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Narcissus & Echo

by Fingerhut and Goode

Narcissus & Echo opened July 14th, 1992
at The Unusual Cabaret in Bar Harbor, Maine.

It was directed by Gina Kaufmann
The music direction was by Larrance Fingerhut

NARCISSUS - Michael Graziano
ECHO - Jill Nacke / Inger Hatlen
CUPID - Johnny Kaufmann / Gary Tucker
DAPHNE - Cheryl Snodgrass
HERA - Melissa Hughes
THE COOK - Dawn Brownrout / Chris Mitchell
and Frank Bachman as the VOICE OF ZEUS

book and lyrics by Jeff Goode
music by Larrance Fingerhut

MUSICAL NUMBERS

“Love Me Tonight” - Daphne
“A Normal Life” - Narcissus & Cupid
“Our Song” - Echo & Narcissus
“No More Men” - Daphne & Narcissus
“When Will the Flowers Be For Me?” - Hera
“Echo's Tango” - Echo & Cupid
“Around and Around” - Daphne & Cupid
“Dear Narcissus” - Echo, Daphne & Narcissus
“Finale - Cupid's Song” - company

PROLOGUE

[Lights up on Zeus' answering machine:]

[beep]

ZEUS: Hello, this is Zeus, King of the Gods, I can't come to the phone right now, but if you leave your name, number and the time you called at the tone, I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

If this is Daphne, Echo or any of the nymphs, press 1 to page me and I'll be right down.

If this is Semele - and the window is open - press 1.

If this is Europa, or Leda. Press 2 for a personal message from the love bull. Or goose.

If you are a virgin, age 15 or over, please stay on the line, your call will be handled by the first available operator.

If this is my wife, Hera: [hypnotic:] "You are getting very sleepy. Your husband is a wonderful husband. You do not remember making this phone call. At the sound of the tone, you will wake up and dial another number."

[beep]

[song : Love Me Tonight]

DAPHNE

There's someone for everybody.
That's just destiny.
Somewhere's a man whose every touch will
bring me ecstasy.
Whose lips electrify and thrill me,
whose fond embrace will almost kill me, oh-oh
But what can I do
till then?

I wanted the stars and the moon,
But not if I can't have them soon.

Love me tonight or lose me forever
I'm tellin' you, boy, I'm not tryin' to be clever
Make me your woman, but don't make me wait...
(I like my men tall, dark and pronto.)

Some day, they say, my Prince will come
If I just wait and pray.
I could. But really where's the fun
In patience and delay?
The thought of him is so frustrating
Why is True Love procrastinating, oh-oh
But what can I do
till then?

Take me tonight or leave me forever
I'm tellin' you, honey, it's now or it's never
You gotta love me like no other man...
(or some other man will just have to do)

How I long for a love to enchant and spellbind me
At first sight I'll succumb to his power.
But till then I'm not one to leave pleasures behind me
Locked in an ivory tower.
The Man of my Dreams will know where he can find me:
oh-oh
I'm out with the Man of the Hour.
So:
Love me tonight or miss me forever.
Relations like this, boy, you don't want to sever.
I'm so tired of waiting to meet Mr. Right...
Respect me tomorrow, but love me tonight!

[Enter Cupid.]

CUPID: HELLO!
My name is Cupid. Demigod of love.
Do you mind if I smoke?

Which reminds me of an old joke: "Do you smoke after sex?"
"Only for a few minutes, till I cool down." B'dum Bum.

So people ask me what I do for a living.
I say "cause trouble". heh heh.

Although, where I really make the big bucks is modeling for Valentine
candy wrappers. Maybe you've seen this one.

[Poses as baby cupid]

I know, it's not quite the same without the diaper and the bow and ar-
rows. I used to pose nude, but I don't want to turn up on a webpage.

Which by the way, I wanted to clear up this thing about the bows and
arrows. 'Cause I don't know whose idea that was, but it was not me.
Because, first of all, my aim is lousy. With a shotgun, maybe, but if I
had to use a bow and arrow... Let's just say, There would be a lot more
people with free time on the weekends. And have you ever been shot
with an arrow? Trust me: Not very Romantic.

