

# My Life as a Cow

a one-act comedy

by

Sharon Sassone

Zeus is besotted with lust for the beautiful Princess Io, but his wife, the majestic Hera, suspects another of his frequent infidelities and comes to investigate. Nearly caught red-handed, Zeus changes Io into a lovely white heifer and sets her on a hilarious adventure fit only for a farce in the ancient Greek tradition.

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# Characters

for  
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**Zeus**, *loud-thundering, philandering king of the immortals*

**Hera**, stunningly-beautiful, desperately-suspicious, wife of Zeus

**Princess Io**, beautiful, young virginal daughter of the River God, Inachus

**Eileithyia**, Zeus' and Hera's daughter, Goddess of Childbirth

**Hermes**, Zeus' wild and musically-gifted son by one of his many mistresses, Maia

**The Chorus**, 3 men and 3 women, who also double and triple play:

- **Hermes' Friends**
- **Argus Panoptes**, one-hundred-eyed giant, devoted servant to Hera
- **Inachus**, Io's elderly father, the River God
- **Prometheus**, of the Prometheus Bound poem by Aeschylus
- **A Farmer and his Wife**
- **Egyptian Isis Worshippers**
- **Pharaoh Telegorus**—Ruler of Egypt

# *My Life as a Cow*

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*Scene One.*

*Beautiful-but-stern HERA, Queen of Mount Olympus, sits on her golden throne, next to the empty throne of Zeus. Hera is being fanned by a group HANDMAIDENS and MANSERVANTS who comprise the CHORUS.*

Chorus

Let us sing now of Hera, the woman's goddess,  
Beloved wife of Zeus. She who rules from her  
throne of gold. Let us sing now of the Queen of Gods.  
Let us sing now of the most beautiful goddess.  
There is no one more beloved than you, womanly Hera,  
No one we honor more.

Hera

I'm bored. *(To a handmaiden)* Bring me something to  
surprise and amuse me.

Handmaiden

What is your wish, my queen?

Hera

If I knew that, it wouldn't be a surprise, now would it?

*Behind Hera's back, the handmaiden rolls her eyes to the other servants, who knowingly roll their eyes too. The handmaiden exits. The rest of them resume fawning over Hera.*

*Enter EILEITHYIA, Goddess of Childbirth and Hera's daughter. Eileithyia is carrying a newborn baby. The Chorus speaks with a little less enthusiasm.*

Chorus

Hail, Goddess of Childbirth, Eileithyia, venerable  
power, daughter of the golden goddess, Hera, maid  
to the sacred caves of Crete, and mistress of the  
sharp sorrow and bitter birth pangs of women in labor.

Hera

Not another one, Eileithyia. You can't keep bringing them up here. We have more handmaidens than we know what to do with. Take her back to her mother.

Eileithyia

*(sheepishly)* I can't.

Hera

Eileithyia! You didn't let another one die, did you? You're the Goddess of Childbirth, for Heaven's sake! Those mortals send you some very nice burnt offerings and the least you could do is pay a little more attention and let a few more live when they're giving birth.

Eileithyia

Sorry, Mother, she was in labor for hours and I got distracted. I only turned away for a few moments and, wham, like that, she was dead. I felt so bad—she left twelve other children.

Hera

You're getting very careless.

Eileithyia

It's so exhausting. Women are having babies constantly. How long again until birth control is invented?

Hera

Not for thousands of years yet. Get used to it. You wanted to be Goddess of Childbirth.

Eileithyia

I wanted to be a goddess—not necessarily of childbirth!

Hera

You badgered me into giving you this position despite my fears that you were my daughter and it looked like nepotism. Now take that baby back down and raise its mother from the dead.

Eileithyia

That will look a little odd, won't it? Her husband and her children are all down there sobbing their hearts out.

Hera

Send something to distract them while she's waking up—a storm—better still, an eclipse of the sun. Mortals are easily

impressed with an eclipse. They'll believe something magical happened and she wasn't dead after all.

Eileithya

Oddly enough, that's what distracted me. Something like an eclipse, only not the moon blotting out the sun but clouds—many, many clouds. It made for a very long night.

Hera

*(Hera springs up angrily.)* “A Long Night?”

Eileithya

Clouds everywhere. Darkness reigning. I couldn't draw my eyes away...that's when the mother died....

Hera

Is it still night down there?

Eileithya

Yes. What's wrong, Mother?

Hera

What's wrong? Unless I'm wrong, I'm being wronged! Three hundred years of marriage, that's what's wrong. Three hundred years of my being the model of patience, the soul of fidelity, the provider of tenderness and hot dinners...and for whom? The most low-down, despicable, lying, cheating, unfaithful...

Eileithya

Oh—Father.

Hera

Yes, your father! How many more of these “long nights” must I put up with? Am I not gorgeous? Am I not enough? Why must he debase himself and me by going down to earth and copulating with every female he encounters?

Eileithya

You shouldn't have married him. You knew how he was.

Hera

I thought he would change. He was my brother—

Eileithya

Yeaaaah—that never really felt good to me, Mom—

Hera

It was different in those days. He fell in love with me and pursued me obsessively, despite my attempts to flee. He followed me to Crete where he changed himself into a cuckoo bird and came to me, nearly drowned and shivering,

Eileithyia

Ohhh...everyone knows how you love birds—

Hera

—exactly, so when I saw this poor, shaking bird, I took compassion and put the poor thing to my bosom to warm it. He sprang back into his body and ravaged me! And ravaged me...and ravaged me....

Eileithyia

Ummmm...

Hera

After that, well, what else was there to do except marry him?

Eileithyia

It sounds so romantic.

Hera

It was for the first hundred years, but then that old “He ravaged me so he must love me” bunk wore thin—especially when he was ravaging half of the human race too!

Eileithyia

Look on the bright side. I was born from that union, as were Ares, Hephaestus, and Hebe.

Hera

And you four were enough, believe me. I’ve never procreated with Zeus since he started flaunting all his bastard children in my face. Now when I want a child, I impregnate myself. I make sure of that.

Eileithyia

I’ve been meaning to ask you, Mother—just exactly how do you do that?

Hera

I touch lettuce. That’s all it takes.

Eileithyia

Touch lettuce? Surprisingly simple. I must be careful in the vegetable garden.

Hera

Only I, Queen of Mount Olympus, can impregnate myself!

Eileithyia

I've heard that Aphrodite can do it.

