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PROMETHEUS AND SISYPHUS
OR
A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE.

A play for radio by

Hannah Kate Nicklin

Prometheus (*a titan and a damned soul*)

Sisyphus (*a damned soul*)

Guide (*an overstretched, young, male, inner inferno worker*)

Auditor 1 (*suggested Pope John Paul, allow a lilt of an accent*)

Auditor 2 (*suggested Mohammed, allow a lilt of an accent*)

Auditor 3 (*suggested Hong Xiuquan, speaks a scholar's English*)

Female auditor 1 (*suggested Mother Theresa, allow a lilt of an accent*)

Female auditor 2 (*suggested Joan of Arc, allow a lilt of an accent*)

Ethon (*an elderly eagle*)

Lady (*between 20 and 50, with a strong voice*)

SOUND AS IF IN A DRAB AND UNATTENDED CORNER OF AN ENTIRELY MUNDANE HELL- IT IS THE ANTIQUATED PUNISHMENTS SECTION. FAINT FOOTSTEPS CAN BE HEARD ECHOING IN THE DISTANCE. THERE IS A PERVASIVE BACKGROUND NOISE WHICH IS CONTINUOUS UP UNTIL A FEW PAGES BEFORE SISYPHUS MENTIONS ITS STOPPING, AT WHICH POINT IT FADES AWAY IMPERCEPTIBLY (BUT OBVIOUS WHEN REFERRED TO)

PROMETHEUS: untie me.

SISYPHUS: no.

PROMETHEUS: go on

SISYPHUS: nope, no

PROMETHEUS: please

SISYPHUS: sorry, can't.

PROMETHEUS: come on...

SISYPHUS: it's against the rules

PROMETHEUS: the what?

SISYPHUS: the rules.

PROMETHEUS: come on, what is it to you?

SISYPHUS: to me?

PROMETHEUS: yes! What is it? To untie me now?

 (PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: where would you go?

PROMETHEUS: anywhere!

SISYPHUS: where?

PROMETHEUS: I said anywhere!

SISYPHUS: where though?

PROMETHEUS: anywhere away from you.

SISYPHUS: why?

PROMETHEUS: because- look that's not the point

SISYPHUS: do you think it'd be better if you could go?

PROMETHEUS: you always say that like you expect the answer to be 'no'.
come on, can't you jus- (PAUSE) can you hear that?

SISYPHUS: what?

PROMETHEUS: I think someone's coming

SISYPHUS: here?

PROMETHEUS: yes here

SISYPHUS: but we've not had visitors in years

PROMETHEUS: look, come on, we'd best look tortured, start pushing

THE FOOTSTEPS OF 5 CENTRAL OFFICE AUDITORS
ACCOMPANIED BY A GUIDE APPROACH FROM THE
LEFT PROMETHEUS WAITS FOR SISYPHUS TO START
PUSHING THE ROCK AND BEGINS TO MOAN, THE
ACTION CROSS FADES TO THE APPROACHING
FOOTSTEPS- THEY ARE A REASONABLE DISTANCE
FROM THE TWO DAMNED. THE GUIDE IS
ACCOMPANIED BY THE RUSTLING OF PAPER AGAINST
A CLIPBOARD.

GUIDE: ...and here we have the antiquated punishments section –
as delineated by the Inner Inferno Central Office – covering
all major and minor punishments as dealt by gods pertaining

to the Greek tradition... *(Rustle of paper)* or stolen by the Romans. One might consider it easy to neglect such an outdated and frankly silly era in our history, but even here we are eager to apply the same frugality and economy of devil-power as we have found on the main levels of hell- we could have easily written off this backwater equivalent of the broom cupboard but certain times my friends er- um *(searching for an appropriate word)*

CLEARs HIS THROAT

Colleagues, call for certain measures and indeed -

AUDITOR 1: *(interrupting)* details man, details

GUIDE: er-

AUDITOR 2: evidence, where's the evidence? Where are you implementing these measures?

RUFFLING OF PAPER

GUIDE: um- well... well! Here, gentlemen,

FEMALE AUDITOR 1: *(coughs pointedly)*

GUIDE: er- and Ms Arc *(nervous laugh)*

FEMALE AUDITOR 2: really.

GUIDE: -ladies! Ladies and gentlemen- um- and Heavenly king of the Kingdom of.... *(trails off)* People! As you know the

unfortunate precept for entry into heaven is, in fact, being Mormon – At least we get all the best tunes, the Osmonds clear proof of that right? Ha? (*Deathly silence filled only by the groans of the tormented*). And, well I understand some of us are a tad bitter about the Mormon thing, begging your apologies Ms Theresa, Mr John-Paul, erm, what salutation do you prefer Mohammed?

FEMALE AUDITOR 2: he doesn't care boy, just get on with it!

GUIDE: yes, well, hell's belt being rather stretched by the inundation of souls, particularly following the recent burst in population, and not so very much helped by our Lord Satan being rather distracted by those darn reality TV shows, us mere servants have had to extend our economic influence to even this ancient pit of hell. Erm, where are we, ah yes, BEHOLD!

SILENCE, AGAIN FILLED ONLY WITH THE TORMENTED.

AUDITOR 3: yes?

GUIDE: erm... behold?

AUDITOR 1: behold what

FEMALE AUDITOR 2: (*UNDER HER BREATH*) stupid boy...

GUIDE: um, here we have Prometheus and Sisyphus

FEMALE AUDITOR 1: yes?

GUIDE: (ruffles paper) er, we find Prometheus, who having stolen fire from the gods, was damned each day at noon, for 30,000 years, to have his innards pecked outwards by an eagle called... Ethon, Prometheus continues his punishment in hell, and indeed, as we can see, he is bound to the Rock that Sisyphus, punished for stealing the secrets of the gods, must push up this mound, only to have it roll back as he reaches the summit. They are together in eternity, one free in mind, the other free in body and-

AUDITOR 2: -this eagle? (PAUSE) is it the same eagle?

GUIDE: -the-

AUDITOR 2: the same eagle- are we paying for wear and tear of said eagle, do we feed it, replace it when worn out- provide accommodation and-

GUIDE: it is, erm, in fact, a *mythical* creature

AUDITOR 3: it's a reasonable enquiry boy, quite right to make it! Would it not be more sensible to give, um -?

GUIDE: Prometheus

AUDITOR 3: yes, yes- give the chap a reasonably sharp implement to enable him to, if you will pardon the phrase, cut out the middle man entirely?

