

Jesuit Drama

2024 Fall Play

AUDITION MONOLOGUES

ACHAEMENIDES

So, she called you a pig! Big deal. Just words. Nothing to get upset over, really. Now, if she turned you into a real pig, then you could be upset. Let me tell you, I know. You've heard of Odysseus, haven't you? Well, I was one of the last survivors on his last ship. I was with him when we landed on Circe's shore. Yeah, Circe, the enchantress. Remembering the incident with the Cyclops, none of us was volunteering to explore the island. So we drew lots, and wouldn't you know it, I was one of the lucky ones to be chosen. So twenty-two of us set out to investigate. As we drew near the palace, hundreds of lions, bears, and wolves rushed at us. But they didn't attack us; instead they wagged their tails and leapt on us like dogs do to their faithful masters returning home. Then lovely maids in waiting ushered us into the hallowed halls, and we were welcomed by Circe herself. Her maids mixed for us a tasty brew which we readily accepted and drank down. But little did we know that our hostess had mixed in a magical herb. Then she waved her wand and instantly our hair began to turn to bristles. We began to grunt rather than speak. The bowls fell from our hands, which became cloven hooves. We shrank to the floor where our noses became snouts, and our arms, legs, and bodies were transformed. The maidens drove us outside and shut us in a sty with real pigs. Fortunately, one of our men had refused the magical drink. He alone escaped and ran to tell Odysseus. With the help of Hermes, our great captain rescued us from Circe's spell. So, let me tell you buddy, calm down. Let her call you anything she likes, unless her name is Circe.

ACHILLES

Patrocles is dead. My friend, my buddy, my brother. He's dead. Fighting in my stead. Wearing my armor. Patrocles is dead. From childhood we were inseparable. He had such fire, such spirit, such a brave heart. He stood with me and he fought with me. And when I refused to fight, he supported me. But when he saw our ships threatened, he pled with me to allow him to fight. He understood why I declined to join in the battle. But I encouraged him and my men. Many Trojans fell at his hand, and still he pursued them until valiant Hector slew him. And I was not there to help him, to defend him. Hector stripped him of my armor and would have defiled his body if my brave Achaean brothers had not stood over him to protect him. Many died so that he might be returned to us to be buried with honor. Hector shall pay for this grief. If it cost me my life, I will have vengeance for my friend.

AENEAS

Call me coward if you like. But not all heroes die on the battlefield. I chose to live and to save lives. Oh, I fought; I fought in defense of the great city of Troy. I was one of their mightiest warriors. Achilles had driven me from Mount Ida, and I fought and killed my share of the Achaeans. I fought the warrior Diomedes and was wounded by him. I would have died had not my mother Aphrodite and the gods intervened and healed me. Again I fought the great Achilles, but Poseidon saved me that time. Some people say you survive events such as these to serve a greater purpose. And I believe that is true. The gods obviously had a plan for me. I awoke one night to find the city of Troy overtaken by the Greeks. They had tricked us and sneaked into the city using a great wooden horse. I arose from my bed and fought off as many men as I could. Then the great hero Hector appeared to me in a dream and told me to flee from Troy with my family. Were I continue to fight and die, our elderly would be slaughtered, and our women and children enslaved. So, I hefted my aged father onto my shoulders and with my wife and children and others, I made my way from the city. My wife became separated from our group, and after taking the others to safety, I went back for her. But she was dead; her ghost met me and told me of my future. So, I embark on a new adventure to settle in a new land. As we set sail, may the gods grant us good winds and great fortune.