Hera

Aphrodite—that bastard daughter of Zeus! You of all people should despise her! You are Zeus' legitimate daughter!

Eileithyia

Er...I meant...It's said Aphrodite can't do it! Can't! She's just a stupid old goddess who can't do anything! Of course I hate her! That Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, she's such a tramp!

Hera

Exactly.

Eileithyia

I wonder what it's like to be the Goddess of Love...er...I mean... I'd better get this baby back to its mother before they bury her.

*(She exits.)*

Chorus

Farewell, Eileithyia, Goddess of Childbirth, daughter of...

Hera

Enough. She's gone already. *(To a handmaiden)* Fetch me my ceremonial crown, *(to another)* you, my most beguiling gown. *(to another)* And my bejeweled fan of cuckoo's feathers. *(To another)* Prepare my perfume of passion flowers, *(to another)* and, you, bring my cache of sunbeams and sprinkle me liberally. If Zeus has created a long night on earth, I will be the sun and the moon and the stars to guide my philandering husband home to me.

*Black*

Scene Two.

*It is dark but a few shrubs can be made out to show that it is Earth. The definite sounds of lovemaking can be heard—growing louder and louder. A man and a woman can be vaguely seen. It is apparent that it is the man—who is the great God ZEUS—who is having all the fun.*

Zeus

Oh, Me...oh Me...OH ME, OH ME, OH ME!!!!!!!

*His lust sated, Zeus sits up and releases his partner—a young, beautiful, virginal (well, up till then) PRINCESS IO. She is very indignant.*

Io

Well...really, Zeus...I was saving myself for marriage!  
Nobody wants to marry a deflowered princess!

Zeus

I couldn't control myself, Io. When I saw your stunning beauty, I said to myself, "She deserves Me!"

Io

It is common knowledge that many girls have deserved you. Why, I can name Leda and Europa, Semele, Danae, Themis, Leto, Ganymede...

Zeus

I am the God of Gods, after all. But I swear you are the most beautiful I've ever loved, Io.

*She sits dejectedly on a rock, putting her wreath of flowers back on her head.*

Io

Well, I'm ruined. You stole my honor. No man's going to marry me now, princess or no princess.

Zeus

It is an honor to be deflowered by the Great God Zeus—Ruler of the Upper and Lower worlds...

Io

Yeah, yeah, yeah, it wasn't that big a deal. I actually thought there'd be more to it.

Zeus

I was a little tired, Io. I was throwing thunderbolts at some Trojan ships for forty days and—you know—that can get very exhausting. I'll make it up to you next time. I'll make the Earth move—literally. You'll be calling out my name too.

Io

Ummm.

Zeus  
What was that?

Io  
What?

Zeus  
That! Someone's coming...someone!

Io  
I don't hear...

*Zeus points his thunderbolt at Io and she falls backward off the rock.*

Hera (O.S.)  
Is that you, Zeusie?

*Zeus restores the daylight hurriedly. There is a beautiful WHITE COW where Io used to be. It is Io, her wreath of flowers around her neck now instead of on her head! Hera enters resplendent in her finest outfit.*

Zeus  
Good morning, dearest! My, but you look gorgeous!

Hera  
It is not morning, my love. It is afternoon. What is that?

Zeus  
That? That? Uh, that's a cow, my sweet.

Hera  
I can see it's a cow. Why is it here? Or better yet—why are you here?

Zeus  
I was simply enjoying the morning air.

Hera  
I said it's not morning. It's afternoon. She's a very pretty cow.

Zeus  
Really? I hadn't noticed.

Io  
Moo.

Hera

Very lovely eyes.

Zeus

The loveliness of your eyes, darling, are legendary.

Hera

Very white hide.

Zeus

It could never rival the creaminess of your milk-white skin.

Hera

Hmmmmm.

Io

Moo.

Zeus

Yes? Did you say something, my love?

Hera

It was that cow.

Zeus

Oh, that cow? Is it still here?

Hera

Zeus, my husband, my warrior, my stead?

Zeus

Yes, my turtledove?

Hera

I would have a favor.

Zeus

You have only to name it, my beauty!

Hera

I would have this charming cow to put in my orchard of golden apples so that I may gaze at her comeliness in moments of boredom and be cheered by her sweet face.

Zeus

An ordinary cow? Wouldn't you rather have another rare monkey for your amusement—one of those enormous hairy ones that can rip mortals apart so easily—you've always enjoyed that so.

Hera

No, thank you.

Zeus

A dragon! A dragon would be amusing! You could send it to burn down a whole village and...

Hera

I had many dragons when I was a child growing up in Arcadia. I outgrew such things. A bucolic heifer will add to the beauty of my orchard of golden apples.

Zeus

*(under his breath)* Your orchard of golden apples.

Hera

What did you say, my love?

Zeus

A minor point, my darling, but they really are our golden apples, my sweet.

Hera

The Goddess Gaea gave the golden apple tree to me at our wedding feast.

Zeus

Exactly, OUR wedding feast.

Hera

The golden apple tree was a wedding present to me.

Zeus

How can a wedding present be just for the bride? It's for the couple, Hera, the bride and groom!

Hera

She gave the tree to me, Zeus. After three hundred years you're still sore about that, aren't you?

Zeus

I only meant...we should share....

Hera

You just don't want me to have anything of my own, do you? All I asked for was one stupid old heifer and you have a cow over it!

Zeus

Forgive me, my rare orchid; your wish is my command.

Hera

Good. Say goodbye to your little friend, then.

Zeus

She's not my friend. She sprang out of the ground, moments before you arrived. I know nothing about this cow.

Hera

Indeed. Who put the flowers around her neck?

Zeus

Certainly not I, my love.

Hera

*(Taking the cow's bridle)* Come along, cow.

Io

Mooooo.

Hera

Does she have a name?

Zeus

Hera, I swear I have never seen this cow before.

Hera

Well, if you swear, my dear heart, you may kiss my cheek. *(He does but lingers too long, and his hand reaches for her breast.)* Enough. Goodbye, then.

Zeus

Goodbye, my sun and moon and stars.

Io  
*(Looking back at Zeus for rescue.)* Mooooo!

*Hera and Io—in the form of the cow—exit.*

Zeus  
 You'd think after being married to me for three hundred years, she'd understand that I have needs.

*Black.*

Scene Three.

