STORY OF THE PLAY

Modern language and loads of humor make this version of the Greek tale one that today’s audience is sure to enjoy. Hercules’ girlfriend, Megara, has been poisoned by a jealous Hera and now he must complete eight tasks for Hera or lose Megara’s love forever.

The problem is, Hercules is just a human young man. It doesn’t look as if he will be performing any great feats of strength or act particularly clever. But in the end he humbles the cocky Stymphalian birds, gets the best of the shady Arcadian stag, resists the Erymanthian Bore, cleans up King Augeus’ act and gives each of the Hydra’s heads a new hairdo.

Hercules is reunited with Megara in the end, of course, since no force can resist true love for very long!
CAST OF CHARACTERS
(45 speaking parts, minimum 7 M, 14 W)

ZEUS: Head of the gods.
HERA: His second wife.
HARPIE ONE: Zeus's helper.
HARPIE TWO: Another.
HERCULES: Zeus's mortal son.
MEDUSA: With a head full of snakes.
CHORUS MEMBERS 1 - 3: They speak in rhyme.
MEGARA: Waitress at the Olympic Cafe.
NIMEAN LION: A cowardly fellow.
MOUSE: With an attitude.
STYMPHALIAN BIRDS 1 - 3: Big birds with attitudes.
ECHIMANTHIAN STAG: The best salesman in Athens.
LADIES 1 - 2: Victims of the Bore.
ERYMANTHIAN BORE: A non-stop talker.
HANNAH HESPERIDE: A teenager.
HESTER HESPERIDE: Her teenage sister.
HILLARY HESPERIDE: The youngest sister.
ATLAS: Their father who carries the world.
KING AUGEUS: A slob.
HORSES 1- 4: His horses.
QUEEN: Augeus' long-suffering wife.
ARIADNE: Consort to Hippolyta.
HIPPOLYTA: Amazon queen and aerobics instructor from hell.
GERUNDA: An Amazon guard.
CASSANDRA: Amazon who hates aerobics.
AMAZONS: Tribe of health-conscious women.
BEAUTICIAN: One busy lady.
HYDRA HEADS 1-9: Creature with a good head—er, heads on her shoulders.
DELIVERY BOY (or Girl): Brings salad fixings.
CRETAN BULL: A sophisticated date.

NOTE: Doubling is possible and more chorus members may be added. It might also be a good idea to print the poem of what Hercules must achieve (p. 15) in your program.


**SETTING**

A single representational set is all that’s needed. A ladder with a cardboard facade of a mountain at CS serves as Mt. Olympus. Zeus’ thunderbolts and snow can be stored in a pocket attached UPS side of ladder. A few clouds may also be included. At SR and SL are two pillars and a bench. These items may then be moved to various points on stage to represent different scenes.

**PROPS**

ZEUS: Glittering thunderbolts, cane, pen, binoculars or telescope, “snow.”
HERA: Small bell, list.
HARPIES: Length of fabric representing snow, small bench.
MEDUSA: Small spray perfume bottle, business card.
MEGARA: Ring.
HERCULES: Radishes, bag, helmet, gag, mask, latex gloves, broom, length of string, bottles, wire, plastic bag.
HESPERIDES: Three golden apples.
LION: Wooden stake, hammer.
MOUSE: Glasses.
ARCADIAN STAG: Two tickets, antlers.
BORE: Rope.
LADIES 1 and 2: Hospital face masks, spray perfume bottle.
ATLAS: Large globe.
KING AUGEUS: Bent pop cans, chips.
FISH: Fabric representing river.
QUEEN: Mask.
ARIADNE: Shield and sword.
HIPPOLYTA: “Power” belt.
GERUNDA: Spear.
DELIVERY BOY: Large salad.
BULL: Bell.

**SOUND EFFECTS**

Thunder, knocking, rushing water, bouncy aerobic music, etc.
ACT I

(AT RISE: The stage is empty. But after a moment, ZEUS races on SL, looks about nervously.)

ZEUS: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I must find someplace to—(HE moves to ladder.) Of course! She’ll never be able to reach me at the top of Mt. Olympus! (HE climbs the ladder almost to the top.)
HERA: (Off SL) Zeus! You low-down, measly worm!
ZEUS: Too bad I still have to hear her!

(HERA storms on SL.)

