

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Mythos

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Final Draft

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ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

Three old blindfolded women-PAST, PRESENT, and FUTURE-The Three Fates stand inside their mysterious, dimly lit lair. In front of them is an enormous loom in which the fates have been weaving golden threads that stretch across their lair. These threads weave through time itself.

PAST

Did you see the prophecy I bestowed upon dear old Zeus just the other day? I made it so baby Athena was born out of his forehead. What a headache he must've had!

(The three fates cackle like witches.)

FUTURE

You are wicked.

PRESENT

What is our next mischievous prophecy?

(The fates pause to think.)

FUTURE

I got it! We make that fool Pygmalion fall in love with a statue!

(The fates cackle again. They hear the sound of shears cutting something nearby. A golden thread falls and future realizes it's cut)

FUTURE

Who cut that?

PRESENT

(pointing to Past)

It was probably her, she couldn't see Atlas if he stood right in front of her.

PAST

It wasn't me!

PRESENT

This thread feels weird... It feels... loose, Like it's about to-whoops!-- there it goes..

(The thread Present was spinning is cut, vanishing from reality.)

PAST

Gone?! Another one? Future, you're the one holding the shears!

FUTURE

I didn't cut it! You'd know if I cut it-I do it with flair! Wait...

(Future holds up her hand, takes a close look at her hand, scowling.)

FUTURE

AHHH, it's gone! Where are the shears?!

PAST

Someone has entered our domain. I can feel it.

FUTURE

Over there, I see someone!

PRESENT

Give me the eye!

(Present snatches the eye from Future.)

PRESENT

It's a titan! Oh my... It's Themis!

FUTURE

What business do you have here, Themis?

(Themis holds up a golden string and tries to cut it, the three fates tug the string, making it so she has a harder time cutting it, they play tug of war with the string for a moment.)

PAST

This is sabotage. She is severing fate itself!

(Themis successfully cuts all of the golden strings and leaves.)

FUTURE

She now possesses the only tool that can cut the threads of fate, we need to do something—and fast.

PRESENT

Who shall we call upon?

FUTURE

Quick, get the crystal ball!

(Past grabs a crystal ball behind them and holds it up. They huddle around the crystal ball.)

PAST

Show me our champion.

(The crystal ball reveals to the fates different champions and makes a sound like a spell is being cast.)

PAST

Hercules is undeniably strong, but his fiery temper could be a nuisance. Themis is a titan of unwavering resolve, this expedition will require someone with greater composure.

PRESENT

Achilles is a formidable warrior, but his deep affection for Patroclus could prove to be a dangerous distraction on such a crucial mission.

PAST

Are there no demigods or heroes we can rely on?

(A tune from a harp plays and the crystal ball reveals another man to the fates.)

FUTURE

Orpheus.

PAST

I've never heard the name.

PRESENT

What is his story?

(Dancers enter the stage to emulate the scene. The fates speak through the crystal ball to the audience.)

FUTURE

(to the audience)

It was the perfect wedding day, it seemed as if all of Greece was there. The ceremony begins and suddenly his wife, Eurydice, is bitten by a venomous snake which kills her instantly.

PAST

(to the audience)

Orpheus's grief was beyond what a human could bear, so he traveled to the underworld and begged Hades to bring his wife back. His cries were heard from the depths of the underworld to the peak of Olympus itself

PRESENT

(to the audience)

Hades decided to grant him this wish on the condition that while he was leaving Tartarus, he was not allowed to look at Eurydice. If he were to do so, her soul would be sent back to Tartarus.

FUTURE

(to the audience)

On his journey to the land of the living, Eurydice didn't make a sound. Orpheus began to doubt his wife was truly behind him. In the last few moments of the journey to the mortal realm, he gave into his temptations and looked back, sending Eurydice back to the underworld.

THE FATES

After her passing, he swore never to love again.

(The dancers exit the stage. The fates turn back towards each other.)

FUTURE

He's perfect for this journey.

PRESENT

But he's ordinary. He doesn't possess any qualities of strength.

FUTURE

This expedition must remain discreet. If we summon renowned heroes like Hercules or Achilles, their desire for eternal glory will overshadow the mission, and our failure to uphold the balance of time will be revealed to the Gods.

PAST

They will relinquish us of our roles as Fates and we will be cast into the depths of Tartarus!

