

ACT ONE

The OVERTURE ends.

A SPOTLIGHT appears roughly center stage. A well-groomed and timid-looking man in his 20s-30s is standing in it - EPIMETHEUS. Frightened, like a lamb going to slaughter, HE looks above the audience's head at some unseen entity. A booming VOICE arises to answer HIS look:

VOICE

So. Epimetheus. You have come. I am impressed.

For a moment, it doesn't seem that EPIMETHEUS will reply, but HE does - that is, barely - with a gulp and a shaky nod.

VOICE

I can't hear you.

Another gulp.

EPIMETHEUS

(Intended humor.)

That's funny, Sir, because I can... hear you.

VOICE

I should hope so! There's not a creature on Earth nor a star in the Heavens that can't. My voice is one whose purpose is to be heard and heeded. And, for all the world to hear, I will now say this...

Gulp, gulp, gulp.

VOICE

You are absolved.

EPIMETHEUS freezes in delight.

EPIMETHEUS

(Too good to be true.)

Absolved?

VOICE

Completely.

Completely? EPIMETHEUS

Absolved. VOICE

Completely Absolved? EPIMETHEUS

(Annoyed.)
 VOICE
Yes. Listen to me, Epimetheus. You are absolved. You are absolved from your sin.

EPIMETHEUS
 Yes, I mean... after all... it was only... fire.

The VOICE curdles with displeasure.

VOICE
 Is that really all you think it was?

EPIMETHEUS gulps again.

EPIMETHEUS
 Well... no... not only fire... that is...

VOICE
 It was a gift the Humans shouldn't have had. You and your brother betrayed me by offering it to them. But now I have forgiven you and welcome you home.

EPIMETHEUS
 And... and Prometheus?

VOICE
 Your brother is not included in the pardon.

EPIMETHEUS
 Pardon?

VOICE
 (With great annoyance.)
 I said your brother is not...

EPIMETHEUS
 No, I meant... Never mind.

The VOICE sighs heavily.

VOICE
 You, Epimetheus, are a stunning argument against ears.

EPIMETHEUS

Yes. I know. Sorry. I apologize. It's just... why me?

VOICE

Because you repent, Epimetheus.

EPIMETHEUS

I... repent?

VOICE

And I accept.

EPIMETHEUS

(This is going much too fast for HIM.)
Oh. Yes. I mean... Good.

EPIMETHEUS smiles idiotically.

EPIMETHEUS

Now, Sir, what... what can I do for you?

CLICK! The LIGHTS RISE. We are atop MOUNT OLYMPUS - the Home of the Gods. A mighty-looking man in a smoking jacket dashes onstage like a determined train too mighty for its tracks - ZEUS. HE is followed by a well-groomed secretary in a dapper suit and of suspect sexuality - HERMES. The GODS OF OLYMPUS stand arrayed behind EPIMETHUS and dressed appropriately according to their godly type: DEMETER (a tree-hugging ecologist), HERACLES (a muscular jock), APHRODITE (a high-end call girl), ATHENA (a 20-year-old Goth), HEPHAESTUS (a hunchbacked nurse), POSEIDON (a 19th century admiral), and HADES (a lawyer).

As ZEUS enters, HE immediately zooms in on EPIMETHEUS like a well-aimed missile:

ZEUS

Well, to start with, you can wipe that idiotic smile off your face. You must have gotten that puerile expression from the Humans. You have spent far too much time away from Olympus.

ZEUS gives EPIMETHEUS a look over.

ZEUS

The statue is there, but the plaster is cracked. We must fill in the holes.

EPIMETHEUS

I hope that's not as painful as it sounds.

ZEUS stares blandly at EPIMETHEUS.

ZEUS

Perhaps you haven't changed... that much.

SONG: Too Long, Too

ZEUS

EACH DAY GONE BY
MADE ME ASK WHY
I EVER SHOUTED "GO."
MY WRETCHEDNESS
YOU'D NEVER GUESS
NOR HOPEFULLY WILL KNOW.
WHEN ALL IS SAID,
YOUR ABSENCE LED
MY WORLD TO SLIDE AND SKID.
YES, YES,
IT DID...
IT DID...
IT DID...

