

CHARACTERS

THE HEAVENS

Eris (Eeris)	Goddess of Discord and Strife. Takes delight in causing mischief. Vindictive, charismatic, charming and malevolent.
Zeus	Head god of Olympus
Hera	Goddess of Heaven, Zeus's wife
Athena	Goddess of Prudent Intelligence
Aphrodite	Goddess of Love
Hermes	Winged messenger
Other Olympians	Artemis, Dionysus, Pan, etc

THE UNDERGROUND

Hades	God of the Underworld
Charon	Ferryman to the Underworld

THE HIVE

Queen Bee	Firm, fair, rules with an iron fist. But once corrupted becomes a disgusting despot obsessed with the pleasures of pampering and eating.
Worker 1 (Doris)	Pure of heart, devoted to the queen and the hive, mistrustful of Eris and resentful of anyone who comes between her and the queen. Doris is a dog.
Yobs x3 (Drones)	Gaz, Baz, Kev
Nerds x 3	Ethel, Eugene, Beryl
Stoners x3 (Drones)	
Emos x 4	
Gangstas x 6	These are defender bees before their conversion
Ditzs x 5	
Hippies/Anarchists x 5	
Up girls x 5	

BACKGROUND

These are the qualities that Zeus gave the bees: They alone have children in common, hold the dwellings of their city jointly, and pass their lives under the majesty of law. They alone know a fatherland and fixed home and, in summer, mindful of the winter to come, spend toilsome days and garner their gains into a common store.

homepage.mac.com/cparada/GML/MythicalObjects.html

Eris, (Eeris) the Goddess of Discord and Strife, lady of sorrow, sister of Ares (the God of War), daughter of Zeus. The hand of Eris can be seen in every quarrel, feud and disagreement. She will ride into battle with Ares, but she is more generally known for the less deadly forms of conflict; political strife, personal contention, rivalry and wrangling.

Michael Stewart, *Eris, Greek Mythology: from the Iliad to the Fall of the Last Tyrant*

Discord does not say to mortals 'look at my repulsive face, be nasty against your neighbours', but instead stirs up everybody to win pre-eminence, letting them be persuaded of their own superiority, or that their rights should come first. That is why they say: 'Truly Eris is a goddess to fear, since it is clear that there are no troubles that this hard-hearted goddess cannot devise.' [Euripides, *Phoenician Women* 799]

Carlos Parada, *Genealogical Guide to Greek Mythology*

And when Eris and her children have made themselves at home, Lawlessness takes over, and simple Quarrel ends in Murders, and Disputes feed in Lies, and Oath comes to trouble the forsworn, and Battles and Fightings ensue, leading the whole community to Ruin and filling it with Sorrows, Toil and Famine.

<http://homepage.mac.com/cparada/GML/Eris.html>

Further reading: Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths*

MUSIC

There is no sheet music for the songs in *Generation B*. The music for the original production was created by a live band onstage, which also played small riffs between scenes and did live sound effects. The band members were dressed as worker bees, and at times some played characters as well.

The band was given artistic licence to create appropriate music, in consultation with the director/writer, as follows:

OLYMPUS song has a funk/soul feel

HADES song is based on the Tom Waits song 'Singapore'

BEE WORK song is based on Daft Punk's 'Technologic'

QUEEN BEE song has a simple three-chord reggae feel

ERIS recites her monologue/poem over a musical underscore.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

Darkness.

Heart beat. The wind of sighs starts, a soundscape of human voice, sound effects and live instruments.

Swirling smoke and dim, moody lighting, water effect on scrim.

Dancers slowly emerge from the gloom.

V/O Some say that all gods and living creatures originated in the stream of Oceanus, which girdles the world.

Whilst others claim that black winged night, a goddess of whom even Zeus stands in awe, was courted by the wind and laid a silver egg in the womb of darkness, and from that egg was Eros hatched and set the universe in motion.

Yet others say Eurynome, the goddess of all things, rose naked from chaos and divided the sea from the sky, dancing lonely upon its waves. Catching the north wind in her hands, she rubbed it, and behold, there appeared the great serpent Ophion, who coiled about those divine limbs and lay with her to spawn the mighty titans and all things that exist upon the earth.

Eurynome and Ophion made their home on Mount Olympus, where Ophion vexed Eurynome by claiming to be the author of the universe. Forthwith she bruised his head with her heel,

kicked out his teeth and banished him to the dark caves below the earth.

The old gods were not known for their pious behaviour ...

SCENE TWO: MOUNT OLYMPUS

A shriek and giggle, Aphrodite runs onto stage pursued by lustful Pan; they are followed by Dionysus, so drunk he is muttering loudly and then falls flat on his face. Band starts playing and a fabulous cocktail party of gods and goddesses swirls onto stage.