*Zeus sits on his majestic throne on Mount Olympus surrounded by the Chorus. He is throwing thunderbolts down on mortals, a pastime that usually cheers him, but his heart is not in it today.*

Chorus  
 We will sing of Zeus, chiefest among the gods and greatest, all-seeing, the lord of all, the fulfiller who whispers words of wisdom to the goddess as she sits leaning towards him. Be gracious, all-seeing Son of Cronos, most excellent and great!

Zeus  
 That reminds me, I should give dad a call one of these days.

A Chorus Member  
 Kudos, oh, Great One! You sank that ship in one shot—no survivors!

Chorus  
 Kudos, oh, Great One! You...

Zeus  
 It's no use trying to cheer me up. Be gone. All of you.

*The Chorus is leaving as Hera enters. They stop and hurriedly begin a hymn to her. They clearly are getting tired of singing out hymns every time Zeus or Hera appear.*

Chorus  
 Hail, Hera, most glorious and and great of the immortals, Goddess of Marriage...

Hera  
 Don't remind me. Be gone.

*Hera goes to her husband and greets him lovingly. She extends her hand and allows Zeus to kiss it, then sits on her throne beside him.*

Hera

Cherished husband, how goes it with you?

Zeus

Never better, my angel. And you?

Hera

Never more contented, my darling, now that I have the magnificent gift you gave me to enjoy.

Zeus

You mean Persia?

Hera

No, no, I don't mean Persia—although I do love Persia. I thank you for that.

Zeus

The hanging gardens of Babylon?

Hera

Oh, the hanging gardens are exquisite. It must have taken centuries to grow them so high— I especially like the topiaries shaped like cranes—but, no, I don't mean the hanging gardens. One of your simpler, but nonetheless appreciated gifts, my dearest.

Zeus

Bull.

Hera

What?

Zeus

The bull from Crete, I meant.

Hera

Oh, the Minotaur. Quite a conversation starter at my salons, but, no, not the Minotaur. Yet something equally bovine. I mean the little heifer. Your cow.

Zeus

She is not "my cow." What have you done with her?

Hera

She's well cared for and protected in my orchard of golden apples. Argus is guarding her to protect her from anyone who might attempt to...molest...her.

Zeus

Argus! The monster?

Hera

Well, yes, I've only got one monster and Argus is it. I instructed him to keep all one hundred of his eyes on the cow.

Zeus

How can you trust that freak of nature—one hundred eyes all over his body?

Hera

You mustn't judge a book by its cover. He's really very sweet once you get to know him. And he'd kill for me. He has on many occasions.

Zeus

I must go.

Hera

So soon? But I've had all your favorite foods prepared for your dinner tonight.

Zeus

Keep it warm for me.

Hera

That's all I do is keep your dinner warm for you! I don't know why I bother! Was ever a wife so underappreciated? I don't know why you even bothered to stalk me and ravish me and force me to marry you! Sometimes I think you don't love me anymore.

Zeus

There is no one but you, my turtle dove. But I have important business I must tend to, so I will have to work late tonight. I promise I will return to you as soon as I am able. *(He kisses her hand.)* Goodbye, my rose of roses.

*Zeus exits and Hera sulks for a moment, then claps her hands. A handmaiden appears.*

Handmaiden  
What is your wish, oh Majesty?

Hera  
Ice cream.

*Black.*

Scene Four.

*HERMES, Zeus' wild son by a previous liaison, is surrounded by FRIENDS—who just happen to be the Chorus—all lounging with booze and marijuana joints as Hermes strums his lyre and animatedly tells a story.*

Hermes  
...but 'er I looked into her heart and found it beating  
not for me but for another, why livest I when my  
love shall be unrequited...

*Zeus enters with the authority of a king. The Chorus springs up to attention. They are clearly stoned and hail him accordingly, trying to hide their joints.*

Chorus  
Hail, Zeus, the First Cause of Nature, giver of all, who  
rules all things. The whole universe, spinning—spinning—  
spinning, man—around. The Earth, goes wherever you lead  
it and is willingly guided by you...

Zeus  
Get back to work. *(They rush offstage, groveling, stumbling)*  
Greetings, Hermes!

Hermes  
Boy, you sure know how to clear a room, Dad.

Zeus  
I don't like you hanging around with the help. I've told  
you that before.

Hermes  
Did you come here to ruin my weekend, Dad? I told you  
before I've got to choose my own friends!

Zeus  
No, no, son, that's not why I'm here. I've got a job for you.

Hermes

Aw, Dad, you know I don't want to take over any of your businesses. I'm not like you; I want to do my own thing!

Zeus

This isn't about taking over any of my businesses, although would it kill you to show a little interest? You spend the drachmas easily enough but you don't care how I have to... anyway...I just want you to do a favor for me.

Hermes

Oh, jeez, what is it?

Zeus

Never mind. If it's too much trouble for you to do your own father a favor....

Hermes

Sorry, Dad, come on, what is it? Really. What can I do for you?

Zeus

Just kill Argus Panoptes.

Hermes

Kill Argus! The hundred-eyed monster?

Zeus

Yes.

Hermes

Well, why didn't you say so? Man, this is going to be cool!

Zeus

Thanks, son, I knew I could count on you.

Hermes

Can I ask why or is it something personal?

Zeus

It is something personal, but, well, you're old enough now...let's just say he's guarding a certain bovine that your father is particularly fond of.

Hermes

You're into cows, Dad?

Zeus

It's Princess Io. She got changed into a cow...well...I sort of changed her...but with good reason. Trust me on this one, son.

Hermes

You got it, Dad. Where's Argus guarding her?

Zeus

In the orchard of golden apples.

Hermes

In Hera's orchard!

Zeus

It's my orchard, too—

Hermes

If I set foot in Hera's orchard—you know how she hates me, Dad, seeing as how I'm her illegitimate stepson and all.

Zeus

I know, son. Maybe I shouldn't have asked you to...

Hermes

Are you kidding? I've been waiting to get my revenge on that bitch. No offense, Dad. I know she's your wife.

Zeus

No offense, son. The truth is the truth.

Hermes

Kill Argus and all one hundred of his beady little eyes, right in Hera's own orchard of golden apples? Whew, this is going to take some thinking.

Zeus

You've always been cunning, Hermes. I've seen you kill dozens of mortals. I'm sure you're up to killing a monster now.

Hermes

Thanks for the confidence, Dad. Consider Argus dead.

Zeus

You always were a good boy.

Hermes

Just remember that the next time you catch me at an orgy with the Furies.