I MUST CONFESS I MISSED
YOUR RATHER GOOFY SMILE,
YOUR STUMBLING IN THE AISLE,
YOUR MAMMOTH LAUNDRY PILE.
AND THOUGH I SAID
"RETURN, YOU'RE DEAD,"
TILL HEAVEN COME OR HELL COME...
NOW IT'S
WELCOME
WELCOME,
WELCOME!

IT'S BEEN TOO LONG, TOO LONG
TO CUT OUR FRIENDSHIP SHORT
OR CARE WHO'S RIGHT OR WRONG
OR WHO MADE WHICH RETORT
FOR ALL THE TIMES YOU END WELL
ARE THE ONES YOU SPEND WELL
THROUGH AND THROUGH.
YES, IT'S BEEN LONG,
OH, IT'S BEEN LONG,
AND IT'S BEEN TOO LONG, TOO.

The GODs spring to life and join in the
welcoming home. EPIMETHEUS is evidently
delighted by the fawning.

GODS

WE MUST CONFESS WE MISSED
 YOUR DAILY LITTLE GAFF,
 YOUR IRRITATING LAUGH,
 YOUR SCRAWL-LIKE AUTOGRAPH.
 AND, YES, IT'S TRUE
 WE PRAYED YOU'D STEW
 WHERE EL DIABLO DWELLO...
 BUT NOW
 HELL-LO,
 HELL-LO,
 HELL-LO!

IT'S BEEN TOO LONG, TOO LONG
 SINCE WE LAST MET AND YET
 WE FEEL THE LONGING'S STRONG
 TO PAY OFF EVERY DEBT
 FOR, YES, THE TIMES YOU BICKER
 ONLY MAKE YOU SICK 'ER
 JUST PLAIN BLUE.
 YES, IT'S BEEN LONG,
 OH, IT'S BEEN LONG,
 AND IT'S BEEN TOO LONG, TOO.

EPIMETHEUS

BUT NOW THAT'S FINISHED.

ZEUS

HATE IS DIMINISHED.

EPIMETHEUS

NOW LIFE IS CHEERFUL.

ZEUS

NO EYES ARE TEARFUL.

EPIMETHEUS

LET'S RE-BEGIN NOW.

ZEUS

I ASK YOU WHEN...

EPIMETHEUS

NOW!

ZEUS

YES, YES, THAT'S RIGHT.
 MY FRIEND, YOU'RE RIGHT.
 NOW I CAN FIN'LLY SLEEP AT NIGHT.

EPIMETHEUS

I MUST CONFESS I MISSED
 YOUR FIERCELY FRIENDLESS EYES,

EPIMETHEUS (CONT)

YOUR LOUD AND RUDE REPLIES,
 YOUR HEAD'S HUMONGOUS SIZE.
 AND EVEN THOUGH
 YOUR EGO'S GROW-
 ING SO HUGE IT'S ILICIT
 I COULD
 KISS IT,
 KISS IT,
 KISS IT!

The MUSIC comes to a halt - ZEUS is not amused. The GODS freeze in preparation for a coming explosion. EPIMETHEUS is oblivious to the peril in which he's put himself. But then ZEUS smiles and manages to break back into song:

ZEUS

IT'S BEEN TOO LONG, TOO LONG
 SINCE WE LAST SHARED SOME CHEER...

MALE GODS

OR SANG A ROUSING SONG...

FEMALE GODS

OR SHED A TENDER TEAR...

ZEUS, GODS

FOR SINCE WE TOLD YOU "SEE YA"
 OUR MELAN-CHOL-EE-YA
 GREW AND GREW.

EPIMETHEUS

YES, IT'S BEEN LONG...

ZEUS

OH, IT'S BEEN LONG...

ALL

FOR US/ME AND YOU!

Overjoyed, back at home, the GODS (save HERMES) happily lead EPIMETHEUS offstage in light and enthusiastic banter. ZEUS looks after EPIMETHEUS for a reflective moment and then turns knowingly to HERMES.

ZEUS

He doesn't know what's in store for him.

The LIGHTS FALL on MOUNT OLYMPUS and
 RISE on MOUNT CAUCASUS.

MOUNT CAUCASUS is a deserted and gloomy outcrop in some far-off and topmost corner of the globe. A large rock sits in the middle of it. A strong-looking, oddly elegant, yet clearly pained, Shelley-style poet is chained to it - PROMETHEUS. His poet's shirt is stained with blood from vicious crows routinely coming to pluck out his liver. Currently, though, there are no crows and PROMETHEUS is slumped downward (sleeping?) in lifeless form.