ARACHNE

Oh! Please stop! Leave it alone. Please don't sweep that web away. *(sigh)* Again. Once again. Does no one appreciate the skill and technique of my art? I spent hours weaving that intricate maze. Spinning the threads, one by one. Intertwining them in and out, in and out. Up and down, side to side, back and forth. It was beautiful; it was gorgeous, one of a kind. The angles, the details of the design were unique. Now I have to do it all over again. Either that or starve. This is what I get for my arrogance. How many people warned me to give Athena credit for my art? "Oh, Arachne, what a wonderful gift Athena has given you. No one else can weave as beautifully as you." "Oh, no," I would say. "This gift is inborn; it's innate. It's all my own. Natural talent and skill." I was even bold enough to boast that I could beat Athena in a contest of needles. And she took me up on the challenge. She even forewarned me of what happens to those who challenge the gods. But I turned a deaf ear. Skillfully, I wove a beautiful tapestry depicting the amorous adventures of the gods. Athena admitted the embroidery was flawless, but she was enraged at what I had designed, and she tore my handiwork to shreds. She hit me over the head with her loom! I was so embarrassed, I tried to hang myself. But Athena saved me; she would not let me die, instead she transformed me. So here I am today, fated to spin and weave for the rest of my life, with no heirloom to live on after me, no legacy to preserve my memory. But still, I spin, I weave, I design. It is my life.

BELLEROPHON

Whoa-ho-ho! Get a load of this marvellous beast. Pegasus. There is no other horse in the world like him. All my life I have longed to tame and ride him. And now, now he will be mine. Together we will have many great adventures. The first will be to slay the Chimaera, that monstrous fire-breathing lion, goat and snake that is terrorizing the countryside. I will fly over that terrible creature on the great wings of Pegasus and attack from above. I was right to confide in the seer Polyeidus. He told me to sleep in the temple of Athena. As I slept, the great goddess appeared to me, instructed me on how to kill the Chimaera, and gave me this golden bridle. With it I will be able to tame the great beast and soar on his back to the heavens. All right, here I go. *(to PEGASUS)* Easy. Easy. It's all right. That's right. Whoa. Whoa. Stand still. There you go. All right. Let's go, boy. We have a monster to kill. And afterwards, who knows. Perhaps we will even fly to Mount Olympus itself.

CASSANDRA

Hello, I'm Cassandra, the prophetess. Yeah, the mad priestess, the crazy one, the one no one believes. Being able to see into the future and to not be able to help anyone, to convince anyone, to save anyone is absolutely no fun. You have to be careful when it come to the gods—you know, Zeus, Apollo, Athena, the others. They can be quite vengeful when they want to be. Apollo gave me this wonderful gift of prophecy, but when I refused to give him the gift of my virginity, he turned his gift into a curse. I can foresee the future, but no one believes a word I say. People think I am telling tales. Tonight, you will hear many tales from Greek mythology. Stories of creation, creatures and courageous characters. These first stories were the Greeks' attempt to explain how good and evil came into the world. You think you can't believe me? Listen to this!

CHARON

Who is ready to leave the evils and troubles of the world? Who wants to dwell in the land of oblivion? No more adventure, no more conflict, no more war. Don't crowd now. Old Charon will take care of you. Get your coin ready and I will ferry you across the River Styx to the kingdom of Hades. I can take plenty of Shades in my skiff. You don't weigh much. And remember, it's a one way trip. No returning from the land of the dead. What's that? You don't have the fee? Sorry, you'll have to wander for a hundred years. Come back then and I'll take you across. Or if you're lucky and someone give you a real burial, return with the fee and I'll ferry you over to the other side. Whoa! Whoa, there! What are you doing here? Sorry, no living beings allowed to cross. What's that? Well, yes, I have carried a few living ones across before. Uh, have you got something I might be interested in? We might be able to come to an agreement. Hum. Well, that looks pretty good. Okay, All you Shades, out! I'll take you over next time. I can only take this one by himself. He's pretty heavy.

All right! Hold on, here we go!

CENTAUR

What are you looking at? Didn't your mother teach you that it is rude to stare? All right, so, I guess you've never seen a centaur before. There are not a lot of us wandering around anymore. We mostly stay to ourselves and don't mingle with humans very much. Why? Well, let's just say we don't get along very well. What happened? Well, it's a really long story. I'm sure you don't want to hear all the gory details. Oh, believe me, you don't. Let's just say we centaurs don't hold our liquor well. Once, long ago, we were invited to a wedding feast. They brought out the good stuff. Now, it doesn't take much wine to do in a centaur. And one of our brothers, having had just a little too much, got frisky with the bride. As you can imagine, the groom was rather enraged. A big fight broke out between the human guests and the centaurs. Oh, and I did I tell you the centaurs will use anything as a weapon? Wine bowls, candlesticks, table legs, rocks, even antlers. It was a big mess. Tables were overturned, foods and wine were everywhere. Women were screaming. And let's not talk about the blood and gore. So many centaurs were killed, we were just about annihilated. The few of us that were left tucked tail and ran for the mountains. So, no, I guess you've probably never seen a centaur before. Take a good long look, because you'll probably never see one again.