HERA: Where is he?! I don’t care if he is the top banana! He’s not going to make a monkey out of me! Zeus?!(SHE spies ZEUS on the ladder.) So THERE you are!
ZEUS: Hello, Hera honey.
HERA: Don’t you “Hera honey” me! Get down off that mountain and take your medicine like a man!
ZEUS: (Pouting) No!
HERA: Zeus!
ZEUS: I’m NOT a man! I’m a god—who doesn’t need any medicine.
HERA: Then I’m coming up to get you!
ZEUS: You wouldn’t dare!
HERA: Oh, wouldn’t I?
ZEUS: My Harpies won’t let you up here! The top of Mt. Olympus is my spot. No mortals, no other gods are allowed. So there!
HERA: I’ll take care of your Harpies. And when I get my hands on you, there won’t be enough of you to turn into ashes!
ZEUS: You DARE threaten Zeus, honey-bunch?
HERA: I’m coming, Zeus! Get your thunderbolts ready!
ZEUS: I’ve got plenty of ‘em! (HE pulls glittering thunderbolts from pocket on ladder.)
HERA: And they don’t scare me! (SHE mounts a step.) Ha! You see? You’re just bluffing! There AREN’T any Harpies! (SHE mounts another step.) Hahahahah!

(HARPIES step out from behind the ladder.)

HARPIE ONE: Yo, Joe! You see what I see?
HARPIE TWO: Yeah, Mack! Some dame tryin’ to get to the top.
HARPIE ONE: Ain’t no place for a dame!
HERA: You chauvinist!
HARPIE TWO: Ain’t nice to call names, lady.
HARPIE ONE: Now, get down outta there or we’re gonna have to get tough!
HERA: How tough’s tough?
HARPIE TWO: Whatdaya say, Joe? A pillar of salt?
HARPIE ONE: Yeah, Mack, it’d serve her right!
HERA: What do you mean, pillar of salt?
HARPIE TWO: We snap our fingers and that’s just what you’ll be.
HARPIE ONE: ‘Course the cows ’n pigs ’n such will lick you down to size in no time.
HERA: That’s disgusting!
HARPIE TWO: Then get down to earth.
HERA: But I am Zeus’s wife! He needs me!
HARPIE ONE: That true, Zeus?
ZEUS: Well, now, I really was looking for a bit of time to myself.
HERA: Is that so?! Well, you’re either going to face the music now or later. And you’ll eventually HAVE to come down out of those clouds!
ZEUS: Buttercup, I just don’t understand why you’re so angry.
HERA: You don’t, do you? Look up at the sky!
ZEUS: What about it?
HERA: You like what you see?
ZEUS: Very nice. Stars everywhere.
HARPIE ONE: And there goes a comet!
HARPIE TWO: You sure that wasn’t a 747?
ZEUS: What’s a 747?
HARPIE TWO: Haven’t been invented yet, you laurel leaf.
   But when they are, you’ll be able to make a much faster
getaway than this!
HERA: You threw some new stars up there this morning,
didn’t you?
ZEUS: Yes, aren’t they beautiful? I call it—Hercules...Uh
   oh.
HERA: Uh oh! Is that ALL you can say? Uh oh?
ZEUS: Well, Hera, honey, I know I promised to name the
   next constellation after you, but—
HERA: But what?!
ZEUS: I thought Hercules needed the boost a bit.
HERA: The BOOST?! I’d like to boost him up to Mars!
ZEUS: I already asked Mars and he wouldn’t have him.
HERA: That boy of yours is a worthless, idiotic, brainless—
ZEUS: He’s going to be one of the greatest heroes the
   world has ever seen! And someday he’ll sit up on
   Olympus with all the gods.
HERA: I hate to say it, Zeus, but Hercules is about as mortal
   as a mortal can get.
HARPIE ONE: Yeah...you remember the time that you took
   him hunting?
HARPIE TWO: The only thing he caught was the
   chickenpox!
ZEUS: I must admit that was a pretty fowl experience.
HARPIE ONE: Or the time you were going to train him to
   throw thunderbolts?
HARPIE TWO: They’re still trying to rebuild the part of
   Athens he struck.
ZEUS: Yes, a lesser being would have found that
   experience enlightening. But I still have hope for the boy!
HERA: He’s not a boy! He’s a man! Using the term loosely,
of course.
HARPIE ONE: You know, boss, she’s got a point.
HARPIE TWO: The kid just doesn’t got what it takes.
ZEUS: Begone, Harpie!
HARPIE ONE: A fine howdeedo. Offer some constructive
criticism...
End of Freeview

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