*They laugh remembering that event in the past.*

Zeus

You got me there, son. *(They hug.)* I'll be going. Don't be a stranger. Come around more often. *(Zeus exits.)*

Hermes

Oh, man, I always hoped it would be like this—the first time killing for my father! It doesn't get much better than this!

*Black*

Scene Five

*ARGUS PANOPTES lies watching the white cow, Io, in the orchard of golden apples. Since he has one hundred eyes, he can close some of them for sleep while keeping others of them open.*

Io

Moooooooo. Moo. Moo? Moooo. Moooo-moo.

Argus

You are the talkingest cow I ever did see. And yet I can't understand a word you're saying.

Io

Moooooooooooooooooooo!

Argus

Oh, for some company—company that says something more than “Moo!” Go eat your cud over there, away from me.

*She moves away. An old man, played by a Chorus member with a long beard and staff, enters. Io recognizes him immediately as her father, the River God INACHUS, but he, of course, does not recognize his daughter. She desperately tries to get his attention.*

Inachus

I have searched the world over for my missing daughter, Io. Woe is me. Where could she be?

Io

Moo-Moo! *(In rhythm to “Father!”)* Moo-Moo!

Inachus

Hello, little cow. You're a friendly one.

Io

Moo-Moo! Moo Moo, Moo-o! *(She nuzzles him pitifully.)* Moooooo.

Inachus

Aw, you must be lonely. *(He pets her kindly.)*  
What a nice little cow.

Io

Moooooo.

*He gives her some grass to eat. She licks his hand, then tries to kiss his lips.*

Inachus

Whoa! I don't feel that sorry for you! Well,  
I guess I'd better keep going. In search of my...

*In desperation, Io spells out her name in the dirt with her hoof.*

Io

Moo-o! *(She begins to cry.)*

Inachus

What is this? What are you spelling? I? O? Io! Yes,  
that's her name. Io.

Io

Moooooooo!

*Through a series of pantomimes, she reveals to her father that she is his daughter.*

Inachus

My beloved daughter, is it you? I have searched the whole  
world over, my heart utterly broken, but finding you thus—as  
a cow—is a greater grief! You cannot answer in words. Sobs  
and sighs are enough and groans that are much like mooing.

Io

Moooooooooooooooooooooo.

Inachus

I'd hoped one day to prepare a wedding for you and hoped  
for a son-in-law. Must I look to the barn for such a one?

Will my grandchildren someday join the herd in the meadow?  
Such great grief commends death to mortal men, but I, the  
River God, cannot look for relief even through that dark door.  
My pain will continue forever, unabated and unrelenting,  
immortal as I am!

*Io pantomimes "You? What about me?"*

Io  
Moo? Moo moo-moo moo?

Argus  
Come away from that old man, foolish cow!

Inachus  
Alas, I must return to the river and ponder this  
sadness in my life.

*Io tries to block him from leaving without her.*

Argus  
Let the old man go in peace. *(Inachus exits sadly.)*

Io  
Moo-moo! Moo! Moooo! Mooooooooo!!!!

Argus  
Oh, do be quiet, cow.

*Enter Hermes with his lyre.*

Hermes  
Greetings, Argus! Remember me?

Argus  
Zeus's boy. To what do I owe the honor, Hermes?

Io  
*(Trying to make Hermes recognize her.)* Moo! Moo!

Hermes  
Just passing through. Thought I'd sit for a spell, that is, if  
you don't mind.

Argus  
I welcome your company. It's very lonely here.

Hermes  
Why sit here then?

Argus  
I got to keep my eyes on her.

Hermes  
Who?

Argus  
That. That cow. Your stepmother told me to watch her.

Hermes  
Why?

Argus  
She didn't tell me.

Hermes  
She kind of keeps you out of the loop, doesn't she?

Argus  
You're right.

Hermes  
I mean, she could at least tell you WHY you're babysitting a cow.

Argus  
A simple explanation—would that be too much to ask for?

Hermes  
That's Hera. Queen Bitch. Oh, sorry, I forgot you like her.

Argus  
I can see your point—between you and me.

Hermes  
Of course. She's a pretty thing.

Argus  
Hera?

Hermes  
No—the cow.

Io

*(Modestly)* Moooooo!

Argus

You wouldn't think so if you'd been looking at her as for long as I have. After a while, you've see one cow, you've seen them all.

Io

*(Indignantly)* Moo!

Hermes

I could play for you to break your boredom, Argus.

Argus

Yes, play for me!

*Hermes plays a hypnotic song on his lyre. Argus's many eyes begin to close.*

Io

*(lullabying)* Mooooooo.

Argus

I can't keep my eyes open, your music is so soothing. But I am charged to watch the cow. Tell me a story, Hermes, to keep me awake.

*Hermes begins telling a story in a hypnotic, slow monotone voice.*

Hermes

Gladly. Once in Arcadia's mountains on a hill they call Nanacrio, there lived a pretty nymph whom all the gallant adored. Her name was Syrina. Over and over she'd barely escaped from satyre and even gods who had set their sights on her beauty.

*Argus humorously tries to fight sleep, battling to keep one batch of eyes open after another.*

Hermes (cont'd)

She preferred Diana's chaste kind of life and dressed herself to look—at least from a distance—just like the goddess. The telltale difference was that bow was of horn instead of gold. I remember I had a little bow of horn when I was a child. It's lovely to think of our childhoods, isn't it? Well, one day on his way home of Mount Lycaeus Pan, with his head crowned with jaunty springs of pine—you

know how Pan loves to decorate himself—Pan encounters  
the nymph...

*Finally Argus succumbs and falls fast asleep. Io, joyously, tries to get Hermes' attention.*

Io

Mooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!

Hermes

I know it's you, Princess Io. I'll be with you in  
just a moment.

*He takes out his sword and deftly slices off Argus' head. Io had not been expecting this bloody turn-of-events. She is surprised and disgusted.*

Io

Ew, moooooooo!

Hermes

Now, Princess, you're free to go.

Io

Moo?

Hermes

Yes, go. My father sent me to free you.

Io

Moo moo moo moo moo moo moo moo moo moo moo?

Hermes

No, he didn't give me any magic to change you back. Sorry.

Io

Moo moo-moo? [*You're sorry?*]

Hermes

Look on the bright side. At least you're free. Get going now.

Io

Moo?

Hermes

Anywhere—now shoo! Shoo!