CHORUS OF AGREEMENT OUT OF WHICH EMERGES:

FEMALE AUDITOR 1: yes, yes note that one down will you. Now, really, you have yet to show us anything substantial, if I were you I would be -

A BELL/BUZZER SOUNDS

ANNOUNCEMENT: *(in a poor imitation of a big brother accent)* this is the big brother hell, the time is now 11.20, a 40 minute lunch break is now in effect. Torment will resume at midday. Thank you.

GUIDE: he does like his little joke doesn't he? Of course we will work through the break, one last detail about this exhibit and then we'll move on. *(ruffles pages)* erm, oh yes. The stroke of genius here, you see, is the combination, as I said before, Prometheus, tied to the rock, is free in mind, whereas Sisyphus is free in body but entirely satisfied with his lot in death, the master stroke here is that we have told Prometheus that if he can convince Sisyphus to untie him they can both end their torment. Wonderful isn't it? Brilliant! Now if you'd walk this way ladies and gentleman -

THE GUIDE WALKS OFF RIGHT, FOLLOWED BY THE AUDITORS

- we can witness more stokes of monetary mastery along the same lines of our introducing this painfully short lunch break- you see 40 minutes, not short enough and not long enough, and almost always worked through- it is more the hope of a lunch break... we can learn many things from the mortals you know...

CROSS FADE TO TORMENT WHICH CONTINUES FOR A FEW SECONDS UNTIL:

PROMETHEUS: they gone?

SISYPHUS HAS NOT HEARD, CONTINUES STRAINING

PROMETHEUS: Sis? ... Sis!

SISYPHUS: (STOPS) Hm?

PROMETHEUS: I said have they gone

SISYPHUS: erm

HE SHUFFLES ROUND THE ROCK

Um... yes, yes, they've gone round the lake of fire now

PROMETHEUS: no doubt to discuss the pros and cons of central heating

SISYPHUS: central-?

PROMETHEUS: never mind, you'd have had to have been paying attention
for some of the past 30,000 years

SISYPHUS: I do pay attention

PROMETHEUS: oh, ok, you do pay attention, that's nice... sorry, what
century are we in?

SISYPHUS: what...?

PROMETHEUS: century – actually no, don't even bother, it'd just be depressing

SISYPHUS: well you know, time flies when you're-

PROMETHEUS: oh no, we're not starting that again, just sh!

SISYPHUS: but-

PROMETHEUS: sh!

SISYPHUS: but Prome-

PROMETHEUS: shhhhhhhhhhhh!

(Pause)

SISYPHUS: I wonder what they wanted... first time in ages we've seen anyone except the messengers.... Do you think something's happening? ... Maybe more cuts... we are *supposed* to talk you know, small talk is mandatory now.

PROMETHEUS: I know, that's because it ranks right up there with Musak and risk assessment.

SISYPHUS: and cuts?

PROMETHEUS: 'cuts'? 'cuts' come out on top, 'cuts' are why I am tied to this rock being forced to listen to someone with slightly less intelligence than [the master's illustrious favourite Jade Goody/ a particularly dull rock], cuts are why the eagle who I've gotten to know quite well over the past few millennia

seems likely to be introduced to the attractions of a long term retirement plan. If you would have told me that the most torturous part of hell was going to be the taxmen I would have-

SISYPHUS: -women

PROMETHEUS: what?

SISYPHUS: taxmen or women

PROMETHEUS: *(pause)* thank you.

SISYPHUS: you're welcome!

PROMETHEUS: I forgot political correctness. Political correctness might just come out on top.

(PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: I suppose it'll be ok if we don't do small talk on this break yes?

(BEAT)

PROMETHEUS: *(sighs)* that's exactly the problem- I do think. I also need a smoke.

SISYPHUS: ah, there I can help you, hold on a second.

SOUND OF RUSTLING CLOTHING

Here we go, help yourself

(PAUSE)

PROMETHEUS: Sisyphus.

SISYPHUS: yes?

PROMETHEUS: I can't take one.

SISYPHUS: oh! Sorry, yeah, I'll just pop it in your mouth for you shall I?

PROMETHEUS: that'd be nice, yes.

FOOTSTEPS AS SISYPHUS WALKS OVER TO THE FRONT
OF HIS ROCK AND PUTS A CIGARETTE IN PROMETHEUS'
MOUTH

PROMETHEUS: *(muffled with cigarette in mouth)* thanks.

SISYPHUS: no problem, I'll just find a light. Mm.

HE WALKS BACK

damn things...

PROMETHEUS: mm?

SISYPHUS: matches

PROMETHEUS: you know if you wore some bloody trousers you'd be able to keep them in your pockets

SISYPHUS: I'm not going to listen to this again

PROMETHEUS: I'm just saying

SISYPHUS: and I have said- I prefer the more traditional and practical-

PROMETHEUS: Loincloths are NOT practical

SISYPHUS: yes they are

PROMETHEUS: they're not! For one thing you'd be able to find your matches.

SISYPHUS: I know where they are

PROMETHEUS: you say that every time

SISYPHUS: I know where they are

PROMETHEUS: ever since they introduced the damn cigarettes, you've never been able to find your bloody matches. Do you know we've never actually smoked one cigarette the whole time we've been here-

SISYPHUS: gah! I know I had them somewhere

PROMETHEUS: could you not try the lake of fire?

SISYPHUS: they were definitely near my rock, now I remember when they ...

PROMETHEUS: Sis!

SISYPHUS: Hm?

PROMETHEUS: The lake of fire!

(PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: no, no I don't think I would have left them there I- (*notices the look he is being given*) what?

PROMETHEUS: light the cigarette on the lake of fire

SISYPHUS: (*PAUSE*) mm. no, no (*continues looking*) it's not the same

PROMETHEUS: as what?

SISYPHUS: as matches

(PAUSE)

PROMETHEUS: as matches... which make fire. No I can see that, except that, y'know – it's a lake of it.

SISYPHUS: dammit it where are they?!

PROMETHEUS: (*pause*) jus-

SISYPHUS: I'm not using the lake of fire!

PROMETHEUS: *(long PAUSE)* take the cigarette back.

SISYPHUS SILENTLY STANDS, WALKS TO PROMETHEUS, PUTS THE CIGARETTE BACK IN THE PACKET AND RETURNS TO HIS NORMAL POSITION. LONG PAUSE, PERHAPS SISYPHUS QUICKLY GETS BORED, SMACKS HIS LIPS, WHISTLES BADLY ETC.

SISYPHUS: do you want to play I-spy?