DEMETER

Chauvinism sits enthroned on Mount Olympus. There is no greater personification of male sexism than the great god, Zeus. How many innocent maidens has he ravaged? How many goddesses has he tricked into lying with him? How many strange creatures roam the earth as a result of his jealousy? He thinks, just because he is the great almighty Zeus, that he can do anything he wants, with no repercussions. How dare he give Hades permission to wed our daughter Persephone! Did he even stop to consider how I would feel about this match. No! "Oh, brother Hades, you want Persephone as your bride? Sure, go ahead, take her, she's yours!" He knew I would oppose Hades' request Oh, he knew. It took me nine days to figure out what had happened. Nine days! Well, Zeus is not going to get away with this. I'll show him. You see his precious mankind down there? I'm going to starve them. No seed will sprout, no grain will grow until I get my daughter back. Nothing will dissuade me. And I know he will give in to me. He loves those pitiful people down there too much. He will relent. You'll see.

EPIMETHEUS

I can't believe it. Prometheus warned me. Why didn't I listen? "Don't accept any gifts that Zeus may offer you," he said. On the day that Hermes brought you to me, did I remember my brother's words? No. One glance at you, and I forgot his counsel, forgot the long conflict with Zeus, even forget how he punished my brother for his gift of fire to man. It was love at first sight, and I was blinded by my love for you. I brought you into my home; I took care of your every need. I trusted you. I only asked one thing—that you keep that jar safely stowed away, unopened. But you couldn't stand it, could you? You just had to know what was in there. How could I have believed that Zeus was to be trusted? Now no one will remember that I am the brother of Prometheus, the fire-giver. They won't remember the gifts and talents I gave to the animals. They will only remember that I was the stupid, scatterbrained husband of Pandora.

EURIDICE

Why did you turn around? Could you not take two more steps? Two more steps, and I would have been in the sunshine, too. I followed you; I followed you all the way up from the dark world of the dead. I obeyed the gods. I did not speak a word, though I longed to call out to you. I could see how hard it was for you not to look back. I could see the tightness in your muscles as you fought not to turn around. If I could have touched you, if I could have reached out to reassure you that I was behind you, I would have. But you would have felt no weight in the touch of my hand. Only as we neared the end of our trip did I begin to sense my body returning to me. My steps began to leave light marks in the sand. Breath began to fill my body. We were almost there, almost home, almost in the light. And then, you turned around. You turned around as the sunlight struck your face. But I was still in the shadows. And as soon as you turned, I felt my body evaporate, my spirit was tugged back into the underworld. Two more steps, just two more steps, and we both would have been home.

HECTOR

Andromache, do not ask me to shirk my duty. How could I face my countrymen, both men and women, if I fail to defend our city? I have thought of you, and of our son. I shudder to think of your death or enslavement should our great city fall. But it was for this day that I have been born. I only know that I must go and fight by the side of my countrymen. I cannot stay here, safely enfolded in your arms because I fear death. I do not fear death. And even though I know that the day may come that this city will be destroyed, I must fight valiantly for her safety. Afraid? Yes, I am afraid too. Afraid for all my fellow men, for my father, for my mother, but especially for you and our son. I imagine your voice calling to me as you are dragged away, forced to weave in another's home, forced to lie in another man's bed. I only hope that I should die before that should happen. You know that I love you. Be strong. I must go.

ORESTES

The gods have answered your prayers today, Electra. I am here, your brother Orestes, the seed of your hope. I am the dearest one you have. I am alive because of your courage. You hid me, protected me, sent me to safety. Like you, I am a child without a father, an orphan. I sought guidance at the great oracle of Apollo and was told to return to take revenge on those who killed my father, Agamemnon. Oh, that he had perished like a king on the battlefield of Troy instead of at the hands of our murderous mother and her lover. I have been commanded to murder them in the same way they murdered him. They made a pact to murder our father and to die together. I will help them do just that. Go inside, Electra, and keep secret our plans. Pray for what must be done. With power, justice, and Zeus on our side, I will be master of my father's house.