Slowly, uncertainly, EPIMETHEUS sticks HIS head in and sheepishly looks at PROMETHEUS (should he approach or not?) - but then:

PROMETHEUS

I know you're there, Epy.

EPIMETHEUS smiles meekly and enters.

EPIMETHEUS

You always do, Prometheus.

PROMETHEUS raises HIS weary head.

PROMETHEUS

I sit here, chained to this rock, day in, day out, since we gave the Humans fire. I know every rustle of the wind and every echo of the rocks. A foreign object amends their song and alerts my ears to strangers.

EPIMETHEUS nods with obvious unease.
PROMETHEUS examines the visitor.

EPIMETHEUS

So... Brother... how are you... doing?

PROMETHEUS mockingly looks at his chains and his torn liver.

PROMETHEUS

Never better.

EPIMETHEUS searches the sky.

EPIMETHEUS

Are your crows off tonight?

PROMETHEUS

No. There's a new guy. They take turns.

EPIMETHEUS nods in understanding.

PROMETHEUS

Besides, my liver still has some growing to do before they come to pluck it apart again.

EPIMETHEUS

So you haven't been... pardoned.

PROMETHEUS

Like you? No.

EPIMETHEUS blushes with shame.

PROMETHEUS

The crows told me. They love to torture me.

EPIMETHEUS is about to broadcast excuses, when...

PROMETHEUS

Now, now, Epy; I begrudge you neither peace nor pardon, if that is what you desire. You always were, and ever will be, the weaker of us two. I shouldn't have dragged you through my little world of dreams. For many, for Zeus, it was, and is, filled only with nightmares. And for you...

EPIMETHEUS

(With attempted resoluteness.)
Dreams, too, Prom.

PROMETHEUS shakes HIS head like a wise father.

PROMETHEUS

No, Epy. No. They weren't your dreams and I should have known that from the first. You're a simple soul who wants peace, not progress.

A LIFELESS MUTTERING emerges from the distance.

PROMETHEUS

Ah. Meals on heels.

EPIMETHEUS rises as if a murderer were in the neighborhood.

EPIMETHEUS

The Humans? Come here?

PROMETHEUS

Yes, Epy; the Humans come to give me food and water every single day around this time. It would seem there is indeed a soul deep down inside those caverns. Do you really think it was wood we were trying to light on fire?

The LIFELESS MUTTERING has grown louder. A huddled mass enter - the HUMANS. THEY are lifeless, drab, monotonous beings without any life or love about THEM. THEY are dressed in unisex clothes (simple in design) and THEIR faces are expressionless masks of meaningless.

PROMETHEUS

Welcome, friends, to my humble crag; please pull up a rock and sit for a while.

The HUMANS simply stare with blank incomprehension. PROMETHEUS turns to EPIMETHEUS without any disappointment.

PROMETHEUS

I suppose one day they will understand me as well as I understand them.

PROMETHEUS turns back to the HUMANS with charming cheer. However, forlornly, THEY have extended THEIR empty arms in helpless apologies. PROMETHEUS sees this, freezes, congeals inside, but marvelously manages no outward sign of sadness.

PROMETHEUS

Do not worry, my friends; my heart and soul will feed amply off your intentions.

EPIMETHEUS

(Incredulously.)
You think they understand?

PROMETHEUS

(Snapping back.)
You think they do not?

EPIMETHEUS

Well, I...

PROMETHEUS

They live. They breathe. They understand. They just don't know it. We just don't know it.

Another embarrassing pause. EPIMETHEUS stares at the HUMANS with uncertainty. PROMETHEUS considers THEM with pleasure. Then:

EPIMETHEUS

Why are they still here?

PROMETHEUS

They are keeping me company.

EPIMETHEUS

Oh. I see.

PROMETHEUS

No. You don't.

EPIMETHEUS

But... they can't talk.

PROMETHEUS

(Prickly.)

They speak with their eyes. It's quieter that way.

EPIMETHEUS

And what do they say?

PROMETHEUS

They say... nothing. But I look all the same. I suggest you do likewise.

EPIMETHEUS seems to laugh this off. But PROMETHEUS suddenly snaps at HIM:

PROMETHEUS

Look, Epy. Look at them. The pack animals of Zeus. Crafted out of Earth hundreds of years ago. Living the same life from day to day to day. They wake - they farm - they eat - they sleep. The End.