PROMETHEUS: I-spy

SISYPHUS: yes

PROMETHEUS: with my little eye

SISYPHUS: ooh

PROMETHEUS: something beginning with D

SISYPHUS: ahhh

PROMETHEUS: it rhymes with stick

SISYPHUS: erm.... Lets' see um... hold on, I think you're being mean to me

PROMETHEUS: really

SISYPHUS: my therapist said I wasn't to put up with this you know

PROMETHEUS: wonderful

SISYPHUS: no I'm being serious, It's not fair for you to treat me like/

PROMETHEUS: /the addition of the Inner Inferno Freudian Analysis Team was a master stroke/

SISYPHUS: /like some kind of idiot, I'll have you know that/

PROMETHEUS: /everything's all phallasey. Do you know they tried to convince me I had a nervous form of Irritable Bowel Syndrome

SISYPHUS: well you complain of acute abdominal pain when stressed, if you ask me that could definitely be /considered

PROMETHEUS: /yes. That or having your liver pecked out everyday!

SISYPHUS: look it's not ok for you to treat me like this! Back in my day, back in my day I stole the secrets from the gods

PROMETHEUS: I know Sis, that's the point! You. You were really something back then, you didn't even just disobey Them once, twice! you refused to come down here, you tricked them into letting you go back, they had to call in bloody Mercury to get you back. I remember that, you caused a real stir!

SISYPHUS: yeah, I did didn't I?

PROMETHEUS: yes. You did, and look at you now! You've let the bastards grind you down Sis-

SISYPHUS: now hold on a second

PROMETHEUS: hold on to what?! To the fact that you've let your brain go to mush? It's absurd! Come on, why are you here, you're not tied down, they gave up guarding you years ago

SISYPHUS: couldn't spare the devil-power, we came to an agreement

PROMETHEUS: rubbish! They know you're never going to try

SISYPHUS: I said I'd -

PROMETHEUS: RUBBISH

SISYPHUS: I'm happy

PROMETHEUS: you're not! You just think you are!

SISYPHUS: that's the same thing

PROMETHEUS: look, I know you have to find your ways of coping, I mean I understand, of course I understand, I've struck up quite a good relationship with my eagle- with Ethon, you get to know someone when they peck out your liver every day for 30,000 years and I guess that works the same for you, pushing a rock up this damn hill, so yes, you've got to find your ways of coping but the trouble starts when you let it become normal!

SISYPHUS: it's not a hill

PROMETHEUS: what?

SISYPHUS: it's a mount, I mean they've recently had to downsize slightly but it's still classified as a 'mount'

PROMETHEUS: (BEAT) it must be the rock, I've managed to stay sane because I've gotten to know my tormentor, I guess you're what happens when the tormentor is inanimate. (PAUSE) I used to pity people like you.

SISYPHUS: I don't need your pity

(PAUSE)

PROMETHEUS: untie me.

SISYPHUS: no.

PROMETHEUS: go on

SISYPHUS: nope, no

PROMETHEUS: please

SISYPHUS: it's against the rules

PROMETHEUS: come on, Sis, please.

SISYPHUS: what would you do?

PROMETHEUS: I've already told you

SISYPHUS: no really

PROMETHEUS: yes! Really, you could come too, you might improve on my being able to hit you.

SISYPHUS: I should get on with pushing the rock

PROMETHEUS: just loosen the bonds,

SISYPHUS: The damned are supposed to work through the breaks/

PROMETHEUS: /just a bit, I'll do the rest! Then if I get away they can't blame you!/
/and I've not made much progress today/

SISYPHUS: /I want to make the top by the time that- what?

PROMETHEUS: I said I'd do anything.

SISYPHUS: really?

PROMETHEUS: anything

SISYPHUS: really?

PROMETHEUS: yes.

SISYPHUS: absolutely anything?

PROMETHEUS: yes!

SISYPHUS: promise?

PROMETHEUS: yes, I promise. Anything.

(PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: play I-spy with me. Properly. With no swear words or mean things. Or anything.

PROMETHEUS: I spy.

SISYPHUS: yes.

PROMETHEUS: with my little eye

SISYPHUS: oooh!

PROMETHEUS: *(deep breath)* s— nope, there's no way, I can't do it, I cannot possibly play another game of I-spy with you

SISYPHUS: oh go on

PROMETHEUS: we've already spied everything

SISYPHUS: yes but-

PROMETHEUS: and exhausted all known vocabulary in all known languages for every damn thing I can see with my so-deficient-in-size vision sphere

SISYPHUS: yes but that's half the fun, *(nothing)* right well then I'm going to start pushing again.

PROMETHEUS: oh Sis, no, don't, leave it a bit longer

SISYPHUS: gave you fair warning, right here we go- oof *(sound of Sisyphus pushing the rock up the 'mount' while moving Prometheus' voice goes rolls with the rock)* argh, got it started

PROMETHEUS: oh Sis, please don't, you know it makes me dizzy

SISYPHUS: *(grunting with effort)* well serves you right for not playing I-spy with me

PROMETHEUS: Sis...

SISYPHUS: I'll have to stop soon anyway, think I can see Ethon over there.

PROMETHEUS: what's the time?

SISYPHUS: earth time or Standardised Hell and Inner Inferno Time

PROMETHEUS: the latter

SISYPHUS: *(grunting)* bout half past- why?

PROMETHEUS: no. are you sure?

SISYPHUS: yes-

PROMETHEUS: positive?

SISYPHUS: yes! I can see the clock above the lake of fire, why?

PROMETHEUS: because he's not due for another half an hour, look can you stop the rock?

SISYPHUS: *(grunting)* I just want to get a little higher

PROMETHEUS: look we're coming up to a pock mark, just pull it up here, please

SISYPHUS: fine. *(Sighs and with effort stops the rock)* there you go.

THE SOUND OF AN EAGLE'S CRY HIGH ABOVE

PROMETHEUS: he *is* coming, oh dear, this does not bode well

SISYPHUS: why not?

PROMETHEUS: Eagles are proud creatures, Ethon particularly so, you know for 30 millennia he has without fail arrived on the very stroke of 12. Oh this isn't good at all... first visitors now this... what's going on?

THE EAGLE CAWS MUCH CLOSER AND WE HEAR THE BEATING OF WINGS AS ETHON COMES IN TO LAND, WHICH HE DOES, VERY CLUMSILY, OVERSHOOTING AND CRASH LANDING A LITTLE DISTANCE AWAY

SISYPHUS: *(slightly aside)* his landings are never very accurate are they

PROMETHEUS: *(slightly aside)* well proud doesn't necessarily mean he's any good, landings have never really been his thing.

SISYPHUS: *(slightly aside)* how old *is* he?

