

Joe
Nic
Dan

Working Class Gods

Apollo:
Athena:
Thor:
Nike:

Scene: Athena and Nike in the living room of their apartment. Nike is chatting on her cell phone. Athena is waiting for the call to end (she's knitting). She picks up a book from the coffee table to read and then uninterestedly tosses it back to the table. She looks exasperated while Nike finishes the call.

Nike: No, no, no, no. No. Listen to me. Are you listening to me? Good, because you need to understand this. They will take the offer Mike. The ORIGINAL offer that we made them. We are too big to negotiate. If they want to make it hostile, if they want to play hardball—then we can do that too. Tell them that they get the Nike name or they get nothing. Don't call me until we've won. (Click).

(to Athena) These mortals don't know who they're dealing with.

Athena: They used to know. They've just forgotten.

Nike: Maybe they forgot, because we let them.

Athena: Sometimes I think about going back.

Nike: Going back. Going back? People didn't forget us by choice honey. They forgot us, because we were sick of the whole thing. Face it, the modern job market for ancient deities is rapidly changing. Did you know the average god will change occupations 15 times over a period of 30 lifetimes. Krishna has that great little Indian food restaurant down on Broadway by Tower. Confucius makes those cute little fortune cookies, and we wouldn't have gotten this great place if Jesus didn't own the building

(enter Jesus) Jesus: You called?

Nike: No, nothing, Jesus. (waving Jesus away).

Athena: Yeah, I guess Apollo and I wanted to try something new. jhjk

Nike: We ALL wanted something new. And as gods, we got what we wanted. (looking at cell phone) We always do.

Athena: Maybe from them, but not always from each other.

Nike: (Throwing cell phone on table). (To Athena) Oooooohhh! I get it! It's about Apollo! I saw you the other night with Eros. He's cute!

Athena: (embarrassed) No! Well...no! It's not like that. We were just talking. About Aphrodisiacs mostly.

Nike: And Prometheus over at the coffee shop? He's straight up hot!

(Both laugh)

Athena: That's all business, I swear. No, there isn't anyone else. I'm just restless. I don't fit in here. I can't live in a culture that doesn't respect me. In Olympus I was worshiped by craftsman, weavers, and blacksmiths for centuries. Now it's 9 to 5 at Starbucks. Tips! I make over priced coffee for spare change. It's not the same.

Nike: Yeah. Not all of us have a marketable image. There's just not a consumers market in your field. (sarcastically) And now presenting the new line for craftsman and blacksmiths: Weaver wear! Just knit it.

Athena: (embarrassed) ha ha, Nike. (looking at watch) Oh! The boys will be here soon! (puts knitting down and gets up to go to kitchen)

Nike: Boys? He's not bringing that roommate of his over. He's such a meathead!

Athena: He's nice!

Nike: He's annoying and I can't understand a word he says! Always talking about "doth thou" this and slaying that. He needs to quit living in the past.

Athena: He's just exploring his heritage. It's a "Roots" kind of thing. (knock at door or sound of thunder) It's them. Can you get that? (Athena goes to kitchen)

(Nike gets up and opens door)

Nike: Hello Apollo. (curtly) Thor.

Thor: But, lo! The sun sets on this thy glorious morn! 'Tis a day fit for gods (winking at Nike) and Goddesses! Nay! Nerry a cloud to taint the heavens! For many moons, I traveled on my mighty chariot, delivering earthly booty across this glorious land.

Nike: It's not a chariot, it's a truck. And it's not earthly booty. You work for FedEx, delivering boxes.

Thor: Boxes fit for a god.

Nike: (to Apollo) So how's school? This is, what, your 14th Phd?

Apollo: Actually it's my 17th. This time I'm studying bio-medical engineering. It's fascinating how _____ tech talk?

(Athena walks in) Hi boys. (kisses Apollo and sits down with drinks for all)

Apollo: (to Athena) How was work?

Athena: Horrible! This the worst job yet. Worse than Blockbuster.

Nike: And Macy's?

Thor: And Barnes and Nobles?

Athena: Yes! It's the same rude people in the same boring coffee shop in the same stupid town! The customers are enough to make me want to sever their heads and place them on pikes in the front of the store to show all who pass what happens when you cross Athena.

Apollo: Riiiiight. Nike, how's everything with you?

Nike: Business as usual. (Nonchalantly) I'm busy acquiring the weak and leveling the strong. Opposing factions cower at my name and my power is not matched in the world. Plus my line of soaps will be out next quarter. It's been a good week.

