

If the Gods Were Some of Us - Sarah Medeiros

Act 1, Scene 2

Mrs. Montagnes & Linsey tidying up the living room.

Mrs. Montagnes:

Creating something from nothing is all very well in its way, but I keep the world going just the way it is. – There's the dragon on the front lawn again. – Shoo! Zach will be home soon. Go away.

The Dragon puts his head in the window.

Dragon:

I'm lonely.

Mrs. Montagnes:

You go around to the back of the house where you belong.

Dragon:

I'm lonely.

The Dragon removes its head from the window. Linsey quietly exits to the kitchen. Enter the Telegraph Boy, in toga, carrying a lightning bolt with an express postage stamp on the top. The Dragon and Stag slip by him into the room and sit downstage left.

Mrs. Montagnes:

I hope you weren't waiting long.

To the Animals.

Well! ...Will you be quiet?

They nod.

Have you eaten your supper?

They nod.

Can you behave yourselves once the children get home?

They nod.

Young man, what have you brought us today? From Mr. Montagnes, I assume?

Telegraph Boy:

Yes ma'am.

Mrs. Montagnes:

How are the games going?

Telegraph Boy:

Lowered eyes.

Of course, I wouldn't know anything... I've heard that they are going fine. I've never participated in them, myself.

Mrs. Montagnes:

Well good. –What's this telegram you have for me?

Telegraph Boy:

He clears his throat, reading from lightning bolt.

“To Mrs. Montagnes, Washington, D.C.:

My dear wife, will be an hour late. Busy day at the office. Don't worry the children about the games just keep them occupied Zach wants to try for discus. Have made great creations today have gestated the first blue whale.”

Pause.

Mrs. Montagnes:

Men! I will never understand why he thinks the world needs different colored whales. What does it say next?

Enter Linsey.

Telegraph Boy:

“Met nice cow on island created yesterday said she admires my work on the fjords. Hope to bring her home to eat with family this week to talk about new land mass am thinking about.”

Linsey:

On verge of tears.

That's just like him! He finds another –

Mrs. Montagnes:

Hush, you! Not in front of strangers.

Enter Zach carrying lyre, followed by Faun (fraternal twins) who goes to sit next to the Stag.

Zach:

Mama, look what I discovered today! An infant made it and let me have it.

Mrs. Montagnes:

How wonderful dear!

Linsey:

At same time.

It's beautiful!

They look at each other uncomfortably before Zach lets Mrs. Montagnes hold it for a moment.

Mrs. Montagnes:

To the Telegraph Boy.

Continue.

Telegraph Boy:

I... I can't do this part very well.

He clears his throat and sings.

“Happy anniversary to you, Happy anniversary to you—”

Linsey scowls, Zach accompanies the tune on his lyre, and the Animals begin to howl.

Mrs. Montagnes:

Python! Chastity! Be quiet.

Telegraph Boy:

“Happy w’dding annivers’ry dear Hera, happy anniversary to you.”

Mrs. Montagnes:

They are *singing* telegrams now. Zach, did you have something to do with them?

Zach:

I only suggested they try it.

Mrs. Montagnes:

So inventive! Your father said that you were going to participate in the discus tournament.

Zach:

Yes, Jace and I are going to compete. I just came back to put away my lyre.

Mrs. Montagnes:

Well, you better get going or you're going to be late! And invite Jace over for dinner – he's such a nice boy.

Exit Zach.

Mrs. Montagnes:

To Telegraph Boy.

Young man, I'd like to give you something for your hard work, but Mr. Montagnes isn't home yet and I have no money in the house –

Telegraph Boy:

That's all right. Mrs. Montagnes... I don't like to... appear to... ask for anything, but...

Mrs. Montagnes:

What is it you'd like?

Telegraph boy:

Do you happen to have a sacrificial lamb you could spare? My youngest has the croup, and when my wife went to visit the oracle yesterday they told us we should make a sacrifice to cure him.

Mrs. Montagnes:

We just sacrificed our last lamb, but will a goat suffice?

Telegraph boy:

Oh yes.

Linsey:

Shrilly.

We only got two in the house. Mrs. Montagnes, you know we only got two in the house.

Mrs. Montagnes:

To Linsey.

Go give him a sacrificial goat.

Telegraph Boy:

Thank you, Mrs. Montagnes.

Exit Linsey and the Telegraph Boy.

Faun:

Mama, on the way home Ace was following me again. Mama, why does he follow me?

Mrs. Montagnes:

Because you're a very lovely girl, dear, and I'm sure he likes you.

Faun:

Well, I don't like him! If he had followed me one more minute I just couldn't of stood it.

Loud commotion outside the house. Zach wailing loudly. Enter Linsey followed by the Telegraph Boy who is now carrying a large canvas bag that occasionally moves.

Mrs. Montagnes:

What is all that noise?

The three of them go to the windows upstage and look out at the front lawn. Enter Zach carrying the body of Jace, crying.

Zach:

I killed him, I killed him. He's dead, my Jace, and it's all my fault, my Jace.

He lays Jace's body on the floor, inconsolable.

Zach:

Why do we have to be immortal? –

Mrs. Montagnes:

Gestures sharply to the Telegraph Boy.

Zachary! Not in front of company!

Zach:

Ignoring her.

I wish I could die right now, this very minute.

Mrs. Montagnes:

Just wait until your father gets home, hearing you speak like that! Hush now, he will know what to do.