PROMETHEUS: *(slightly aside)* old enough

SISYPHUS: *(slightly aside)* I didn't think people down here could age

PROMETHEUS: *(slightly aside)* they can't – he's just always been old – I think the idea is you revert to your natural age, the one you are inside, and Ethon, well he's always been – old, shh, he's coming

ETHON: *(dusting himself down, coughing etc, approaches, feathers ruffling)* oh dear, oh dear-oh dear-oh dear

SISYPHUS: *(loudly)* you all right old chap?

ETHON: (closer) oh dear, oh dear.

PROMETHEUS: Ethon,

ETHON: oh dear

SISYPHUS: what is it?

ETHON: oh dear

PROMETHEUS: Ethon!

ETHON: oh...

SISYPHUS: what's wrong?

ETHON: dear

PROMETHEUS: I knew it

ETHON: *(moans)*

PROMETHEUS: its bad news isn't it

ETHON: oh dear me, you're not going to like it

PROMETHEUS: what is it

ETHON: not one bit

PROMETHEUS: what?!

ETHON: *(hesitant, mumbles)* I'm not allowed to say

PROMETHEUS: you're-

ETHON: not supposed to tell you

PROMETHEUS: Ethon, we've been somewhat intimately acquainted for quite number of years now, we've been through a lot together you and I, been together right from the beginning, I'd like to think that you could tell me anything

ETHON: oh dear...

PROMETHEUS: don't torment me, Ethey

ETHON: that's my job

PROMETHEUS: something's happening isn't it? I can feel it coming, something wrong ... new, hell is made up of tradition, new things don't happen

ETHON: the years and years of service

PROMETHEUS: just tell me what's wrong

SISYPHUS: what's going on?

ETHON: they were planning this all along

SISYPHUS: what's going on?

PROMETHEUS: service...? oh no, they haven't... they can't!

ETHON: they can

PROMETHEUS: they've really... oh that is just the limit

ETHON: I'm afraid so

PROMETHEUS: they're showing you the door?

ETHON: they've told me to go. Redundancy package, all quite...
reasonable.

PROMETHEUS: oh yes they're always that

ETHON: there's one more thing

SISYPHUS: you've been sacked?

ETHON: they told me to give you this –

PROMETHEUS: I don't believe it

ETHON: because I was coming this way, I was to drop it off

PROMETHEUS: they have no shame

ETHON: that's what I told them! No style, no finesse

SISYPHUS: why have they given you a spoon Prometheus?

ETHON: an eagle is majestic, a great creature, a symbol

PROMETHEUS: We're a bloody myth us

ETHON: and it's come to this

PROMETHEUS: you're out in the cold?

SISYPHUS: what are you supposed to do with it?

ETHON: enlighten your poor friend Prometheus

PROMETHEUS: friend!

SISYPHUS: hm?

ETHON: (*kindly*) just you be careful now, he's all you've got left

PROMETHEUS: do you remember when we first met?

ETHON: of course I do, and I'm not about to forget, but Myth or not, I'm going, he's not

(PAUSE)

PROMETHEUS: Sis, the spoon is Ethon's replacement

SISYPHUS: replacement?

PROMETHEUS: how do they expect me to use it? Psychic powers?

ETHON: they haven't worked that bit out yet, they've said a messenger will come soon.

SISYPHUS: you're supposed to disembowel yourself with a spoon?

ETHON: it's not strictly a spoon

SISYPHUS: what is it

PROMETHEUS: oh no

ETHON: I'm sorry Prometheus

SISYPHUS: what's wrong?

PROMETHEUS: it's a spork.

(PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: what's a spork?

ETHON: (*dully*) it combines the fork and spoon into one handy utensilar amalgamation

PROMETHEUS: all the aesthetics and none of the actual use of the former separate utensils

ETHON: and they make it out of plastic

PROMETHEUS: so even if you do manage to work out how best to use it, it'll either bend or splinter

ETHON: look, Prometheus, spork aside, I do need to tell you something important

PROMETHEUS: but I -

ETHON: no, no time, I've got to go you see, look is there any way we could have some privacy?

PROMETHEUS: some... oh you mean Sisyphus?

SISYPHUS: what?

PROMETHEUS: no use, he wont stray too far from his rock

SISYPHUS: I might lose it

PROMETHEUS: *(aside)* this'll work. *(Louder)* Sis?

SISYPHUS: yes?

PROMETHEUS: if you go over everything you can spy,

SISYPHUS: with my little eye?

PROMETHEUS: yes, with that, if you go everything you can spy and you can find me an item or word we've not done yet, I'll play a whole game with you ok?

SISYPHUS: really?! Oh wow! Ooh ok then! Yes! Thanks Prometheus!

PROMETHEUS: no worries, you're welcome

SISYPHUS: ok. *(Starts mumbling under his breath checking things off)*

PROMETHEUS: we'll be fine now

ETHON: you sure?

PROMETHEUS: it's the rock, it's made his brain go all squidgy, he can't think and listen at the same time

ETHON: ok, look Prometheus, you've got to get yourself out of here -

PROMETHEUS: well I know that -

ETHON: no, I'm serious Prometheus, something bad is coming.

PROMETHEUS: what?

ETHON: I heard them talking- the auditors, I heard them talking before they spotted me – he's gone, he's finally flipped, Satan, Him, he's lost it

PROMETHEUS: well we did guess that when he started making the big brother hell announcements

ETHON: I know I know, but look, the tax people of hell, they're taking over, they've got him to sign an official waiver

PROMETHEUS: he's not that gone is he?

ETHON: they pretended it was an application form to appear on 'what not to wear'

PROMETHEUS: oh no

ETHON: I know

PROMETHEUS: well what does it-

ETHON: it comes into effect at midday today, Prometheus you've got to go, I'm lucky really, surplus to requirements, you've got to get out of here, it's, what, 25 to now, you've got to get out of

here before midday, this is the last chance you're going to have, slip /past in all the chaos—

PROMETHEUS: /what is going to happen?

ETHON: I can't say

PROMETHEUS: Ethon, please

ETHON: no, I'm sorry, I'm honour bound

PROMETHEUS: honour-!

ETHON: Prometheus, if I could I would but it's the bind of my kind, *(pause)* I can tell you this though, it's not just central office, this goes as high up as there is

(PAUSE)

PROMETHEUS: right.