No. We use chemicals.

I know what you're thinking. "This guy doesn't look like a chemist."
Hey, fuck you!

[catching himself:]

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. As Demigod of Love I gotta be careful saying that
to large groups of people.

Actually, no, the boys down at the lab do most of the work. I mainly
handle distribution. Usually we use large public water supplies. If any-
body notices, we tell 'em it's Fluoride.

It's hard to figure exact dosages on a lake, though, so we have been
known to make mistakes. Which is why I don't recommend you drink
the water in Chicago. And keep a safe distance from anyone who does.

Anyway, I just wanted to come down and clear up a few things:

The stuff is NOT addictive.

[Beat.]

Okay. It's addictive.

I don't use the stuff myself. Bad for business. You ever seen the movie Scarface? Besides which, I'm allergic. Gives me a rash and then I throw up. I know some of you have that reaction, too. Sorry. We're working on it.

So anyway, I just wanted to clear up these things about the bow and arrow and all before we get started. Thanks a lot. You've been great. I love you guys. Just kiddin', I told you I never touch the stuff.

[Echo runs in, startling Cupid.]

What the hell? Oh, right. Ahem. Let's see...

I take you now to a sylvan glade in an ancient mythic wood, where Zeus, Lord of the Sky and Master of Thunderbolts is again dallying with the nymphs.

SCENE 1

[The Forest]

[There's a door in the "Forest" leading to the backroom. Echo listens at the door. Loud love making within.]

[After awhile, enter Daphne, spent.]

DAPHNE: Oh my God. I mean, he is my God, but my God.

ECHO: My God what? What? Tell me, Daphne! What was it like? I mean...

[trying to imagine:] Zeus, the king of the gods, down from the heavens in all his glory...

DAPHNE: All his glory. Oh, Echo. I have never... never...

ECHO: What? Never never what? Never never land? Never never bo
bever banana fana fo fever?

DAPHNE: Echo, Oh my God, I... Try to imagine...

ECHO: Okay...

DAPHNE: Waitaminute. The King of the Gods is naked in the backroom and I'm out here exercising my imagination when I could be getting a complete cardio-vascular workout. I must be crazy. I'm going back for more.

[exiting:] Zeus!

ECHO: Back for more?! Oh my God.

[Enter Hera, with grim purpose]

HERA: Hello, Echo.

[Echo is very surprised to see her.]

ECHO: Oh, hello... Hera... Queen of the Gods... WIFE of ZEUS...

[Squeal of fear within.]

...and Goddess of divine prophecy. How may this lowly nymph aid or assist you in your almighty purpose?

HERA: I'm looking for my husband, Zeus.

ECHO: You mean Zeus, your HUSBAND, the king of the gods, lord of the sky, and master of thunderbolts?

HERA: No, the other one. Have you seen him or not, Echo?

ECHO: Seen him? Oh no, I haven't seen him. Seen him? No.

HERA: Well, then, if you'll excuse me, I guess I have to look elsewhere. ...I think I'll start in the backroom.

ECHO: No, wait! You can't go yet! I have not yet done sufficient homage to Hera, queen of the gods...

[Enter Daphne with a can of black olives under one arm. Hera glares at Echo.]

ECHO: Homage homage. Okay, you can go.

HERA: Hello, Daphne. I see you've been restocking your salad bar - pardon my French.

[Hera takes the can of olives. Daphne snatches it away from her.]

DAPHNE: Yes.

HERA: Don't go away, nymph. I might wanna predict your fate.
[exiting:] Zeus!

ECHO: Oh Jeezus, Daphne! She's caught him red-handed in the cookie jar with his pants down this time. Oh, she's gonna beat him to a pulp! Then she's gonna beat the pulp. Then she's gonna take the pulp and beat some eggs and make a pulp pie. Then she's gonna take the pie and smash it in his face.

DAPHNE: Echo...

ECHO: Oh, God, if she comes out of there all covered in pulp I'm gonna toss my cookies.