Io  
 Moooo. (*Io wanders off stage reluctantly.*)

Hermes  
 Dad's going to be so proud. Man, is Hera going to be pissed. Her big ole' monster with his head chopped off. I think I'll take all of Argus' eyes back to her in a box just to rub it in a little more. Man, I can't wait to see that bitch's face!

*Black.*

Scene Six.

*Zeus and Hera are sitting on their thrones. Zeus is throwing down thunderbolts like a little boy, and Hera—along with the Chorus—are trying to humor him.*

Zeus  
 Bull's eye! Another one! I got another one!

Hera  
 Your strength is awe-inspiring, my stallion.

Chorus  
 Oh, Great, Supremely-Sacred Zeus, you were, you are, you will always be. You are thunder. You are bright day, rain, wind, and dew. You are Mother Earth...

Hera  
 I am Mother Earth!

Zeus  
 I am the progenitor of the Heavens and the Earth, my love, and only by marrying me did you become the Supreme Goddess—a greatness, of course, for which you, and you alone, were destined, my beloved—but...

Hera  
 We were born of the same parents, my prescious, and my supremacy comes from our great father, Cronos, not merely from my brother...

Zeus  
 If I hadn't married you, you'd be nothing.

Hera  
 You mean if you hadn't stalked me and raped—

Zeus  
—darling, darling, peace! Don't hang our dirty  
laundry in front of the you-know-who's.

*The Chorus looks away awkwardly.*

Hera  
(*To the Chorus*) Continue your hymn to Zeus.

Chorus  
Oh, Great Zeus, "Father" to us all...(*They look to  
Hera for approval*) Lord of the towering mountains,  
the roaring sea, you are law, civil rights, privacy and  
property. You are landmarks, and boundaries.  
Protector of sweet marriage...

Hera  
Now, really, am I not the Goddess of Marriage?

Zeus  
(*To Chorus*) Shut up, all of you morons.

*Hermes enters, carrying a large box. He gives the Chorus a discreet little wave of his  
hand to show that they're his friends. The Chorus tries to return the intimacy, but they  
are afraid of Zeus and Hera. They sing out their hymn to him with gusto.*

Chorus  
Hail, Hermes, Lord of Cyllene and Arcadia,  
luck-bringing messenger of the immortals,  
beloved son of Zeus and Maia...(*They realize  
their indiscretion as Hera stiffens.*) Ah...er...  
beloved stepson of Hera, golden goddess...

Hera  
Oh, shut up.

Zeus  
Welcome, Hermes.

Hermes  
Hail, dearest parents. I come with tragic tidings.

Zeus  
Oh, no—what?

Hermes  
Someone has slain Argus Panoptes.

Hera  
No!

Hermes  
His head was severed and his hundred eyes  
cut out of his head and body...

Chorus  
Ewww.

Hermes  
...and placed in this box.

Hera  
Who did that?

Hermes  
I know not, dearest stepmother. The box was  
left anonymously on my doorstep.

Hera  
Husband...

Zeus  
Huh?

Hera  
You sit there quietly when you should be raining  
thunderbolts down on the son-of-a-whore who did this!

Zeus  
Er, but who, my dear, who?

Hera  
Who, indeed? We will find out. Let me see that box.

*She opens it. Zeus and the Chorus sicken. Hera does not flinch and takes a good long look.*

Hera  
Oh, infamy of infamy!

Chorus

Oh, infamy of infamy! The one hundred eyes of  
this noble giant defiled with copious gout of blood!  
The light of one hundred eyes distinguished, replaced  
by the single darkness to which the universe tends.

Zeus

Shut the box, dear.

*Hera slams the lid down and holds it out to a Handmaiden in the Chorus.*

Hera

Take this. I want you to sew these eyes on the  
tails of my pet peacocks so that my beloved  
Argus will be remembered forever.

Handmaiden

Me? Alone, Mistress?

*The Chorus looks stunned.*

Hera

Of course not, you idiot. All of you. Be off,  
all of you, and complete your task.

*The Handmaiden takes the box with a horrified look on her face. The rest of the Chorus follows her offstage unhappily. There is an awkward silence between Hera, Zeus, and Hermes. Finally, Hermes speaks.*

Hermes

Ah, so, how have you been, Father?

Zeus

Fine, fine.

Hera

Fine? My giant's been murdered and you're fine?

Zeus

Up until now, of course. Let's all throw some lightning  
bolts, darling. It always helps me when I'm down—

Hermes

—especially when you aim at a hospital, or a school!

Hera  
I am inconsolable.

Zeus  
Here. Aim this one at Bellerophon down there.  
You hate him, my love.

Hera  
He's a meddling mortal who dares to think he  
can ride Pegasus up here to Mount Olympus.  
Your stepsister gave him a golden bridle so he  
could ride Pegasus.

Hermes  
Athena? Why would she do that, Dad?

*Zeus motions Hermes to be quiet so he won't further upset Hera.*

Zeus  
I don't know what Athena does anymore. You  
know I don't keep in touch with your stepsister.

Hermes  
It's been a while since I threw a thunderbolt, Dad.  
Remember you used to let me slay the Phoenicians  
with these things when I was little?

Zeus  
Ah, good times. I don't know why we ever got  
away from doing fun things like that. Here. Throw  
this one to cheer Hera up. Hold your arm straighter,  
son...there...ready...aim...fire!

Hermes  
I got 'em!

Zeus  
Great shot, son!

Hera  
You hit the winged horse, not Bellerophon. He's still  
holding on.

Hermes  
Is he crazy? Mortals can't come to Mount Olympus.

Hera  
Unless, of course, they're brought here by a god.

Hermes  
That Bellerophon fellow is almost here, Dad!

Hera  
How are you going to stop him, my dear?  
Pegasus is too adept at dodging thunderbolts.

Zeus  
I don't want to hurt Pegasus—you don't find a winged horse everyday. Hmmm. Let me think.

Hermes  
Do it fast, Dad, he's gaining on us.

Zeus  
I've got it!

*He snaps his fingers and something small forms in his hand. He whispers into his fist and then throws the thing down.*

Hermes  
What was that?

Zeus  
A gadfly.

Hermes  
A fly?

Zeus  
Yes.

Hermes  
Just a fly?

Zeus  
A big, ferocious gadfly. I've ordered it to bite Pegasus.

Hera  
A fly bite? That was the best you could do?

Hermes  
It got him, Dad! Bit him in the rump! Look at Pegasus

bolt! Bellerophon is falling to Earth!

Zeus

Let him fall.

