



*Zeus, grumpy and uncomfortable, finds he's sitting on a thunderbolt and throws it aside. There is a moment's fun when it goes bang.*

**Zeus:** Hera! Apollo!

*Hera and Apollo drift in.*

**Hera:** What is it?

**Zeus:** I'm bored.

**Apollo:** Why don't you zap something with a thunderbolt?

**Zeus:** I'm bored with thunderbolts.

**Hera:** You could triumph over some Titans. You know how you like triumphing.

**Zeus:** Yes. Send for Prometheus!

*Enter Prometheus, defeated, enslaved, in chains, but dignified. The Olympians sneer at him.*

**Apollo:** You could zap Prometheus with a thunderbolt, look!



**Chancer:**

Maybe we can take it in turns to be Queen. Never mind the reward. Look at it this way – I can sit here and starve, or risk it and maybe taste food again before I die. How hard can it be to solve a silly riddle?

**Gawper:**

I think I'll just stay here and watch.

*Sphinx enters. Chancer goes up to her. Sphinx roars.*

**Sphinx:**

Halt and answer! Live or die! What has four legs in the morning, two at noon, three in the evening, and is weakest when it has the most?

**Chancer:**

Four, two, three. Give me a minute. I'll get there. One woman to another ... give me a clue. Is it animal, vegetable or mineral? A tree! A squid. One of the gods! A sphinx!

**Sphinx:**

Enough, mortal! You have failed. I shall tell you another and answer it myself. Everyone walks towards me while wanting me farther off. What am I?



**Chancer:**

I ...

**Sphinx:**

DEATH!

*There is a terrible roar, and Chancer runs offstage, followed by Sphinx. There is a pause. Sphinx re-enters, alone.*

**Gawper:**

If I say what I saw here today,  
no one else will ever volunteer.