[Enter Hera, Echo screams and tosses cookies. However, Hera is not covered in pulp, and she can barely conceal her fury and humiliation.]

HERA: So, Daphne, I guess I owe you an apology. Somehow, I thought you were with my husband, but I guess that's not the case, since he's not here at all. My mistake. Sorry. I hope I haven't disturbed you.

[Hera exits.]

[Hera comes back.]

HERA: But if I ever do catch you sleeping with my husband, Daphne, you'll be sleeping with the fishes.

DAPHNE and ECHO [delighted squeals:] POSEIDON!

ECHO: He's so sexy.

DAPHNE: He's not just sexy, he's an adventure.

ECHO: I hear the human body is 95% liquid, but when you're with Poseidon, it's like 96.

DAPHNE: I hear it's more than 96.

HERA [shutting them up:] I'm not talking about Poseidon!!

[Daphne and Echo fall silent. Hera glares at them and stomps out.]

[Echo peeks in the back room.]

ECHO: Daphne, where's Zeus? He was here, right back there and you were too, and now he's not, he's gone and you're here, and where's Zeus?

DAPHNE: Ssh!

[Daphne points at the can]

ECHO: You turned him into pitted whole black olives!?!? How awful!

DAPHNE: No, he turned himself into pitted whole black olives.

ECHO: How awesome! [to the can:] Zeus? Is that really you? Boy, you had me fooled. Fooled Hera, too. Hera? Boy, did you see her face? Face it, Zeus, you fooled her.

DAPHNE: Echo...

ECHO: Well don't just sit there like canned goods. Say something.

DAPHNE: Echo, he's not going to say anything, and he's gonna stay canned goods until we can smuggle him far enough away that Hera doesn't know he was even here.

ECHO: That's it! We've gotta smuggle him away so Hera doesn't know he was even here. Oh, this is just like that scene from the Iliad. Zeus can be the missing livestock, then all we need is a heroic, but unsuspecting messenger.

[Enter a Cook.]

Hey, Waiter!

[The Cook crosses to the stage]

COOK: I'm a cook.

DAPHNE: A cook? How exciting!

ECHO: How exciting!

DAPHNE: Listen, they need these olives in the kitchen right away.

ECHO: Salad crisis.

DAPHNE: Big emergency.

ECHO: Actually, no, what it is: they're defective olives. And they've been recalled. They have to be shipped back to the manufacturer.

DAPHNE: In Crete!

ECHO: But secretly. We don't want the customers to find out. Might cause a panic.

[The Cook exits with the can of olives. The nymphs breathe a sigh of relief]

DAPHNE: Hey, Echo, let's go down to the harbor and see if we can find a Greek sailor.

ECHO: A sailor? What are we going to do with a Greek sailor?

DAPHNE: What would any self-respecting nymph do with a Greek sailor?

ECHO: Oh my God...

[They exit.]

CUPID: So. The story of Narcissus and Echo. Now, true story, this really happened. Echo, nymph, nice girl, but talks a lot. You know the type. Always has to get in the last word.

Okay, along comes: Narcissus. First ever male nymph. I don't know whose brilliant idea that was, but I have to take my hat off to them, because you could not ask for a situation more rife with catastrophic potential.

First ever male nymph. So needless to say, the boy is confused. So he comes to his Uncle Cupid for advice. First mistake.

SCENE 2

[Narcissus taps Cupid on the shoulder, startling him]

NARCISSUS: Uncle Cupid, can I ask you something?

CUPID: Narcissus, let me clear up a few things here.
First of all, I am not your Uncle.
Second, don't ever touch me. Rule number one of mythology: If it looks like a cherub, it bites like the Nemean lion

NARCISSUS: Sorry.

CUPID: But then, I could be everybody's uncle the way my mother sleeps around. Now, what is it, kid?

NARCISSUS: Well... I feel kinda funny asking this, but... Do you notice anything different about me?

CUPID: I give up. You got your hair cut? What?

NARCISSUS: No, what I mean is... I feel out of place with the other nymphs, like I'm... different.

CUPID: Now, who put this silly idea in your head, Narcissus?