Hera

We'll see if your precious Athena helps him now.

Hermes

Pegasus is still coming up here, Dad.

Zeus

Let him come. It's not his fault that Bellerophon captured him with the golden bridle.

Hera

No, it was Athena's fault, your sweet little daughter's. I'm so sick of your bastard children...

Zeus

Please, dear, every family has its little problems. Why don't you go lie down while Hermes and I say hello to Pegasus?

*(They exit.)*

Hera

Kill my Argus, will you? And think nothing of it? Just play with your thunderbolts and your flying horses and your gadflies? *(She has an idea.)* A gadfly, huh? A big, ferocious, gadfly? Well, two can play at that game.

*Hera snaps her fingers and creates a gadfly just as Zeus had done.*

Hera (cont'd)

Go, evil gadfly, pestilent insect. Attach yourself to Io, the white heifer, who now roams around Greece freely since Argus's murder. Plague her. Hound her mercilessly. Bite her hide constantly. Give her no peace. Fly away!

*Black.*

Scene Seven.

*The Chorus is sewing Argus's eyes on a peacock's tail. They are gagging with nausea and disgust. Half of them hold the peacock tightly while the others try to sew.*

Handmaiden #1  
Hold tight, hold tight!

Manservant #1  
This is disgusting.

Manservant #2  
Does she stay up nights trying to think up warped things for us to do?

Handmaiden #2  
Ewww, these things are slimy. Take over, will you?

Manservant #1  
I don't sew.

Manservant #2  
Sew, honey, you're a eunuch just like me.

Manservant #1  
*(Screeching in a high voice)* I am not! *(Then in a deep voice)* I mean, I am not!

Handmaiden #1  
Hand me another eye.

*Manservant #1 opens the box and gags as he hands over an eyeball.*

*Black.*

Scene Eight.

*Lights up on A FARMER and his WIFE, actually members of the Chorus in a pose right out of the painting "American Gothic." Io, still a cow, enters.*

Farmer  
Lookit! Lookit! There she is!

Wife  
That's the princess? You sure?

Farmer  
I told you—everyone's talking about it. She's a legend in her own time. They're naming everything in the whole danged country after her. It's the Ionian Coast now, and and the ocean's the Ionian Sea.

*Io looks pleased to hear that she has gained such fame.*

Io

Moooooooo.

Wife

I wonder what she had to do to get that kind of fame?

Farmer

Zeus only knows.

Wife

I'll bet it has something to do with his insatiable sexual appetite.

*Io is indignant at the suggestion that she's done something improper.*

Io

Moo!

Farmer

What do you know about Zeus' sexual appetite?

Wife

You hear things.

Farmer

Huh. She *is* mighty pretty. Nice rump.

Wife

You men are all alike.

Farmer

Hey—look over there. That huge bull. Where did he come from?

Wife

That is no ordinary bull. If the stories I've heard are true, that's...that's...let's get out of here! *(They exit.)*

*Io turns around and sees a huge BULL—especially his enormous male apparatus—and she just about dies. The bull struts up with full machismo. It is obviously Zeus having turned himself into a bull for the purpose of a tryst with Io. She tries to run from him and they do a hilarious romp. Finally, Io takes one more look at his phallus, looks at the audience, smiles and shrugs and gives herself over to the passion.*

*Black.*

Scene Nine.

*The Chorus is still sewing eyeballs into a peacock's tail.*

Manservant #1

My fingers are raw.

Handmaiden #1

Not as raw as these eyeballs.

Handmaiden #2

I'm up to my elbows in blood!

Manservant #2

How many more are there?

Handmaiden #3

This is number thirty-seven.

Chorus

Oh, gawd!

Black.

Scene Ten.

*Io and Zeus, the bull, lounge together with obvious satisfaction. The bull has some of the flowers from the wreath around Io's neck in his mouth.*

Zeus

Mooooo.

Io

Moooooooooooooooooooo.

*Their peace is suddenly shattered when Io is attacked by the gadfly Hera has sent.*

Zeus

Moo?

Io

Moooooooooooo! Moooooooo! Moo! Moo! Ooooooooooooo!

*Io does a wild dance trying to escape from the fly and finally runs off, leaving a disappointed and dismayed bull behind.*

Black.

Scene Eleven.

*Io runs onstage being driven mad by the gadfly. She runs into a man who is chained to a rock—PROMETHEUS.*

Io

Oh! Oh! Ouch! Damned gadfly! Damned Hera!

Prometheus

Why do you cry out with such deep groans?  
What will you do when you have heard in  
full the evils yet to come to you?

Io

Can you understand me?

Prometheus

Yes.

Io

Nobody else can! Ouch! *(She swats the gadfly.)*

Prometheus

I seem to be able to do a lot of things others cannot.  
Unfortunately, that does not include freeing myself  
from this rock.

Io

What is your name?

Prometheus

Prometheus.

Io

Oh, I've heard of you—Zeus chained you here,  
didn't he? *(She swats at the gadfly.)*

Prometheus

As certainly as he changed you into a cow, Princess Io.

Io

Oh, so you know who I am. They named an ocean after  
me.

Prometheus

Congratulations.

Io

But then Hera afflicted me with this torturous gadfly.  
 Unceasing pain! Oh, what does it profit me to live?  
 Why don't I just throw myself from a cliff and in one  
 leap rid me of all my pain? *(Scratching wildly)*  
 Better to die at once than live all my days with this evil.

Prometheus

You think you have it bad? How would you like to be  
 chained to a rock all your days? It is not given to us to  
 die, although that would be a clear release. Anyway,  
 you're going to get changed back into a mortal once you get  
 to Egypt. I've got a lot longer to stick it out on this rock.

Io

I've got to go to Egypt?

Prometheus

Dip yourself in the Nile. Zeus will see you and change  
 you back.

Io

Why didn't he tell me that when he was mounting me in  
 the meadow? *(She swats the gadfly.)*

Prometheus

Do any of us know why the gods do what they do?

Io

Some of us have a pretty good idea. Ouch!

*She tries to itch her back against Prometheus' rock. He tries to help her itch.*

Prometheus

You will wander far, but, ultimately, you will be a  
 beautiful woman again.

Io

Well, thanks for the tip. I wish I could help you out.

Prometheus

There is no end to my suffering until Zeus shall fall.

Io

Zeus is gonna fall?

Prometheus

Ah—that makes you smile, doesn't it?