OLYMPUS SONG

Up high on Mount Olympus, it's a party 24/7
I tell you now, holy cow, it's way more cool than heaven!
Our halls they are hallowed, as beings we're supreme
Although I will confess, we revel to excess, our parties are extreme!

Here in the empyrean, our festivities are divine
Good ol' Dion-y-sius, who's always on-the-piss, supplies us with free wine!
We're rolling round in clover, we eat off gilded spoons
It's a u-top-ia, a corn-u-copia, enough to make you swoon.

Up high on Mount Olympus, gods and goddesses reside
Some are ben-ev-olent, others mal-ev-olent, full of envy, lust and pride.
Zeus with his thunderbolt is always lusting after beauty
When Zeus cuts loose, after lots of juice, he sure can shake his booty.

Some goddesses are wanton, some might call them slutty
Others like Art-e-mis won't even give-a-kiss, she'd die than be thought smutty.
Sightly Aphrodite, she's the gal all men desire

With her magic girdle it ain't no hurdle to set their hearts on fire.

Hermes the winged messenger, his feet hardly touch the ground
And although he's cel-est-ial, Pan is quite best-i-al, but he's fun to have around.
There's Hera and Athena, Hera is Zeus' bride
Those two are both uptight, which means they always fight, which Zeus just can't
abide!

Here on Mount Olympus it's an endless jubilee
Up in the firm-a-ment, good times are perm-an-ent, it's a heavenly place to be.
It's said we're om-nip-otent, really mag-nif-icent
But it's all just Greek to me!
Yeah, it's all just Greek to me!

*Song finishes gods and goddesses mingle chatting. Eris appears at the entrance
with doorman, conversation stops dead, everybody turns and stares.*

HERA Ewww, I thought I smelt something bad. It's Eris.

DOORMAN *(announcing)* Eris, Goddess of Strife and Discord. Sister of Ares,
the God of War. *(he exits)*

Eris takes a step towards them; they all step back, except Zeus.

ZEUS Ah, Eris, the lady of sorrows, the nurse of despair, whose hand
can be seen in every quarrel, feud and disagreement.

ERIS None other.

ZEUS A goddess who delights in the groans of dying men.

ERIS Is that any worse than you, Zeus, a god who delights in the groans of the women you ravage?

ZEUS What brings you to these hallowed halls? You know you are not welcome.

HERA Yeah, rack off, Eris, don't come near-us!

APHRO Trouble maker!

ATHEN Marriage breaker!

HERA Life taker!

ERIS Cut me some slack, ladies; I'm only doing my job. Anyway, the earth's over-populated as it is. The reason, Zeusy dear, is I'm sick of being excluded. The battlefield might be a source of mild amusement, but every now and again a girl needs to *part-ay!*

ZEUS Problem is, Eris love, whenever you stop in to the part-ay, the part-ay stops.

Aphro, Hera and Athena start a flamenco clap and advance on Eris, circling her.

APHRO You're full of spite,

ATHEN You just cause fights,

HERA You're like a blight,

ALL You're toxic.

APHRO You're a bitter pill,

ATHEN You cause ill-will,

HERA Your touch is chill,

ALL You're toxic.

APHRO You're a spreader of rumour,

ATHEN a festering tumour,

HERA a doom and gloomer,

ALL you're toxic.

APHRO You're a waste of space,

ATHEN a foul taste,

HERA you're a disgrace,

ALL you're toxic.

APHRO You're —

ERIS *(interrupting)* All right already, I get your drift. Listen, Zeus, just let me have one teeny weeny little drink of ambrosia and I'll be on my 'merry' way.

ZEUS Ambrosia? My heavenly ambrosia? Made from the nectar of my sacred bees?

ERIS Yep, that's the one.

ZEUS *(holding up his glass to the light)* The sweet golden elixir delivered to me monthly by the faithful bees themselves?

ERIS Uh huh.

ZEUS *(he walks towards her, swirling it under her nose seductively)*
The delightful, delectable drop of divine deliciousness?

ERIS *(almost swooning with the pleasure of it)* Mmmmm.

ZEUS *(pulling the glass away)* I hardly think so.

Eris is humiliated. Onlookers all laugh at her.

ZEUS I'm sorry, dear, I'm in rather short supply.

ERIS Oh, really? Then why is everyone else's glass full?

ZEUS *(peruses the room, then addresses the crowd)* I raise a toast.

CROWD *(raising their glasses)* A toast.

ZEUS To Eris's imminent departure, may she fare as well on her travels as she has fared with us this night ... To Eris.

CROWD To Eris.

They all scull their glass of ambrosia.

ZEUS *(holding his glass upside down to show it is completely empty)*
And now, you see, there really is none. Not much point
hanging around now, is there?

ATH/APH/HER *(waving)* Byyyyyeee!