NARCISSUS: It's just that I've been noticing how all the other nymphs like to chase after men or frolic with the satyrs, but sometimes... Sometimes I just want to drink beer and watch the Olympics.

And it seems like whenever the gods come down from Mount Olympus to rape and debauch, they almost never ask me out.

CUPID: Count your blessings, kid.

NARCISSUS: But it's not just that. Lately, the other girls have been looking at me funny. Like... like ogling me. [confidentially:] And my little moustache problem has really gotten out of control. And I keep wondering when I'm going to fill out. And this all has me very concerned. Because I really want to fit in here. Is there something wrong with me?

CUPID: Let me explain a few things to you. First, there is nothing wrong with you. Not everyone is exactly the same. You shouldn't let that upset you. So you're a little bit different? The other nymphs are gonna look at you funny from time to time. You just gotta hold your head up, and vive la difference. Which reminds me of an old joke: Question "What do you get when you cross a cow with a cow?" Answer "Who cares?? Tell me the one about Helen Keller and the Polish

CUPID (cont'd): hockey team in a rowboat!" Variety is the spice of life, kid. You just gotta think of yourself as jalapeno dip.

Second - now this may come as a shock to you, but - the truth is...

You're a Lesbian.

[Narcissus reels.]

[aside:] You know, sometimes I'm filling out my 1040 form, and where it says "occupation" I just put "trouble".

NARCISSUS: I... I... I didn't mean to be.

CUPID: No one ever does.

[song: A Normal Life]

CUPID

Hyacinthus was a cutie,
He was unsurpassed for beauty

NARCISSUS

But he only wants to lead a normal life

CUPID

He was courted by a swallow,
By the Wind, and by Apollo

NARCISSUS

But he only wants a normal life

CUPID

Hyacinth made his selection,
Gave Apollo his affection

NARCISSUS

'Cause he only wants to lead a normal life

CUPID

So the Wind picked up a discus,
Shot him through the solar plexus

NARCISSUS

A normal life.

I don't wanna be different
I get seasick from rocking the boat
Nowadays an idiosyncrasy
Is more unwelcome than a leper with the plague.
Oh...

CUPID

Achilles was a farmer,
Had no use for swords and armor

NARCISSUS

'Cause he only wants to lead a normal life

CUPID

Then they said "Hey, be a sport, all
But your heel-bone is immortal"

NARCISSUS

But he only wants a normal life

CUPID

So they sent him off to battle,
Like the slaughter to the cattle.

NARCISSUS

But he only wants to lead a normal life

CUPID

He was mowing through the ranks till
Someone shot him in the ankle...

NARCISSUS

A normal life.

I don't want to be special
I just want to be one of the girls.
I have dreams of being merely typical
Look at me! there's nothing so unusual.
I don't deserve to be one of a kind.

All of a sudden I feel like I'm caught in a spotlight
Neighbors are pointing and staring and calling me "strange"

NARCISSUS (cont'd): Is it my fault I'm unique, instead of wholesome and average?

Sorry I failed to fit in, but I'm willing to change

Show me how to be normal
Read me the rule book and watch me conform
I confess I've been slightly irregular
But let me try, I'll be so unspectacular
I don't need to be stunning or singular
My square pegs will be perfectly circular
Tell me how to get lost in the crowd!

SCENE 3

[Enter Daphne]

DAPHNE: Hi, Narcissus.

NARCISSUS [imitating her stance:] Hi, Daphne.

DAPHNE: My goodness, look how you've filled out.

NARCISSUS: I have?

[He feels his breasts, they aren't there.]

NARCISSUS [disappointed:] Oh, don't tease me like that.

DAPHNE: No, I mean it. I hadn't noticed before, but you're turning into quite a hunk.

NARCISSUS: I am? You don't think I'm too butch, do you?

DAPHNE: Just the right amount.

[She attaches herself to him]

You want to kiss me, don't you?

NARCISSUS: Oh God, am I that obvious?

[Enter Echo]

ECHO: The Trojans and Greeks are at it again. What has it been?