ORPHEUS

Don't turn around. Don't look back. Don't turn around. Don't look back. Only a few more steps. I sang my way into the underworld, enchanting all that stood in the way of my entrance. I entered the land of the dead to retrieve my beloved Euridice. I know she is right behind me, but I cannot hear her. No, don't turn around. Just a few more steps. Surely I can resist the temptation to look back. Be strong. Hades understood my longing, my grief in losing my love. He gave her back to me with the one condition- don't look back until we are on earth again. I know she is back there; I know she is. But her shade makes no noise as it follows me. No sound of her delicate foot as it treads behind me echoes in my ear. Surely the gods would not tease me so. Let me go all this way for nothing. No, don't turn around. I'm almost there. Just a few more steps. There! I feel the sun on my face! (*turning around*) Look, Euridice, look. We're here. Euridice? Euridice! (*sigh*) I turned too soon. She hadn't stepped out of the shadows yet. Oh, my love, I will try again to rescue you from the dark underworld. I cannot live without you.

PANDORA

I'm sorry, okay. If I had only known, I wouldn't have opened that jar. Who would suspect that such a beautiful container could hold such horrible things? Why me? What did I do to deserve the reputation of letting sorrow, misery, and suffering loose in the world? Yes, I'm curious, and yes, I know I was told not to open it. I tried, I tried really hard not to look in it. But there it was—every day. Sitting there, taunting me. Finally, I hid it in a closet. But I knew it was there, just behind the door, up on the shelf. So, I took it out and buried it in the garden. But every time I trimmed the roses or watered the other flowers, I could always see that bare spot where the jar was lying just under the dirt. Finally, I dug it up, cleaned it off, and took it inside. I sat with it on my lap for a long, long time. Then slowly, very carefully, I lifted the lid just a bit. I was only going to peek inside. But suddenly the lid flew off. Horrible dark things forced their way out and flew away. As I picked up the lid and began to seal the jar again, one bright, beautiful thing peeked over the rim. It crawled out, spread its wings, and fluttered away. So here is the jar, empty. I know I promised not to open it, but I just couldn't resist. I hope you can forgive me.

PENELOPE

You faithless servants. I have had more troubles and sorrows than any other woman I know. First, I lost my brave and loving husband, Odysseus. What a wonderful husband he was, and so loved and respected throughout the land. And now, now my son is gone? Telemachus? Why did I not know he was leaving? Could not one of you come and tell me? You all knew what he was planning. Could you not come and get me before he set sail? I could have persuaded him to give up this quest. Either that, or he would have had to leave me here, dead. And now, I hear that the suitors, those ungrateful rascals, are planning on following him, to kill him. Oh, I know, you are on their side. I see you flirting with them, laughing at their jokes, tending to their every need. Some of you go to Dolius and have him tell Laertes of this plot. Perhaps he can come up with some plan to thwart the suitors. Go, go!

(praying) Oh Athena, Daughter of Aegis-bearing Zeus, if ever Odysseus, burned fragrant offerings for you, please remember, and save my dear son from the treachery of the suitors.

THE SIREN

Hi, my name is Ligeia. Come and listen to my song. It is soothing and peaceful. I can take you back to a time when you had no worries, no fears, no responsibilities. Wouldn't it be lovely not to have a care in the world? No day to day hassle of working, slaving away for an ungrateful taskmaster. No earth-shaking problems to solve. No schedules to keep. You can sleep, sleep as long as you like. And your dreams will be full of love, joy, and happiness. You can eat, eat as much and whatever you like. No need to fear weight gain or diabetes or indigestion. You can play, play all day if you want. Whatever you want. You can satisfy every physical desire you can imagine. Come, come lay your head in my lap. Let me hold you. Let me comfort you. Let me sing to you. Quietly, softly. Be at rest. I am here, come, come and listen to my song.

Optional Introductions For Characters

You may use the following information to introduce each of the performers if so desired.

Andromache is the wife of Hector, who is killed by Achilles in the Trojan war.