ERIS You have mistreated and cheated me, abused and refused me,
reviled and defiled me. I will have my revenge!

CROWD *(mocking)* Ooohhhh.

ZEUS Is that a threat, Pet?

ERIS No, fatso, it's ipso facto!

CROWD *(threatened)* Oooohhhhh.

ZEUS You know what, Eris?

ERIS What?

ZEUS You can just go to Hades!

Crowd laughs.

ERIS Well guess what, that's exactly what I will do! I *will* go to
Hades, and with the down-flowing waters of relentless Styx – I
will take the greatest and most dread oath of the blessed gods,
sealed by the River of Death!

Crowd gasps.

ERIS You will all be sorry to have mocked me!

ZEUS What exactly are you planning, Eris?

ERIS It's a surprise! But I will say this – bee alert and bee alarmed!

Eris turns on her heel and leaves. The crowd shuffles uncomfortably.

HERA I knew it! I knew as soon as she entered the room. That bitch always spoils the party.

SCENE THREE: THE HIVE, THRONE ROOM

The bees all behave in a very organised regimented fashion, not revealing personality traits until after Eris changes them. Worker 1's nerdy personality remains constant throughout.

V/O All A group bees to report to chamber C for hatchling induction; all A group bees to report to chamber C for hatchling induction!

Choreographed bee swarm enters, ending in frozen tableau.

WORKER 1 *Attention!* As the queen's current adviser I shall now lead you all in the hive five.

BEES The hive five.

WORKER 1 Why do we be?

BEEES We be to serve.

WORKER 1 Who do we serve?

BEEES We serve the queen.

WORKER 1 Who is the queen?

BEEES The queen is the hive.

WORKER 1 What is the hive?

BEEES The hive is our life.

WORKER 1 Why is our life?

BEEES Our life is to bee.

ALL BEEES For the good of the hive.

WORKER 1 We shall now proceed with the induction.

*Workers 1, 2, 3 & 4 step forward and line up. (Worker 1 is Doris, Worker 2 becomes Emo 1, Worker 3 becomes Emo 2, Worker 4 becomes the nerd Beryl)
Other workers are in their groups, some holding babies or food baskets.*

WORKER 1 *(awkward pause – to Worker 2) Go!*

WORKER 2 Honey bee – highly social bees known for their honey-hoarding behaviour and complex social life.

WORKER 3 Honey bees can survive *only* as a member of a colony, its nest or hive.

BEES For the good of the hive.

WORKER 4 Our community consists of three structurally different forms – the workers (*workers salute*) –

WORKER 1 the drones (*drones salute*) –

WORKER 2 and most importantly –

WORKERS 1,2,3,4 The queen!

Fanfare. Queen is carried on by four drones. All bees drop to one knee, bowing their heads.

QUEEN Arise!
(*they do*)
For the good of the hive!

BEES For the good of the hive

WORKER 3 The queen is the *only* sexually productive female in the colony, and thus is everybody's mother.

BEES Mummy!

QUEEN Silence!

WORKER 1 She may lay over 1500 eggs daily.

Queen grimaces and hunches over, eggs (ping pong balls) erupt from her abdomen with a popping sound, spilling all over the floor. Workers rush about gathering them up.

WORKER 1 The queen is strikingly different from the drones and workers.

QUEEN Nice of you to say so.

WORKER 2 Her body is long, with a large abdomen.

WORKER 1 The queen has a curved, smooth stinger that she can use repeatedly without endangering her own life.

Queen unsheathes her curved sting lovingly and advances on an unsuspecting worker.

Psycho shower scene music. Slo-mo shower scene re-enactment as queen stabs worker, who crawls off-stage dying.

WORKER 2 *(nervously)* In contrast, the worker honey bees are armed with straight, barbed stingers —

Two of the workers exhibit their stingers.

WORKER 3 so that when a worker stings, the sting remains firmly anchored in the flesh of its victim.

The queen orders them pushed together so they sting each other and are stuck.

WORKER 4 In trying to withdraw the stinger, the bee tears its internal organs and dies shortly thereafter.

The two separate and die agonizing deaths. Other workers sweep them up.

WORKER 1 Workers are divided into groups. The nest carers and nursemaids –

WORKER 2 the honey converters and hive cleaners –

WORKER 3 the nest fanners and defenders –

WORKER 4 the food gatherers.

WORKER 1 Workers can't make fertile eggs, such is their fate. Because sadly –

WORKER 2 or gladly –

WORKERS 1,2,3,4 workers don't mate.

Drones snicker from back line.

WORKER 1 And lastly – the drone bee.

WORKER 2 Drones are *male* honey bees.

WORKER 3 They are stingless, defenseless, and unable to feed themselves.

WORKER 4 They are fed by ...

ALL WORKERS (*sigh*) worker bees.

VOICE (*calling from offstage*) Dinner's ready.