(Looking hopefully at the HUMANS.)

But one day...

SONG: One Day, Someday

PROMETHEUS

ONE DAY,
SOMEDAY,
EYES WILL LEARN TO SEEK.

ONE DAY,
SOMEWAY,
MOUTHS WILL LEARN TO SPEAK.

PROMETHEUS (CONT)

FOR EVERY HUMAN MIND
 BEARS THOUGHTS THAT LAUGH AND CRY
 ALTHOUGH THE EYES ARE BLIND
 AND THE MOUTHS ARE STARVED AND DRY.

BUT ONE DAY...
 COME, DAY...
 FREE THOSE THOUGHTS TO FLY.
 COME, GROW THEM
 AND SHOW THEM
 THE SKY.

ONE DAY,
 SOMEDAY,
 EARS WILL LEARN TO HEAR.

ONE DAY,
 SOMEWAY,
 HANDS WILL LEARN TO STEER.

FOR EVERY HUMAN FRAME
 IS NOT SOME EMPTY TOMB
 IMPRINTED WITH A NAME
 NO SOUL DARED TO ASSUME.

BUT ONE DAY...
 COME, DAY...
 BLESS THOSE SOULS TO BLOOM.
 COME, WAKE THEM
 AND MAKE THEM
 SOME ROOM.

PROMETHEUS turns to the HUMANS again
 and smiles a gentle goodbye. The HUMANS
 understand and exit.

PROMETHEUS

(Spoken, to EPIMETHEUS.)

You see, Epy? They understand the soul... but one day they will
 understand so much more...

(Singing.)

ONE DAY...
 COME, DAY...
 SPEED THE SUN AND MOON.
 PLEASE, COME, DAY,
 COME SOMEDAY,
 AND SOON.

The LIGHTS FALL on MOUNT CAUCASUS and
 RISE on MOUNT OLYMPUS.

ZEUS is pacing back and forth in deep
 and penetrating thought. The GODS OF

OLYMPUS are assembled behind HIM with magnificent sobriety. A long pause ensues. Eventually:

ATHENA

Well... this is fun, Father.

ZEUS stops and glowers.

HERACLES

Athena is right. I have pythons to perish. I have lions to lame. I have...

DEMETER

Flowers to water.

POSEIDON

Tsunamis to brew.

APHRODITE

Valentines to write.

HADES

Litigants to sue.

ZEUS turns expectantly to HEPHAESTUS ("And you?").

HEPHAESTUS

A chiropractic exam.

ZEUS shudders with annoyance.

ZEUS

All of you. Silence. I cannot take your caterwaul. I get grumbling enough from...

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Zeus!

ZEUS noticeably cringes.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Zeus! Where are you?

ZEUS barely manages enough gumption to reply:

ZEUS

I'm in the throne room, Hera.

HERA'S VOICE

Which one?

ZEUS

The real one.

HERA'S VOICE

Do you know what time it is?

ZEUS

Yes, Hera, I do.

HERA'S VOICE

Well, if you're smart, you'll keep it to yourself.

ZEUS

Could we save this for tomorrow?

HERA'S VOICE

It's so late, it is tomorrow.

ZEUS

Yes, but, damn it, I'm working.

HERA'S VOICE

I'll give you 10 more minutes.

ZEUS

All right. I'll take it. Good night.

HERA'S VOICE

That's your opinion.

ZEUS

Goodnight.

HERA'S VOICE

Good morning.

ZEUS cringes again and waits for a reply - but none comes. HE then lets loose a great sigh of relief.

HERACLES

Perhaps, Master, we should go to bed.

ZEUS turns to HIM in fury.

ZEUS

Never. Never. We have mischief to plot and we shall see the plot through. I sent out the invitations, but the timeliness is up to you. What else do you want of me?

ATHENA

Abortion on demand.

ZEUS grimly considers ATHENA.

Too late. ZEUS

HERMES enters with an easel in hand.

Speaking of which... ATHENA

Hermes! ZEUS

HERMES
(French pronunciation - like the scarf.)
It's Hermès.

You're late. ZEUS

But I am here now. HERMES

And I was here before. ZEUS

And we were here before that. HADES

ZEUS is not amused.

ZEUS
One more word, Hades, and I'll send you straight to Hell.

The GODS step back in fear. A glaring pause. ZEUS gestures indiscriminately to HERMES. HERMES hurriedly deposits the easel.