Nine years? You'd think by now they'd put two and two together:

[imitates a soldier:]

"Hey, why are we fighting?" "For our country!" "Why is our country fighting?" "For the commander's girlfriend!"

ECHO (cont'd): They're out there killing each other for babes, while the best-looking nymphs in Greece are sitting here twiddling our thumbs. No, wait, thumb isn't the word I'm looking for.

DAPHNE: Hey, Echo, have you met the new nymph?

NARCISSUS: Hello.

ECHO: Hello.

[Music plays. Love at first sight. Narcissus and Echo stare dumb-founded]

DAPHNE: So what do you think? I'd say some definite improvements on the old model.

[no response]

Wow, I've never seen Echo struck dumb before. So, this is what it's like to get in a few words edgewise.

So, how 'bout them Bulls? Some season they're having, huh? And this weather? It's not the heat it's the humidity. That's what they say.

NARCISSUS [breathless:] Do you hear music?

ECHO [breathless:] Yes.

DAPHNE: Hey, I hear music, too.

[to piano player:]

Stop that. I saw him first.

[Music stops.]

[Daphne takes Narcissus' arm.]

DAPHNE: So, Narcissus, tell us about yourself.

ECHO: Yes, tell us.

NARCISSUS: Well, I was born in Thespia, my parents were the River-god Cephisus and the blue nymph Leiriopé. I'm a Capricorn. My favorite colors are mauve and aquamarine. Turnons: oysters, champagne and long walks by the ocean. Turnoffs: hairpieces, traffic and big smelly dogs. I don't really have any career plans. I guess I just want to be an ordinary nymph just like everybody else.

ECHO: Just like everybody else?

DAPHNE: I'd like to see that.

NARCISSUS [a bit defensive:] I know, I'm different. But I don't think that should prevent me from having a normal life. I can frolic as well as any nymph.

[to a man in the audience:]

Hey, you big handsome piece of beef steak! Why don't you come up here and make my day!

[The Cook enters with a can of olives under one arm. Daphne spots him.]

DAPHNE: Oh my God.

ECHO: Oh my God.

DAPHNE and ECHO: Black Olives!

[Echo and Daphne snatch the olives from the Cook and run off to the backroom.]

NARCISSUS: What was that?

COOK: The story of my life.

[He exits.]

[Daphne returns.]

DAPHNE: Care to join us for a snack?

NARCISSUS: No thanks, I'm trying to watch my weight.

DAPHNE: No, I mean: Care to join us for a snack?

[pause]

NARCISSUS: No thanks, I'm trying to watch my weight.

DAPHNE: No, I mean: Care to join us for SEX?

NARCISSUS: Oh. Ooh, oh! Oo, ah! I know I'm a nymph and I'm supposed to be insatiable, but, woof, canned vegetables? Are you serious?

DAPHNE: Honey, those were not just any canned vegetables.

[Squeals offstage.]

That was Zeus himself, incognito. When he wants to visit, he turns into a can of olives and has himself delivered here so Hera won't catch him.

[Echo reenters.]

ECHO: Oh my God.

DAPHNE: Breathtaking, isn't he?

[Daphne gleefully exits to the backroom.]

[Echo looks at Narcissus, music plays]

NARCISSUS: Do you hear music?

ECHO: I think they're playing our song

NARCISSUS [laughs uncomfortably:] That's funny. Ha ha. As if we could have a song. Ha ha.

ECHO: Don't you want to have a song? Come on, I won't bite.

[song: Our Song]

ECHO

It's just a song that whenever they play it on the jukebox,
I think of you.

It's just a song that when you hear it on the radio,
You think of me too.

It may be sad, it may be sappy,
but they're playin' our song and it makes me happy!

ECHO and NARCISSUS

Our song, when they're playin' our song,

ECHO

They're playin' our song.
It's just a song that when it's Muzak on the elevator,
I think of you.

NARCISSUS

It's just a song that they turned into a car commercial,
And I wanna buy two!
It may be a polka, it may be a tango,
but when they're playin' our song I gotta eat a mango!