PRESENT

So you are saying we need someone who seeks neither eternal glory nor has ties to the Gods?

FUTURE

Precisely.

PRESENT

It seems Orpheus desires something far more precious to him—his wife.

CURTAIN.

SCENE TWO

ORPHEUS sits in front of a small pond surrounded by trees in the forest.

(Orpheus plays his harp for lovers dancing in the forest. At first he plays beautifully, but he soon becomes rusty. The lovers, annoyed by Orpheus's tuneless playing, move away from him. Orpheus lets out a long sigh. One couple gives him a disgusted look as they pass by him.)

ORPHEUS

(sarcastically)

Oh, I'm sorry. Am I disturbing the romantic atmosphere?

(Orpheus hears someone yelling for help in the distance.)

STRANGER

(in the distance)

Help! I'm stuck in a trap!

(Orpheus walks deeper into the woods, towards the yelling.)

STRANGER

Hey, you! Could you help me out? I'm a bit stuck here.

(Orpheus observes the net, he can't maneuver it to get the stranger out.)

STRANGER

Is that your instrument?

ORPHEUS

Yes it is.

STRANGER

Oh, so that was you playing those dreadful tunes.

(Orpheus scoffs and starts walking away.)

STRANGER

Wait! Wait, I'm sorry. Your playing was exquisite! Can you please just help me?

ORPHEUS

Very well.

(Orpheus takes out a dagger and begins to cut the net.)

ORPHEUS

What devilish misstep led you into that predicament?

STRANGER

Saytr Hunters. I was just strolling through the forest, minding my own business and, boom, now I'm in a net.

ORPHEUS

You should be more careful then.

STRANGER

Are you almost done cutting it? This net is digging into my rogmi.

(Stranger rubs his butt and Orpheus cuts the net causing the Saytr to fall.)

STRANGER

Thank you, sir. What's your name, kind fellow?

ORPHEUS

Orpheus.

LEBRONIUS

Well, I am Lebroniuss. I am profoundly grateful to you.

(Lebroniuss bows and then tries to kiss his feet.)

ORPHEUS

(backing up)

Woah, woah. Off with you. My feet are not yours to trifle with.

LEBRONIUS

But you saved me. I must show you my gratitude somehow.

ORPHEUS

Your thanks is suffice. Go on, then, and trouble me no more.

LEBRONIUS

But... in my culture, if someone grants you a favor you become their life long companion. I'm in your debt now.

ORPHEUS

No debt binds you to me. Now leave. I simply seek solitude.

(Orpheus walks away, Lebronius follows.)

ORPHEUS

Step not another pace behind me. I'm warning you!

(In a thunderous entrance, the fates walk down the isles of the theater. Then walk upstage and stand in front of Orpheus and Lebronius. Lebronius cradles himself in Orpheus's arms. Orpheus drops him.)

THE FATES

We call upon Orpheus, before there was balance, the fates of each creature, man, and God was sealed. Now the timelines of the spiritual and mortal realm have been thrown into chaos. We need a champion to restore the balance of time.

(They move closer to Orpheus.)

THE FATES

We need you Orpheus.

ORPHEUS

Can't I live in peace?

PAST

The titan, Themis, has devised a plan to sever the threads of fate, destroying all predetermined timelines. This threatens our very reality.

FUTURE

If she were to succeed, the past, present, and future would cease to exist, and every soul would be left to wander purgatory for eternity.

PRESENT

Themis has followed the threads of fate to the beginning of time itself. You must follow along her path and stop her before she cuts them all.

ORPHEUS

Why me? I'm not qualified for this. Wouldn't a nobler hero be the better choice?

FUTURE

Noble heroes only crave eternal glory or a place on Mt. Olympus. We understand you seek something far greater than fame or immortality-

ORPHEUS

I am consumed by my grief. All I seek is to live in solitude. I do not possess the will or the strength to complete such a dire task, you must find someone else.

(Orpheus walks away, Lebronius follows, looking back at the three fates with a dirty look.)

PAST

You don't have to grieve any longer. We can bring Eurydice back.

ORPHEUS

I can't take anymore of this torment! I know what you say is false. I've been to Tartarus to retrieve her soul myself and failed to do so. Hades would not give her soul another chance.

PRESENT

We don't need to travel to the underworld. We are capable of rewriting Eurydice's fate. We can make it so she was never even dead. That is if you complete the mission.