Io

Can this be true? Zeus will lose his power? Serves him right! How will it happen? Oh, speak! Oh, ouch!

Prometheus

A marriage he shall make shall vex him sore.

Io

He's already got a marriage that's vexing him sore—  
Hera! (*Gleefully realizing*) Ahhhh! Will he replace  
Hera???? Who? Who is this new spouse?

Prometheus

I can't tell you who, but I can tell you that she will  
bear him a child, a child who shall be in might more  
excellent than his progenitor.

Io

Why can't you tell me?

Prometheus

I can't.

Io

Why not?

Prometheus

I don't think I'm supposed to.

Io

Who are you protecting? Zeus, who put you here  
in the first place?

Prometheus

Yeah...he did...why shouldn't I tell somebody?

Io

(*Playfully*) Come on, tell me.

Prometheus

I shouldn't.

Io  
*(Pouting, a la Marilyn Monroe)* Tell little Io,  
 pretty please, Pro-mie-thie?

Prometheus  
 Well...

Io  
 Is it a child of mine? Do I dethrone Hera?

Prometheus  
 No.

Io.  
 Oh.

Prometheus  
 But...a son of a son of yours— of a son of a son of a son—

Io  
 How many sons of a son?

Prometheus  
 —thirteen generations hence.

Io  
 Thirteen generations? I guess I won't be around for  
 that—will I?

Prometheus  
 Seek not to know your own fate.

Io  
 Oh, sure, tell me my grandson thirteen generations  
 from now is going to obliterate Zeus, and then tell  
 me not to ask any more questions! Ouch!

Prometheus  
 This grandson of yours will be my liberator.

Io  
 You've got to stay chained up here for thirteen  
 generations???? *(She swats the gadfly again.)*

Prometheus

I don't like to think about it that way...better to take it one day at a time.

Io

Am I going to live to see this grandson thirteen generations from now? Ouch! Ouch!

Prometheus

Maybe yes, maybe no. I've already said too much.

Io

I'm going to become immortal!!!!

Prometheus

I didn't say that!

Io

You didn't deny it!

Prometheus

I can tell you no more.

Io

Why? Who's stopping you? Ouch!

Prometheus

My arms are killing me. It's not easy holding them out like this. I gotta rest now. Go to Egypt. Go. You're driving me nuts with that gadfly.

*She starts out on her journey, then stops and calls back.*

Io

Farewell, Prometheus. Just tell me one more thing. What's my famous grandson's name going to be?

Prometheus

If I tell you, will you go?

Io

Yes! *(The gadfly bites her again.)*

Prometheus

Hercules. Now get going to Egypt. The sooner

you get changed back, the sooner we can get these generations going.

Io  
 “Hercules.” I’ll try to remember that name.

*Io exits—still scratching madly from the gadfly.*

*Black.*

Scene Twelve.

*The Chorus, bloody and exhausted, are sewing in the final eye.*

Handmaiden #1  
 Ninety-nine.

Manservant #1  
 One hundred!

Manservant #2  
 It actually looks rather pretty.

Manservant #3  
 Maybe we should have dyed the feathers first.

*They all look at him in disbelief.*

*Black.*

Scene Thirteen.

*Io pregnant.*

Scene Fourteen.

*Back on Mount Olympus, Hera is sitting on her throne admiring a large fan made of peacock feathers—which now have Argus’ eyes sewn in them. The Chorus, clearly exhausted, stands behind her, their robes and arms bloody. THUNDER and LIGHTENING are seen and heard. Zeus enters.*

Chorus  
 Hail, Father Zeus! You blind and deafen us when  
 when you shake the Earth and rip the sky with  
 lightning. You thunder and Olympus shakes. Our  
 hearts beat wild with fright, our hair stands when you

arrive, you are omnipotent pure life.

Zeus  
Greetings, my beloved.

Hera  
Where have you been?

Zeus  
Out.

Hera  
Out where?

Zeus  
I had things to do. I am God of the Universe, you know.

Hera  
I was waiting excitedly to show you my new peacock feather.

Zeus  
I'd love to see it, my pet.

Hera  
No, I don't feel like it anymore.

Zeus  
Hera, don't be that way.

Hera  
You smell like—like—milk!

Zeus  
Darling, you're imagining...

Hera  
And grass! You've been with that cow, haven't you?

Zeus  
What cow?

Hera  
You know who I mean—the mortals are all talking!  
“Ionian Coastline. Ionian Sea.” You've made me a  
laughing stock! You were with her again, weren't you?

Zeus

I...ah...I won't be interrogated like a mortal!

*He glares at the Chorus and they straighten up and begin a hymn to Him.*

Chorus

Blessed Zeus, we honor you. Your wrath  
explodes the deep, flooding darkness with  
light. With your eternal roar, you devour all.

*Zeus raises his arms and LIGHTNING flashes.*

Zeus

And don't you forget it!

Chorus

Grovel...grovel...grovel.

Hera

What does she have that I don't have? Is it her  
udder? I could get implants.

Zeus

Darling, I love you dearly, believe me. Come walk  
with me, my precious. Let's take some of Argus's  
eyes and toss them in the skies and make a gorgeous  
constellation to honor him.

Hera

A brilliant idea, my love. *(To the Chorus)* Go remove  
a dozen of Argus's eyes from one of my peacocks and  
bring them to us.

*Hera and Zeus exit, arm-in-arm. The Chorus, in disbelief, stumble off in the opposite  
direction to fetch the eyeballs.*

*Black.*

Scene Fifteen.

*Io, very pregnant, but still a cow, staggers into Egypt. She wearily sits down on a block  
of stone in a pose straight out of Egyptian mythology—Hathor the cow. A group of  
EGYPTIANS, portrayed by the Chorus in clean togas and wearing Egyptian wigs and  
jewelry, begin to worship her. She is surprised, but doesn't mind.*

Chorus

Hail, Hathor, Mistress of Thebes and Dendera Temple,

Egyptian #1  
Goddess of Fertility,

Egyptian #2  
Mother of Pharaoh,

Egyptian #3  
Herald of Imminent Birth,

Egyptian #4  
Protectress of the Desert Regions.

Chorus  
Hathor of many name, our adoration we give to thee!

Egyptian #5  
Bountiful Mother whose breasts suckled Gods and  
Kings.

Egyptian #6  
Wild Cow of the rushes whose dance excites all  
living things.

Chorus  
Look kindly upon us, Mother of Egypt, as we sing  
Thee this song and drain many flagons of beer in  
Thy honor all night long.