ETHON: don't be like that *(silence)* Prometheus, we'll always have

PROMETHEUS: don't even say it, I'm bored of clichés, Ethon, you're the best sentient bird friend I've ever had

ETHON: we're not supposed to be friends—

PROMETHEUS: the best torturers are the people you... *(IE love. We can hear Sisyphus mumbling in the silence, Prometheus seems to hear Ethon's silent insistence)* I don't care what you say, I can't

ETHON: well it's up to you, he's all you've got left

PROMETHEUS: no he's the one standing in the way

ETHON: it's your choice

PROMETHEUS: I could never – he's so – he actually thinks he's happy! In hell! He's happy just to amble along, impervious, completely-

ETHON: some might call it a cunning survival strategy

PROMETHEUS: only people who've never met him

ETHON: Oh! Dear me! The time, 20 minutes! I've got to go

PROMETHEUS: but-

ETHON: look, I'll keep an eye out for you,

PROMETHEUS: but how am I supposed to--

ETHON: good luck old friend.

PROMETHEUS: Ethon

ETHON: I know... I know. Farewell, adieu. (He takes off)

PROMETHEUS: Ethon!

ETHON: (*shouts down*) I'll keep an eye out for you!

PROMETHEUS: ... bye.

LONG PAUSE AS THE BEATING OF ETHON'S WINGS IS
HEARD FADING INTO THE DISTANCE. GROWING
SILENCE ONLY FILLED WITH SISYPHUS' MUTTERING
UNTIL:

SISYPHUS: Prometheus! I haven't found one yet, but I think I'm close, I-
Prometheus? What's up? (PAUSE) Prometheus, what... is it
the spork thing? (PAUSE) look I know it's difficult, the cuts
are hitting all of us... (LONG PAUSE) we've just got to do
our bit...

...are you... Prometheus are you crying?

PROMETHEUS: no

SISYPHUS: are you sure 'cause-/

PROMETHEUS: /you wouldn't understand/

SISYPHUS: /I know it seems difficult now but I think-

PROMETHEUS: Sisyphus, for once in your afterlife, would you please just
keep your thoughts to yourself.

(PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: I'm sorry

PROMETHEUS: I don't want your sorrow

(PAUSE)

PROMETHEUS: untie me.

SISYPHUS: no.

PROMETHEUS: Sis-

SISYPHUS: I can't

PROMETHEUS: please

SISYPHUS: I'm sorry, it's against the rules

PROMETHEUS: Sisyphus, what is it to you?

SISYPHUS: what is it to me?

PROMETHEUS: yes

SISYPHUS: to me?

PROMETHEUS: yes! What is it? To just let me-

SISYPHUS: -where would you go?

PROMETHEUS: anywhere!

SISYPHUS: where?

PROMETHEUS: anywhere! I don't care! Just away from-

SISYPHUS: -why would that be better?

PROMETHEUS: I can't stand this

SISYPHUS: do you think it'd be better if you could-

PROMETHEUS: let me go.

(PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: no.

(PAUSE)

I couldn't think of anything to spy... I'll keep on thinking though.... It's a bit quiet 'round here now isn't it? ...do you want a cigarette?

(PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: I'll just start pushing the rock again then shall I?

(SILENCE)

SISYPHUS: ok. Here we go, I'm going to start pushing now!

(SILENCE)

SISYPHUS: you know how dizzy it makes you Prometheus!

(NOTHING)

SISYPHUS: *(sighs)* I didn't really want to anyway...come on... let's play a game... or talk about something? Or sing a song- come on lets sing! Best tunes and everything...

(STILL NOTHING)

SISYPHUS: *(song 'Chronicles Of A Bohemian Teenager' by 'Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly.)*

I was stuck in minor chords, / I'd been here once before/
With environmental... / And your baggage on my floor / So
get over here / Let's grab ourselves another beer / To drink
until tomorrow to forget that we're still alive.

Except that we're not. I don't suppose I could convince you
to play I-spy either...

(song 'I spy' by 'Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly.)

I spy with my little eye something that begins with 'I don't
care' / That this song, has a melody. / Or that the beats are
not complex, / I'm just trying to make you sing / and not be
perplexed.

(PAUSE) Prometheus? ... Come on Prometheus, there's
got to be a bright side, I mean yes Ethon has gone, and the
Spork isn't really adequate replacement but, well, this is hell,
it's *meant* to be torment. The best thing to do is to not think
about it- make the next day the aim, just getting there-

PROMETHEUS: I can't

SISYPHUS: what?

PROMETHEUS: I can't do that, I just can't, this is hell, something bad, I can't just accept it!

SISYPHUS: no but

PROMETHEUS: no buts! You can't just sit back! That's what causes all this- all this -

SISYPHUS: what?

PROMETHEUS: Sisyphus, all those mortals up there, trudging through every day, every hour, I know you don't pay much attention but you'd have to have been asleep for the past century to not notice it, that's why everything's getting worse here, He - Satan, Beelzebub, Lucifer, whatever- is watching, ever since He's been able to pick up a TV signal, he's learning, because He's suffering too-

SISYPHUS: suffering?

PROMETHEUS: yes! He forgot the pain – the rejection, when he fell from grace he was good at fear, because he understood it. But distance, time, he lost it. But now? the world has changed. Ha! It's a new kind of pain, the pain of being replaced, just think! Years of believing you're the top of your game, as evil as they come, and then you find out that the mortals are already doing it much better!

SISYPHUS: well mortals have always been good at that, rape, war, ethnic cleansing

PROMETHEUS: no, no I'm not just talking about normal evil, I'm talking about everyday, mundane, malignant not- quite-evil-enough-to-rebel-against evil, think about it Sis, really think about it.

SISYPHUS: what?

PROMETHEUS: the new false idol, what do they covet above all else??

SISYPHUS: oh! Well – it's their shiny things,

PROMETHEUS: exactly! Profit and gain! Half of them voluntarily imprison themselves in little cubicles of despair for 8 of their 12 waking hours, for 5 of their 7 days a week, for 48 weeks of every 52 week year.

SISYPHUS: but –

PROMETHEUS: And when they're not there, they're all watching the same little box telling them how scary the world is and that they should even be pleased that they've got their little cubicle, their 12ft square piece of lawn.

SISYPHUS: they choose to do this?

PROMETHEUS: yes! And they go out and try to repeat what the box tells them so that they spend their whole, short lives never quite doing saying or being everything they think they should. That's what happens when you give up, plug in, accept.

SISYPHUS: (PAUSE) So we're lucky?

PROMETHEUS: what?

SISYPHUS: well, we *know* we're suffering

PROMETHEUS: no! no, look--

SISYPHUS: We've got an aim, and no false pretences. Here you know, you are damned,

PROMETHEUS: yes, but --

SISYPHUS: here our fate belongs to us- this is everything... wow! That's brilliant!