ECHO and NARCISSUS

Our song, when they're playin' our song,

ECHO

They're playin' our song.

NARCISSUS

Do that ditty, light and witty
to the tune I can't forget.

ECHO

Sing the jingle makes me tingle
and reminds me of the night we met.

NARCISSUS

[getting silly:]
Croon that ballad with my salad.
While I watch Gorillas in the Mist.

ECHO

Play the dirge that recreates the urge
I feel inside,
I feel inside the first time we kissed.

[She kisses him]

NARCISSUS

I have never been kissed.

ECHO

I have never been kissed this week.

[obvious heat between them]

NARCISSUS

What do we do now?

ECHO

Dance.

[DANCE section]

It's just a song that when they say
"Do you have a request, ma'am?"
I think of you.

NARCISSUS
It's just a song that when I sing it while I'm in the shower
I spill the shampoo.

ECHO and NARCISSUS
It may be Mozart, it may be disco,
but they're playin' our song, you better hide the Crisco
Our song, when they're playin' our song,

ECHO
They're playin' our song.

ECHO and NARCISSUS
We may go far, or we may fizzle,
but while they're playin' our song, we sizzle!
Our song, when they're playin' our song,

ECHO
They're playin' our song.

NARCISSUS
I want to sing along, they're playin' our song,

ECHO
they're playin' our song.

NARCISSUS
Nothing can go wrong, they're playin' our song,

ECHO
they're playin' our song.

NARCISSUS
I want a silk sarong!

ECHO
I want to play ping pong!

NARCISSUS
I want a brass gong...

ECHO
A black leather thong...

NARCISSUS
A Hostess ding dong...

ECHO and NARCISSUS
They're playin' our song.

ECHO
(Think we've had enough?)

ECHO and NARCISSUS
...they're playin' our song, they're playin' our song.

They're playin' our song!!

NARCISSUS: That was nice, thank you. I've never had a song with anyone before.

ECHO: You're very handsome.

NARCISSUS: Oh don't call me that. It's so embarrassing.
[self-conscious:]
Is my moustache showing?

ECHO: I like it.
[touches his cheek]

NARCISSUS: Can I ask you a personal question?

ECHO: What?

NARCISSUS: You're a Lesbian, right?
[quickly:]
It's okay if you are, I'm not judging.

ECHO: You say the silliest things, Narcissus. I...

NARCISSUS: I'm...

ECHO: What?

NARCISSUS: No, you.

ECHO: It's okay.

NARCISSUS: No, what?

ECHO: Wait. You know, you could go through their whole life waiting for that special someguy to come along and sweep you off your feet. And he never would...

NARCISSUS: Yeah, Men. You can't live with 'em, you can't live with satyrs.

ECHO: So you resign yourself to a lifetime of one night stands, or a whole bunch of cats, or ya know, whatever...

NARCISSUS: [nervous laugh] Yeah, ya know, whatever.

ECHO: But once in awhile the right man does come along. And it makes all the heartbreak and loneliness somehow seem worthwhile. Because the moment is so perfect.

NARCISSUS [disappointed:] Oh. I see what you mean. I guess I just need to be patient and maybe someday...

ECHO: I think I'm falling in love with you.

NARCISSUS: You are??

ECHO: I've never felt this strongly about any man or anyone: gods, satyrs, centaurs, elves, large seabirds or anyone before in my life. And I've never had spontaneous underscoring.

NARCISSUS: I... well... me too, I think. Wow. This is kind of a big step.

[He takes her hand.]

You're really a Lesbian, this isn't a dream?

ECHO: Narcissus, don't speak.

NARCISSUS: No, right, I won't, good idea. What should I-- oh, I'm speaking again, aren't I?

[Narcissus stops speaking. Echo kisses him.]

[Suddenly, enter Daphne.]

DAPHNE: Oh my God. Have you ever... ever... Oh my God, have you ever...

ECHO: Ever what? Eveready? Everlasting? Ever ever ever in your long legged life?

DAPHNE: Honey, let me catch my breath.

