	And then?
THE TESTER:	Then, Odysseus, comes the most difficult test of all.
THE DOUBTER:	You must sail past the monster Scylla.
THE WOMAN:	And the whirlpool Charybdis.
THE HERO:	Not another monster!
ALL MEN:	The deadliest of all, Odysseus.
THE DOUBTER:	Because he has been created out of your own doubts and fears.
THE ENCHANTRESS:	He will destroy you if you let him.
ALL:	The choice is yours.
THE HERO:	And the whirlpool Charybdis?
THE WOMAN:	Dangerous as well, Odysseus, and persuasive.
THE ENCHANTRESS:	She will want you to rest...
THE TESTER:	...to give up...
THE WOMAN:	...to be lost.
THE MESSENGER:	If you can survive all these, then you will find your way home.
THE HERO:	Not an easy path to follow.
ALL:	But not impossible.
THE MESSENGER:	No path is easy if it's worth the trouble to take.
THE HERO:	Do I have a choice?
THE MESSENGER:	Sure!...