Antigone is the daughter of Oedipus and Jocasta who dared to defy King Creon by burying her brother who had sought to overthrow the throne.

Arachne challenged Athena to a weaving contest and is changed into to spider for her boldness.

Arete is the goddess of goodness and virtue.

Cassandra is the Trojan prophetess whom no one would believe.

Daphne is a nymph who is pursued by Apollo and changed into a laurel tree.

Demeter is the goddess of agriculture, grain and bread; the mother of Persephone.

Electra is the daughter of Agamemnon who is slain by his wife Clytemnestra.

Euridice is the wife of Orpheus, who tried to rescue her from Hades after she died.

Helen is the wife of Menelaus, who is abducted by Paris and taken to Troy.

Ismene is the sister of Antigone.

Kakia is the goddess of vice and moral badness

Pandora is the first woman, a gift of the gods to Epimetheus, brother of Prometheus.

Penelope is the wife of Odysseus.

Persephone is the goddess of the underworld, wife of Hades.

Psyche is the goddess of the soul, wife of Eros, the god of love.

Siren is one of the sea nymphs who lured sailors to their deaths with a bewitching song.

Achilles is the Greek hero of the Trojan War; main character in Homer's *Illiad*.

Aeneas is a Trojan warrior who survived the Trojan war.

Achaemenides is a member of Odysseus's crew in *The Odyssey*.

Bellerophon is a Greek hero who tamed the winged horse Pegasus and slew the monster, Chimera.

Centaur is a half-human, half-horse.

Charon ferries the spirits of the dead across the river Styx into Hades.

Diomedes is a Greek hero of the Trojan War.

MYTH-O-LOGUES

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Epimetheus, brother of Prometheus, is given the task of equipping each animal with a gift or talent.

Eros is the god of love.

Hector is the great Trojan hero who is slain by Achilles.

Orestes is Electra's brother who returned to avenge his father's death.

Orpheus is a Greek poet who tried to rescue his wife Euridice from Hades.

Paris is the Trojan prince who abducted Helen.

Pygmalion is a sculptor who fell in love with the statue of a woman he had made.

Pronunciation Guide

Achaeans	uh kee` ons
Achilles	uh-kil`-eez
Aegis	ee` jis
Aegisthus	ay`-gis-thus
Aeneas	I nee` us
Agamemnon	ag-uh-mem`-nahn
Achaemenides	aik ha men` i des
Andromache	an drom` uh kee
Antigone	an tig` uh nee
Apollo	uh pol` o
Arachne	uh-rak`-nee
Arete	uh rate
Athena	a-thee`na
Bellerophon	buh-lair`-uh-fahn
Cassandra	kuh san`druh
Centaur	sehn` tar
Charon	kair`-uhn
Chimaera	ki mir` uh
Circe	sur`-see
Clytemnestra	kly tem nes` truh
Daphne	daf` nee
Demeter	dih-mee`-tur
Diomedes	dye-o-mee-deez
Dolius	dol` ee us
Electra	ee-lek`-truh
Epimetheus	ep-ee-mee`-thee-us

Eros	air`-ohs
Euridice	yoor id` l cee
Hades	hay`-deez
Haemon	hay`mun
Hector	hek`-tur
Helen	hel`-en
Iphigenia	if-uh-juh-ny`-uh
Ismene	ish` mu nee
Kakia	caw cae
Ligeia	lie gee` uh
Menelaus	men-uh-lay`-uhs
Odysseus	oh-dis`-ee-uhs
Orestes	ohr-es`-teez
Orpheus	ohr`-fee-uhs
Pandora	pan-dohr`-uh
Paris	par`-is
Patrocles	pa-tro`-kluhs
Pegasus	peg`-uh-suhs
Penelope	puh-nel`-uh-pee
Persephone	pur-sef`-uh-nee
Polyeidus	pol ee id us
Polyneices	pol us nee` sez
Poseidon	puh-sy`-duhn
Prometheus	proh-mee`-thee-uhs
Psyche	sy`-kee
Pygmalion	pig-mayl`-ee-uhn
Siren	si` ruhn
Styx	stiks
Telemachus	tuh-lem`-a-kuhs
Zeus	Zoos