NARCISSUS [aside:] What am I doing? This is crazy. I can't be in love with another woman. What will people say? I know what they'll say. They'll say: perverts. We could never have a normal life together. And how do I tell my parents? This would kill my father. I can't do it. I can't do it to her, I can't do it to myself. From now on, that's just not who I am.

[With sudden grim resolve, Narcissus marches into the backroom.]
Zeus!

DAPHNE [getting dressed:] Have you ever been making love... With a mountain goat... And suddenly you both transform into giant eagles... And soar upward together... Until 10,000 feet above the earth... You burst into flames. Your ashes drift down through a cloud and you fall back to earth as a gentle rain, collapsing together in a puddle of spent passion?

ECHO [panting:] Wow.

DAPHNE: Me neither, but that was damn close.

ECHO: Really? It was like soaring and bursting and puddling?

DAPHNE: Especially the puddling.

ECHO: Wow.

[They both light up cigarettes.]

DAPHNE: I'm gonna ask him to divorce his wife and marry me.

ECHO: I'm in love, Daphne.

DAPHNE: I saw him first!

ECHO: Not with Zeus. With Narcissus.

DAPHNE: I saw him first too!

ECHO: You did not!

DAPHNE: Yes I did!

ECHO: You've got Zeus. Why do you want my nymph-boy?

DAPHNE: What can I say, I'm versatile.

[Enter Hera.]

HERA: Hello, girls.

ECHO: Hera!!

HERA: Echo!!

[Daphne darts into the backroom.]

Where's she going?

ECHO: Who?

HERA: Her!

ECHO: Never seen her before in my life.

[Hera moves to pursue, Echo cuts in front of her.]

Wait a minute-- About this tall, long hair, dressed like me? Kinda nymph? Yeah, it's all coming back to me now. Her name is Daph-something. Daff, Daff, Daff, Daffy Duck, Daffodil-- Wait, she used to be a character on Scooby Doo. Shaggy, Scooby, Scrappy, Velma, Daphne, Fred. That's it Fred! No, wait, Daphne! It's Daphne! Gosh, I'm glad we solved that. I woulda been up all night.

HERA: Don't waste my time, Echo.

ECHO: Sorry. LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT GORGON!!

[As Hera turns to see the gorgon, Daphne enters, pushing the Cook who is carrying the can of black olives. Hera, however, turns in time to catch them.]

HERA: Hold it right there, buddy!
[Daphne and the Cook halt, caught.]
Very clever. Very, very clever. THE FIRST TIME!
[Hera snatches the can of olives away from them.]
[to the can:] So, Zeus. It's been ages. I hardly recognize you. We haven't seen this much of each other since the last time I caught you with another woman. I'd almost forgotten this cute little bald spot on top. Or this little dimple.
[Hera dents the can, viciously.]
Or this one! Or this one! Or this one!
[Hera dents the can some more. Echo winces.]
You didn't think I'd notice the lipstick-stained labels in your laundry?
Or the number of nymphs coming down with feminine tetanus?

ECHO: Hera...

HERA: Shut up, Echo. [to the can:] Allright, enough with the "helpless can" act. What do you have to say for yourself?
[No response from the can.]
Oh, that's right, your lips are hermetically-sealed. Well, maybe this'll make you talk.
[She takes out a can opener.]
This won't hurt a bit.
[Hera begins opening the can... cruelly. As Echo squirms in horror.]
...Or maybe it'll hurt like hell, I've never done a Caesarian lobotomy. Waitaminute, I'm having a prophetic vision. I see the supreme being of the universe being chopped up and used as a pizza topping.
[Hera rips open the top of the can, as Echo cringes. Hera looks inside.]
What the--?! This is just a can of olives!

ECHO: Olives. That's impossible!
[catches herself:]
uh, I mean...
[pretends to read the label:]
Whole pitted black olives. Oh, olives! I thought it said, "ostrich".
Whole pitted black ostrich. Olives! No, that makes complete sense.

HERA: The cook! He turned himself into the cook!

ECHO: The nerve of that man!

HERA: Don't talk to me, Echo.

ECHO: No ma'am.