ZEUS
Now... Hermes... take a memo.

A memo, Master? HERMES

HERMES indicates the easel.

ZEUS
A picture memo.

HERMES
Of what, Master?

ZEUS
Of a "welcome back" gift for Epimetheus.

Which is what? DEMETER

A living creature. ZEUS

Animal or vegetable? HERACLES

Both. ZEUS

What will you call it? APHRODITE

Woman. ZEUS

ZEUS turns to HERMES and begins to describe this new creature - "woman" - as HERMES draws.

SONG: And Don't Forget A Mouth

ZEUS
LET US GIVE HER SLENDER FINGERS
SHE CAN POINT AT YOU AND WAG
AND A SATIN VOICE THAT LINGERS
EVERY TIME IT SEEKS TO NAG.
LET US GIVE HER STUNNING EYES
SO SHE CAN WATCH YOU LIKE A HAWK.
AND DON'T FORGET A MOUTH
SO SHE CAN TALK AND TALK AND TALK.

POSEIDON
LET US GIVE HER INTUITION
THAT WILL TELL HER YOU ARE WRONG.

HERACLES
AND A GENTLE DISPOSITION
THAT WILL FOOL YOU ALL ALONG.

APHRODITE, DEMETER
LET US GIVE HER FLIGHTS OF FAN-
CY WITH WHICH SHE CAN FLY AND FLOCK.

HEPHAESTUS, HADES
AND DON'T FORGET A MOUTH
SO SHE CAN TALK AND TALK AND TALK.

ZEUS
NOW LET'S ALSO ADD A SMILE
TO BEWITCH AND TO BEGUILLE
THAT'LL MAKE YOU BOW AND SCRAPE TO HER DESIRES

ZEUS (CONT)

SO THE NEXT THING THAT YOU KNOW
SHE'S TURNED "UP" INTO "BELOW"
AND SHE'S TURNED THE AUCTIONEERS INTO THE BUYERS.

HADES, HERACLES, POSEIDON, HEPHAESTUS

LET US GIVE HER SWEET EMBRACES
THAT WILL GRAB ALL THAT YOU OWN.

APHRODITE, DEMETER

AND TWO HANDS AS SOFT AS LACE IS
THAT WILL STRIKE YOU LIKE A STONE.

ATHENA

OH AND DON'T FORGET THAT MOUTH
ON WHICH YOU'D LOVE TO PLACE A LOCK.

ALL

THAT HORRID, HORRID MOUTH
SO SHE CAN TALK AND TALK AND TALK.

ZEUS

YES, YES, DON'T FORGET THAT MOUTH
IN WHICH YOU'D LOVE TO STICK A SOCK.

ALL

THAT HORRID, HORRID MOUTH
SO SHE CAN TALK AND TALK AND TALK.

ZEUS examines the drawing approvingly.

ZEUS

Yes, that will do.

HERMES

For what, Master?

ZEUS

For everything.

HERMES bows, takes the easel and
picture, and scurries out.

ZEUS

Poor Epimetheus. Idiot fool. Let him get a taste of what he and
his brother wanted - a Human with a mind.

(Singing, deviously.)

LET US GIVE HER SILKY HAIR THAT
SHE WILL PREP TWELVE TIMES A WEEK.

GODS

AND SO MANY VIEWS TO SHARE THAT
YOU WOULD SWEAR SHE'S SPRUNG A LEAK.

ZEUS
 THUS RETURNING TO THAT MOUTH
 WITH WHICH SHE'S BOUND TO RUN AMOK.

ALL
 THAT HORRID, HORRID MOUTH
 SO SHE CAN TALK... AND TALK... AND TALK!

The LIGHTS FALL on MOUNT OLYMPUS and
 RISE on A PLEASANT GLEN on EARTH.

Gradually, SOME LIFELESS MUTTERINGS
 sound from offstage for a moment or
 two. Soon after, a few HUMANS (2 or so)
 enter on a hunt or some gathering
 expedition. THEY look here, there,
 everywhere, without any particular
 direction in mind.

Suddenly, strangely, A CELESTIAL LIGHT
 descends from the Heavens. The HUMANS
 notice it and limply stare. A CAREFREE
 VOICE is heard humming a pleasant song.
 The HUMANS seem to be scared of its
 tune. Slowly, slowly, it grows LOUDER
 and LOUDER until...