(PAUSE)

PROMETHEUS: I – look – (*sighs*) Sis, my point is, all that pain is built from lots of little acceptances ... and... you- (*realises is getting nowhere*) you know what it doesn't matter

PAUSE

SISYPHUS: isn't that strange, hope boxes, cubicles of despair... why's everything depressing a square?

PROMETHEUS: what? Oh... man-made I suppose, I don't think squares occur naturally. look

SISYPHUS: that's --

PROMETHEUS: SISYPHUS, (*PAUSE*) the rules aren't always right, just because something happens a long time doesn't mean -

SISYPHUS: (*quietly*) I'm not going to let you go

(LONG PAUSE, after a bit, Sisyphus walks back to the rock and starts pushing)

PAUSE

PROMETHEUS: *(coldly)* what's the time?

SISYPHUS: *(grunts, stops rock)* bout quarter to.

PROMETHEUS: right

(PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: Prometheus?

PROMETHEUS: what

SISYPHUS: do you think I should wash my beard?

PROMETHEUS: what?

SISYPHUS: my beard, do you think I should wash it?

PROMETHEUS: do I think you should wash your beard?

SISYPHUS: yes.

PROMETHEUS: no

SISYPHUS: really?

PROMETHEUS: shave it off

SISYPHUS: no but I like my beard

PROMETHEUS: well don't bring it up then.

SISYPHUS: oh but it's fun

PROMETHEUS: I'm not talking to you

SISYPHUS: you're jealous

PROMETHEUS: excessive facial hair is nothing to be proud of

SISYPHUS: you can't grow one!

PROMETHEUS: shut up

SISYPHUS: you're a Greek Myth and you can't grow a beard! That's why you don't wear the toga isn't it, only people with majestic and lengthy facial hair can pull them off

PROMETHEUS: I'm not having this conversation with you again

SISYPHUS: oooh look at all my lovely hairy hair

PROMETHEUS: Prometheus!

(PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: well at least I got you talking again

PROMETHEUS: congratulations

SISYPHUS: and again

PROMETHEUS: look some of us have better things to do than play your silly games

SISYPHUS: like what?

PROMETHEUS: like, like,

SISYPHUS: like carry on being tied to this rock? ... do you think that if Beezle turned Hell into earth it'd be better?

PROMETHEUS: what?

SISYPHUS: I don't know... like if earth is so bad why not make earth on hell – would that make it proper again?

PROMETHEUS: depends what you think hell's supposed to be.

SISYPHUS: well its morphic resonance isn't it?

PROMETHEUS: what—?

SISYPHUS: morphic resonance, I heard some messengers talking about, they said it means what everyone believes, that what it becomes --

PROMETHEUS: yes, ok yes, "What you hold true on earth I will hold true in heaven" the thing is Sis, I'm not sure its working like that anymore- all this bureaucracy

SISYPHUS: maybe that's because people don't really *believe* in it any more?

PROMETHEUS: we wouldn't be here if they didn't

SISYPHUS: but we are being cut down a lot

PROMETHEUS: all right all right, how about they're *thinking* about it- that means it's a different part of the brain creating it... brains of people who are less human because of TV and selling themselves for money. *They* can handle it 'cause of free will but it's doing poor Beezle in... only mortals and gods were allowed free will

SISYPHUS: which one were you?

PROMETHEUS: what do you mean

SISYPHUS: well you weren't exactly a human were you?

PROMETHEUS: not as such... a titan

SISYPHUS: oh

PROMETHEUS: I gave fire to the mortals, sort of took it when Zeus wasn't looking... they looked so cold... kinda seemed like the right thing to do... but he wasn't very amused

SISYPHUS: were the mortals ok?

PROMETHEUS: I didn't get much chance to see, Zeus found out pretty quickly, but I saw as they took me in, I saw them arguing

about it, fighting ... (PAUSE) think most of them were killed actually. (PAUSE) Sis, why can't you untie me

SISYPHUS rules

PROMETHEUS: but what are they? Really? They don't mean anything. They're just words

SISYPHUS: words are important

PROMETHEUS: they don't mean anything

SISYPHUS: they make, god, hell, life

PROMETHEUS: no, that's belief

SISYPHUS: belief in words

PROMETHEUS: gh, look at it this way... you're not tied down, why do you stay?

SISYPHUS: well... I spose, like I said, we're lucky really... got something to aim for, and we -

PROMETHEUS: and you think that we should be grateful

SISYPHUS: well I think maybe if --

PROMETHEUS: You're saying to me that we are approximately in the same position, under the same rules and regulations, the same section in the same department of antiquated punishments,

we've both had our punishments cut down, you've got a hillock, and I, a spork.

SISYPHUS: well yes

PROMETHEUS: so why in hells name aren't I happy?

SISYPHUS: its hell you're not supposed to-

PROMETHEUS: satisfied then, why am I not satisfied? Haven't I got the same rules governing my life?

PAUSE

It's not the rules that make you happy Sis, it's you, you've created an alternative universe in your head, where rules are good; you've made yourself believe that you're here by some bizarre choice, by (*spits words*) free will.

SISYPHUS: Prometheus – look – I've just about had enough of you always having a go at me! I'm happy if I feel happy not because you think I should or shouldn't be!

PROMETHEUS: but don't you see, they're going to take it from you, subtly, they've already dug away at your mountain, the struggle to the vague slightly above ground level is not going to cut it, and eventually wont be enough to fill your heart. It's not the rules you need Sis, it's your mind. And every second you spend here because of rules, you're letting it rot.

PAUSE

SISYPHUS: *(distracted and half heartedly)* I'm not sitting

PROMETHEUS: what?

SISYPHUS: I'm standing...

PAUSE

PROMETHEUS: *(sighs)* so you are.

PAUSE

SISYPHUS: do you know, I've just realised, I thought something was....do you hear?

PROMETHEUS: Sisyphus --

SISYPHUS: Silence.

PAUSE

PROMETHEUS: oh!

(PAUSE, LAUGHS)

I think this may be what is referred to as the calm before the storm

SISYPHUS: Silence...

PROMETHEUS: cannot be good

(PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: this place used to be full of screams and shouts, the lake of fire on full throw, the lava bubbling away... Remember?

PROMETHEUS: yeah I remember

SISYPHUS: and every Hallowe'en we'd get the day off, because all the demons were needed on earth

PROMETHEUS: hah! Yeah, used to be normal terrorising but these days He gets them to put creationist cartoon booklets into the bags of sweets...

SISYPHUS: We used to sit and tell stories of our deaths, our captures, our sins and adventures... and now?

PROMETHEUS: now this... Sis, look, something /bad is com—

SISYPHUS: /there's no difference you know, no difference. You're here just like me

PROMETHEUS look I'm serious, we have to –

SISYPHUS: escape?