*They raise goblets of beer to her and begin drinking and fornicating. An orgy begins,  
much to Io's dismay.*

Io  
Moo?

Chorus  
Hathor! Hathor! Hathor!

*Just then Io's bag of waters breaks and she begins labor.*

Io  
Uh, moo!

Chorus  
Oh, Goddess of Childbirth, help our beloved  
Hathor now!

*Black.*

Scene Sixteen.

*Zeus and Hera sit on their thrones on Mount Olympus, watching Io in labor in Egypt. Zeus is silently in anguish. Their daughter, Eileithya, carrying several babies, watches with them.*

Eileithya

She's having a very hard labor, Mother.

Hera

She's just a cow. Who cares?

Io (*O.S.*)

Moooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Eileithya

She sounds in agony, Mother. I am the Goddess of Childbirth. Shouldn't I help her?

Hera

Help a cow?

Zeus

I can't stand it anymore! You know she is not just a cow!

Hera

You said she was just a cow.

Zeus

She is Princess Io! You know that!

Hera

And you admit she is your mistress?

Zeus

Was. Was. If you help her, I will never touch her again. You will have nothing to fear from Io again.

Hera

You swear this upon the Sacred Styx?

Zeus

I do swear.

Hera

Then I will help her. *(She waves her scepter over the earth below.)*

Eileithya

Mother! You changed her back into a mortal!

Hera

My heart is not made of stone. We will all go down and help her through her childbirth. *(To Zeus)* But no more messing around, got it?

Zeus

No more messing around with Io.

*His addendum of “with Io” is not missed on Hera, but she allows it to pass.*

*Black.*

Scene Seventeen.

*The Egyptians are surrounding Io with their backs to the audience. They shout out in wonder and move apart, revealing a human Io where the cow had been.*

Egyptian #4

A miracle—she has transformed from sacred cow to sacred woman!

Egyptian #3

Daughter of Nut and Re.

Egyptian #6

Mother of Pharaoh.

Chorus

Praise be to Isis, Priestess of Egypt!

*Zeus, Hera, and Eileithya enter. Eileithya hands the babies she is carrying to the Egyptians, who are most appreciative.*

Chorus (cont'd)

Isis delivers healthy babies to our homes!  
Hail, Isis!

Eileithya

Mother, they think she's Isis.

Zeus  
She is. I made her Isis.

Eileithya  
But I was expecting you to promote me to Isis!!!!

Zeus  
Sweetheart, I had to give her a way to support herself  
now that she's a single mother.

Hera  
I have no problem with her being a goddess  
in Egypt—as long as she stays in Egypt.  
Remember your sacred promise.

Zeus  
I do.

Io  
Ohhhhhhhhhh! Arghhhhhhhhhhh!

Zeus  
Her time is here—help her Eileithya.

Eileithya  
Yes, Father.

*Eileithya goes to Io and places her hand on her head. Zeus and Hera link their arms  
and watch like proud parents.*

Hera  
She's our little girl, all grown up.

Zeus  
You were right to make her Goddess of Childbirth.  
Look how compassionate she is.

Eileithya  
It's a healthy, baby son!

Zeus  
The first of thirteen generations.

Chorus  
Praise to Isis, Mother of Childbirth!

Eileithyia  
But I delivered the baby—they should be praising me!

Zeus  
Sometimes we just have to let our good deeds  
remain a mystery.

Hera  
And sometimes our bad deeds too.

Zeus  
Come, my precious wife. Let us return to  
Mount Olympus. Our work is done here. Farewell,  
daughter. I am proud of you. *(They exit.)*

Eileithyia  
Thank you, Father.

*She returns to Io.*

Eileithyia  
I'm afraid Father didn't even say goodbye to you.

Io  
I'm over him. I'd hoped he wouldn't make a scene.

Eileithyia  
He's a beautiful baby. What will you name him?

Io  
Epaphus.

Eileithyia  
Interesting name.

*Enter PHARAOH TELEGONUS. The Egyptians (Chorus) fall to their knees.*

Chorus  
Hail, Telegonus—pharaoh of Upper and Lower  
Egypt! Living God of—

Telegonus  
Away with you—all of you!

*The Chorus hurries offstage. Telegonus goes to Io.*

Telegonus (cont'd)

They tell me Isis is here and has just given  
birth to a god!

Io

I am here, oh Great One.

Telegonus

What a magnificent baby—and mother. Your beauty  
is legendary, oh, Isis, but the legends do not do you  
justice. You have stolen my heart, Great Goddess.

Io

I have come to Earth to be your Queen, Telegonus.

Eileithyia

Wow, she's a fast worker! Her and my stepsister,  
Aphrodite. I need to learn from them.

Telegonus

Come, my Goddess. We shall be married this day.

Io

*(Flipping her hair like a Valley Girl)* Okay!

*Telegonus leads Io, carrying the baby, offstage. Eileithyia starts to follow, but she  
realizes she is a third wheel and exits in the opposite direction.*

*Black.*

Scene Sixteen.

*Back on Mount Olympus, Zeus sits on his throne—with Hera on his lap.*

Hera

I hope this happiness will last.  
That you, my husband, dearest Zeus,  
Will keep your promise of fidelity.

Zeus

Trust what now you mistrust, and fear  
no more. Believe the unsafe, safe, the  
unsure, sure.

Hera

Say that once more?

Zeus

Trust me.

Hera

But...

Zeus

No more ifs, ands, or buts, my dearest.  
Let us rejoice with our happy ending.

Hera

A happy ending for today but what about  
tomorrow?

Zeus

When you are an immortal, dearest, better  
not to think in terms of time.

*The Chorus enters.*

Chorus

The time has come to end our play. A  
happy ending for one and all. The Great  
Father and Mother are lovingly reunited and  
will now spend many, many, many, many—

*Zeus looks more disheartened and trapped as they continue on.*

Chorus (cont'd)

— many, more long, long, long, long years in marital bliss.

*Hera happily hops off her husband's lap and sits on her throne. She takes his hand.*

Hera

Forever, my darling.

Chorus

Sing we now of Zeus and Hera, Gods of Gods,  
and Kings of Kings. Celebrated masters of  
Olympus, of the Earths, and of the Seas. Hail,  
mighty Zeus and Hera, PARTNERS FOR ALL  
ETERNITY!

*Hera kisses her husband's hand. Zeus looks stricken.*

Curtain.