A FINAL BURST OF LIGHT. A human figure
 - a woman - beautiful and radiant -
 emerges from the ground like a sudden
 flower. The HUMANS see HER, cautiously
 back away, murmur in shock, and quickly
 run offstage.

By now, the CELESTIAL LIGHT has dimmed
 and the woman herself is fully visible
 to us - PANDORA.

Blinking, as if just haven awoken from
 a deep sleep, PANDORA considers the
 surrounding land.

PANDORA
 Oh my. Yikes. It's bright.
 (Looking around.)
 And deserted.

Blinking still, PANDORA turns and
 calls:

PANDORA
 Hello! Hello! Is anyone there?

Blinking, blinking, PANDORA finally opens HER eyes in full:

PANDORA

Oh. Wow. Now that's a lot of no one.

Mesmerized, amazed, PANDORA tiptoes around the stage a little. Eventually, SHE comes across a plant and stares at it. SHE then grabs and shakes one of the leaves.

PANDORA

Hello. Hi. It's very nice to meet you.

No response.

PANDORA

I don't suppose you speak... what I'm speaking.

PANDORA examines the stage.

PANDORA

Actually, I don't really think anything here does.

SHE ponders for a bit, then:

PANDORA

Perhaps you're shy. I bet that's it. Perhaps it would help if I introduced myself?

SONG: Hello World

PANDORA

HELLO WORLD.
HERE AM I.
IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO MEET YOU.
HELLO WORLD
THERE YOU LIE
SO I CANNOT HELP BUT GREET YOU.

EV'RY TREE,
EV'RY SEA,
EV'RY FIELD TO ME
IS REVEALED TO ME
AND SO...

HELLO WORLD
IT'S A PLEASURE
WITHOUT ANY KIND OF MEASURE.
HELLO WORLD.
HELLO WORLD.
HELLO.

Tentatively, PANDORA examines the stage, with increasing vigor and enchantment.

PANDORA

HELLO WORLD.
HOW D'YOU DO?
OH, THE THINGS YOUR SIGHTS DO TO ME.

HELLO WORLD
I'LL LOVE YOU
AS IF YOU YOUR DEAR SELF GREW ME.

EV'RY WREN,
EV'RY GLEN,
EV'RY STREAM TO ME
IS A DREAM TO ME
AND SO...

HELLO WORLD
IT'S A BLESSING
THAT I CANNOT HELP CONFESSING.
HELLO WORLD.
HELLO WORLD.
HELLO.

Ecstatic, PANDORA circles the stage, introducing herself to every object SHE can find - and eventually:

PANDORA

EV'RY CLOUD
SCREAMS ALOUD
WITH SUCH CHEER AT ME
"HEY, LOOK HERE AT ME"
AND SO...

HELLO WORLD.
WHAT AN HONOR
YOU SAID "LET'S BESTOW UPON HER."
HELLO WORLD.
HHELO WORLD.
HELLO!
HELLO WORLD.
HELLO!

More LIFELESS MUTTERINGS from offstage.

PANDORA

Oh, good. Company. At least I'm not alone.

A moment later, the HUMANS (all of THEM) enter brandishing weapons and grimaces. Upon seeing PANDORA, THEY

consider HER suspiciously and swing their weapons.

PANDORA

Oh! Hello. Be careful with those, please. I'm new here. My name is... Well, actually, I don't know. I don't have a name yet. May I know your names?

The HUMANS GROWL.

PANDORA

I'm sorry?

MORE GROWLING.

PANDORA

Oh, dear. How... interesting.

The HUMANS rumble in some conversation with EACH OTHER. PANDORA listens to THEM with great care and interest. Then, suddenly:

PANDORA

Uhhhh. Uhhhh. Ahhhhh.

Dumbfounded, the HUMANS stare at HER in incredulity.

PANDORA

I'm sorry. I thought that might help.

Grunting, growling, the HUMANS approach PANDORA menacingly.

PANDORA

Oh, no. Please. I was just trying to fit in.

The HUMANS grab PANDORA and hoist HER upon THEIR shoulders.

PANDORA

Oh, good! I was going to ask you the way around. Thank you so very much for offering a tour. I'd love to. I'd...

Bump! The HUMANS begin to carry PANDORA offstage.

PANDORA

Ummm... Okay. Thank you. Where are we going?

The HUMANS exit with PANDORA.