PROMETHEUS: yes, Sis,

SISYPHUS: hey! Hey look!

PROMETHEUS: what?

SISYPHUS: someone's coming!

PROMETHEUS: what? Who?

SISYPHUS: looks like an Inner Inferno Apprentice.

PROMETHEUS: you're joking

SISYPHUS: he's probably come to explain about the spork

PROMETHEUS: oh yes... well I'm definitely interested as to what they're going to suggest for this one

SISYPHUS: Oh...

PROMETHEUS: what?

SISYPHUS: it's a-

PROMETHEUS: it's a what?

SISYPHUS: a, it's a, girl...

PROMETHEUS: what?!

SISYPHUS: she's coming this way!

PROMETHEUS: she must be central office --

SISYPHUS: no! she's not, she's wearing plains,

PROMETHEUS: a, a...

SISYPHUS: a real girl, you do realise we've not seen one for

PROMETHEUS: 17, 342 years 8 months

SISYPHUS: 3 days (*stunned silence*) she's getting closer! (*Footsteps begin to be heard, Sisyphus emits an involuntary squeal*) what do we do??

PROMETHEUS: I don't know I don't know! Look, erm, look nonchalant

SISYPHUS: look -?

PROMETHEUS: and, erm, offer her a pomegranate?

SISYPHUS: a -?

PROMETHEUS: (*hisses*) how far away is she?

SISYPHUS: (*out of the side of his mouth*) not far! She looks, she looks angry I think

PROMETHEUS: What? Why?!

SISYPHUS: shhhh!

(The footsteps stop as she reaches them)

LADY: you there.

PROMETHEUS: m- me?

LADY: yes you, look I've not got time to mess around I, I – why is your friend doing that

PROMETHEUS: I'm sorry I can't see him

LADY: it looks like he's trying to roll his eyes into the back of his head whilst standing very straight and doing what I can only describe as gibbering.

PROMETHEUS: he, er I think—

LADY: look never mind, I need to know, (*sighs*) look for goodness sake can you just get him to relax

PROMETHEUS: um, Sis?

SISYPHUS: (*Whispers*) What?!

PROMETHEUS: turn down the nonchalance a bit

SISYPHUS: (*again*) what?!

PROMETHEUS: just relax, (*to the Lady*) is that better

LADY: yes. Look, have you seen a group of Auditors, I think 2 from the Christian denomination and one from the Muslim, possibly a political leader? Ring any bells, need to find them as soon as possible, He's... early.

PROMETHEUS: why do you need to find them? Who's early...?

SISYPHUS: hello, hi, heh, um, we were just wondering, well my friend here, Prometheus, you see he's been given this spork and-

PROMETHEUS: sh! Look never mind that. *(to her)* What's happening?

LADY: I should really get on and find them. *(Lacklustre, doesn't leave, PAUSE, sighs)*

PROMETHEUS: what's wrong?

LADY: I knew this was going to happen. And now He's early, *(interrupts Prometheus' intake of breath)* no there's no point in asking, it's classified. *(PAUSE)* bloody hell

PROMETHEUS: You're shaking...sit down or something *(she does so)*

SISYPHUS: what's wrong?

LADY: I just didn't expect Him to be so...

PROMETHEUS: early? Look are you all right?

LADY: no... not really no... I really didn't expect Him to be so...

SISYPHUS: who?

PROMETHEUS: Sis, let it go

LADY: we're all in such trouble

SISYPHUS: oh dear... is there any way we can help?

LADY: no... not sure anything will make much difference now... I could have told them this was going to happen but who's going to listen to someone like me, ugh, they really have no clue. This is, this is... it (*PAUSE*)

PROMETHEUS: (*to self*) I'm never going to escape...

LADY: what?

PROMETHEUS: escape?

LADY: (*pause, recognition*) you're Prometheus right? stole fire from the Gods, very nearly the original rebel?

PROMETHEUS: heh, well-

LADY: but you don't really want to escape

PROMETHEUS: um...

LADY: if you did you'd have done it already.

PROMETHEUS: I'm sorry but you've —

LADY: you've wanted to do it so long, but you've never managed right?

SISYPHUS: he does try very hard

PROMETHEUS: shut up Sis.

SISYPHUS: I'm just trying to say that you as rebel, yes it was true at the beginning, you stole fire for us, but that was then, now, you're institutionalised; it's not a bad thing! I tried to do a report on this, the rebel factor: hell needs the rebels Prometheus, otherwise how could it justify the rules? How could it say it tormented? You're valuable; because you let it get to you, let it make you a caricature

PROMETHEUS: *(spluttering)* How dare you--

LADY: I'm serious, in your head you're the rebel, but the truth is there is no escape- where would you go? You were a Titan, you've got nothing *(pause)*

PROMETHEUS: you're wrong.

LADY: I wish I was

PROMETHEUS: You can reason all you like but you're wrong- you're wrong.

LADY: look I'm not saying it's bad, it's just what you do, it's what defines you- you are a rebel, when was the last time you wanted to do something other than escape?

PROMETHEUS: besides wanting to kill him

SISYPHUS: because I wouldn't allow you to escape

PROMETHEUS: Shut up! *(to Lady)* I wanted Ethon to stay

LADY: who's Ethon?

SISYPHUS: the eagle, his punishment

LADY: oh yes, they get rid of him too? Well you wanted him to stay because he's the proof of your rebellion.

PROMETHEUS: you're wrong!

SISYPHUS: that makes sense actually...

PROMETHEUS: you should be quiet now.

SISYPHUS: I was just saying –

PROMETHEUS: well don't! (*To the lady*) and you, how dare you say those things! How dare you reason your way into- I – I mean how dare you! You're just – just a— why don't you just shut the hell up! Look what you've done to him—he's thinking!

LADY: whoa, ok, calm down, I thought I was just stating the obvious

SISYPHUS: so he's only a rebel out of habit?

PROMETHEUS: listen to me! I can't just sit here and let people take the world apart to see how it works. It dies, and so does everything in it, (*to Sisyphus*) something's coming Sis

SISYPHUS: what?

PROMETHEUS: and it's going to destroy everything

SISYPHUS: but—

PROMETHEUS: including your rock!

SISYPHUS: *(laughs, to the Lady:)* he does like his jokes

PROMETHEUS: this is no joke Sis, everything is going to go

SISYPHUS: *(he gives a nervous laugh)* you're -

PROMETHEUS: look at me. *(he does)* No.

(Dumbfounded silence, after a while)

LADY: You've done it now

PROMETHEUS: is he...