Thor: Me thinks that soaps are a pebble of the underworld, but yet thy selection could wash the brimstone from Hades' underwear. To this, I testify. (raising his fist; thunder claps). It reminds me of the time I slew...

Athena: (grabbing Nike) Uhhh.... Will you help me in the kitchen with some...thing?

(Nike and Athena go to kitchen)

Thor: I think she likes me!

Apollo: Dude, you need to lay off the accent thing. Jesus, man! It's just creepy.

(Jesus walks in) Yeah?

Apollo: No nothing. Sorry.

Thor: But the ladies dig it! I was at that Theta sig party and I totally almost hooked up with some ancient studies chick! Man if cupid didn't have to work that night, she'd be wanting to marry me right now. (to himself) So what will it take to get that girl...What do you always say? WWZD?

Apollo: Yeah I always think "What Would Zeus Do?"

Thor: And in this case?

Apollo: I don't know, rape her and hide the son from Hera? (quickly and angrily) NO!

In walks Athena and Nike

Apollo (to Athena): Hey is Sis in his room?

Athena: Sisyphus? Hmm, I think he's at work. He's always working.

Nike: And you think your job is boring?

Athena: Yeah but my punishment is self inflicted.

Thor: A punishment fit for the gods!

Athena: You try remaking a non-fat decaf capaccinno for the 3rd time because the foam's not right. It's just not right for us to be serving the mortals

Apollo: I don't know about that, hun. I think it's our responsibility to help the humans. It's so easy for us to remember our old power, but how quickly we forget how we got there. If it wasn't for the mortals, we wouldn't even BE the legends we are today. In a way, they created us. So why shouldn't we keep helping them as before?

Nike: That's right! We do need to serve them...Serve them on a platter. We have the abilities to give them everything they need and they can give it all back to us. They sacrifice their money to pay me homage. I'm the image they wear and the symbol they recognize. Nike is a household name!

Thor: Hmm...I know that it's a cliché, but "after changes upon changes we are more or less the same."

We have a responsibility to help those with limited resources. On the one hand, since everyone left the ancient lands, we've gone further into the recesses of the mortal mind. We are mere shadow of our former selves. But on the other hand Nike is right. Nothing has changed except the method by which we deliver our message. It really makes you think. Apollo continues to aid man's pursuit of wisdom in the universities, Nike is now a global symbol for victory and the athletic warriors of the day. Your divine trappings are different, but your societal function remains unchanged. It seems that this may be part of your frustration, Athena.

(everyone looks shocked and takes a second to ponder)

Nike: That's so insightful and also the first clear thing I've heard you say.

Thor: Tis something Thor ponders whilst he replenishes the powers of his chariot.

Nike: You mean pumping gas?

Thor: (looking down embarrassed) Aye

(in walk Sisyphus looking wornout; slides keys on the table)

Athena: Hey Sis, are you ok?

Sisyphus: (plopping down on the couch): Geez I'm tired. I'm getting tired of this daily grind! It's always push the boulder up the hill, and watch it fall down. Up and down. Up and down. I'm going to get to get some water. Hey Athena, is it the end of eternity yet?

Athena: (looking at watch) Nope

Sisyphus: Well, back to work.

(Sisyphus gets up and leaves)

Athena: Jesus that guy works too much

Thor: Works like the gods!

(Jesus opens the door)

Jesus: Need help?

Everyone: No! Nothing

Nike: Man. If I was looking for the Messiah I'd move to the promised land!

(knock at door, Athena answers it)

Athena: No I'm sorry your looking for the apartment below us in 3b. (to group) That was some guy with 3 kegs. Seems there's another party tonight.

Nike: That was the biggest mistake J-E-S-U-S evermade. Letting those damn Frat kids move in. We warned him they were trouble. They always are...

Apollo: (shaking his head in shame) And they call themselves Greeks.

Apollo: By the way, what's that box for?

Athena: Oh it's a gift from Pandora. She said I couldn't open it until my birthday. (Thor leans over to look inside) Don't touch!

Thor: Fear not, fair maiden! I am a professional.

(begins shaking box violently and listening to it)

Athena: Put it down!

(struggles with Thor over box)

(music and noise starts blaring)

Apollo: What the hell is that?

Athena: Those damn Frat kids!

Thor: They know not what power lies within these walls! (thunder clap)

Nike: (getting the ax from behind the couch) well I think it's time they found out.

Apollo: (In a dark brooding tone) It begins.

(the 4 gather weapons)

Thor: (raising hammer) A fray!

Nike: (knocking on the ground) Hey you guys! Keep it down!

(the 4 start banging on the ground fade lights roll credits. Fin.)