LADY: he's not blinking you know... it looks like his brain's collapsed

PROMETHEUS: great, I think I may have destroyed his universe

LADY: he's ...? *(she gets up and walks over to him)*

PROMETHEUS: Sisyphus

LADY: *(gently)* Sisyphus.... Nothing. Well done.

PROMETHEUS: look, people have to know that they're not happy, they need to understand, TV, religion, living in your head can't save anyone from ... we have to help people, we have to light

fires, give people a glimpse, a spark, because if you stop rebelling you stop being, you're/ just another-

LADY: /ok, if you like....

PROMETHEUS: what?

LADY: (*laughs*) sorry, you're really not used to being interrupted are you? Let's just forget it ok?

PROMETHEUS: just forget it?!

LADY: yes, (*she stands and brushes herself down to go*) and I'll just loosen your bonds a bit, then if you get away it's not anyone's fault ok?

PROMETHEUS: (*splutters*) what?! No! You're not funny. You, You, (*she starts walking away*) You can't just walk away!

SISYPHUS: (*whines*) Prome-ee-theus

LADY: (*stops*) oh he's back

PROMETHEUS: Sis, Sis, its ok, I'm sorry I said that, just sit down for a bit, the nice lady will help you (*she moves*)

LADY: (*under her breath*) nice lady?

PROMETHEUS: shut up (*PAUSE*) how's he looking?

LADY: peaky... but vaguely more cogent. (*to Sisyphus*) Just you sit down here, there that's better isn't it? (*PAUSE, she walks*

and leans against Prometheus' rock) do you know what Lucifer means? It's a Latin name for the planet Venus- it literally means 'light bearer'. The gods have always wanted to keep things from people, and only give when they have their hand forced. God had to give mortals free will because of Eve: she was the original rebel, they got fire because of you- Morningstar was a rebel too, He challenged the gods, tried to save people, His great sacrifice, he challenged the one thing that as an angel he loved most in all the world, we need the rebels, you're right, but... *(pause)* look I'll tell you what's happening if you like, I don't think it'll make much difference now, it's... god

PROMETHEUS: what?

LADY: He's coming

PROMETHEUS: but-

LADY: god's coming. God. Here, and this is not the gods of old, there's no sense of humour, no get out clause, you know that the gods, God, is whatever believers make him? Well there's so many monotheistic mortals now- so many people only believing in one god, he is one, but the thing is, he has to be all of them.

PROMETHEUS: you mean-

LADY: I mean he's a million times worse than the Morningstar whose of the old stock, this God is one big, personality disorder driven, wrathful, confused power, who has to spend all his time hanging out with Mormons.

PROMETHEUS: but why? Why would the Central Office do that? Why would they involve him? He's meant to be the immortal enemy of-

LADY: blue skies thinking, they figure he's created hell on earth with his nifty idea of free will, why not get his advice on creating hell in hell

PROMETHEUS: good god.

LADY: and that's it. The end.

PROMETHEUS: I thought they just wanted advice

LADY: they think they can control him- the majority of the Central Office workers are ex religious leaders

PROMETHEUS: so pissed off at having to come here they've decided to make it worse for everyone else, yeah I know.

LADY: they all think they've got a bone to pick, they all think they can control him, but they can't, I don't know what's going to happen but I know it isn't going to be good, this is it- after He comes down here there's going to be no forgiveness ever again

PROMETHEUS: that's terrible... so either I find some way to escape, find how to do the one thing that's eluded me for 30,000 years... or just sit here/ and wait for God/-

/Sisyphus stirs/

LADY: /Oh!

PROMETHEUS: what?

LADY: he's coming 'round, look I'd better go, not much chance I can do anything, but... well I've got to try

PROMETHEUS: right...

LADY: nice talking to you Prometheus (*she walks to his side, stands on her tiptoes and kisses him on the cheek*) goodbye Sisyphus

SISYPHUS: uh- b, bye. (*PAUSE, she walks away, after a while:*) the lady kissed you

PROMETHEUS: ...she did

SISYPHUS: I don't understand

PROMETHEUS: me neither...

(*SILENCE*)

Well that's it then

SISYPHUS: what?

PROMETHEUS: what's the time?

SISYPHUS: about 3 minutes to, why?

PROMETHEUS: and you're definitely not going to let me go?

SISYPHUS: well I-

PROMETHEUS: Sisyphus!

SISYPHUS: *(beat)* no.

PAUSE

PROMETHEUS: well then.

PAUSE

SISYPHUS: do you want a cigarette?

PROMETHEUS: why not. One for the road

SISYPHUS: what do you mean?

PROMETHEUS: I mean yes, let's smoke

SISYPHUS: ok

SOUND OF RUSTLING CLOTHING

Here we go,

PROMETHEUS: Sisyphus.

SISYPHUS: yes? ... oh! Sorry, just pop it in your mouth?

PROMETHEUS: thank you

FOOTSTEPS AS SISYPHUS WALKS OVER TO THE FRONT
OF HIS ROCK AND PUTS A CIGARETTE IN PROMETHEUS'
MOUTH: _____

SISYPHUS: there we go

PROMETHEUS: *(muffled with cigarette in mouth)* mm.

SISYPHUS: no problem

NO MOVEMENT

PROMETHEUS: you got a light?

SISYPHUS: no

PROMETHEUS: good good... so how about lighting the cigarettes on the lake
of fire?

SISYPHUS: oh!

PROMETHEUS: what?

(PAUSE)

SISYPHUS: they've turned it off *(pause)*... maybe you were right about
the central heating

PROMETHEUS: and the matches?

SISYPHUS: they're never where I look

SISYPHUS SILENTLY STANDS, WALKS TO PROMETHEUS, PUTS THE CIGARETTE BACK IN THE PACKET AND RETURNS TO HIS NORMAL POSITION. LONG PAUSE.

SISYPHUS: it seems quiet ... are you ok?

PROMETHEUS: I'm just hoping that she wasn't right

SISYPHUS: Prometheus

PROMETHEUS: what!

SISYPHUS: I've got it

PROMETHEUS: got what?

SISYPHUS: I've got something we've never spied

PROMETHEUS: you're joking?

SISYPHUS: no.

PROMETHEUS: you really have?

SISYPHUS: yes

PAUSE

PROMETHEUS: well then.

SISYPHUS: shall we?

PROMETHEUS: *(longish pause)* as ever

SISYPHUS: I spy... with my little eye... something beginning with 'G'
(pause)

*(the scene cuts to 'white wash is brain wash' by get cape
wear cape fly, and the credits)*

END