(Orpheus takes a moment to ponder.)

ORPHEUS

If what you say is true, I will do it. I would do anything to make it so Eurydice is by my side once more.

(Fates exit through the stars.
Orpheus and Lebronius watch.
Orpheus sighs.)

LEBRONIUS

You know without a companion, you're more likely to fail. You need me on this quest Orph.

ORPHEUS

Don't call me Orph.

(Orpheus stops and thinks.)

LEBRONIUS

Come on Orph, I can cook, I can fight, I'll even carry stuff for you. Oh, and as a satyr I am a skilled navigator because of my keen sense of smell.

(Orpheus ponders.)

LEBRONIUS

(begging)

Please.

ORPHEUS

Okay, fine. You can come along. Just don't get in my way.

LEBRONIUS

I knew you'd come around. You're not going to regret this. This is the beginning of great friendship! Orph and Lebron, saving the world!

(Orpheus sighs in annoyance and the two go on their way.)

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

Orpheus and Lebronius leave the myth of Hercules. They are walking along to the next myth.

LEBRONIUS

Did you see the muscles on Hercules? I was picturing him benching me with one arm. Isn't he just the dreamiest demi-god? It's a shame his inflated ego drowns out his better qualities.

ORPHEUS

Let's focus on the quest, not potential lovers.

LEBRONIUS

Look what I got!

(Lebronius pulls out a sword from behind his back.)

ORPHEUS

Did you steal Hercules's sword?! Do you have any idea how dangerous this could be for the timeline!?

LEBRONIUS

Relax, Hercules is a spoiled brat, Zeus will just bless him with another one.

ORPHEUS

It's still a liability. We don't know the impact this will have.

LEBRONIUS

Heroes take risks! What do you suppose we use to defeat Themis, your puny violin? Are we going to serenade her to death?

ORPHEUS

Its a harp.

(beat)

You do make a fair point. We certainly can't battle a titan with our bare hands.

LEBRONIUS

So we're in agreement. We're keeping the sword.

(Lebronius raises his hand to high five him.)

ORPHEUS

Alright, fine we'll keep the sword. Just promise me you won't steal any more items from the myths.

(Orpheus gives him a half-hearted high five.)

LEBRONIUS

Yes, sir!

(Lebronius salutes and the two continue onto the next myth.)

ACT THREE

SCENE FOUR

Orpheus and Lebronius enter the primordial void where time began, it is filled with bright light and the atmosphere is still.

(As Orpheus and Lebroniuss approach the dimly lit stage. They discover THEMIS severing the final threads of fate. She stops. Her blindfolded gaze turns towards Orpheus and Lebroniuss.)

ORPHEUS

So, it is you who tears asunder the threads of fate... A Titan, cast in opposition to the gods themselves. What madness stirs within you to commit such an act?

LEBRONIUS

Looks more like an old woman sewing a bad tapestry. And here I thought Titans would have a bit more... pizzazz.

THEMIS

Trespassers. Loathsome meddlers, mewling before woven destiny. I grant you a choice, turn away and claim mercy or continue forth and taste the cold sting of my shears.

LEBRONIUS

I vote mercy. Shears sound bad.

ORPHEUS

You may hold hostage the threads of fate, but even a god can be undone. Come, Themis, let's see if your shears can sever more than just destiny!

(Themis steps towards Orpheus and Lebroniuss, gripping the shears tighter. Her posture grows tall and intimidating.)

THEMIS

If you seek to halt my hand, then you are no warrior of justice, only another warden of this prison. Very well... Let us see if your conviction can withstand the judgment of a Titan!

(The fight commences; The ballet begins. Themis lays on the ground injured. Orpheus points his sword at her.)

ORPHEUS

Now. You will pay for your crimes, Titan. With this blade, I shall send you back to Tartarus. Once you are slain, the world shall know solace anew, and my sweet Eurydice shall walk beside me once more.

THEMIS

Foolish child of man... do you not see? This world is shackled, its destiny inscribed by unfeeling hands. Gods and mortals alike dance to a song they did not compose. I would sunder these threads...liberate all from the tyranny of predestination. Yet you would stand in defiance?

LEBRONIUS

I hate when they talk like that.

ORPHEUS

You speak lies. Your vision is nothing but a false promise, born of destruction.

THEMIS

I have judged empires and watched them fall. I have seen kings rise, not by merit, but by decree of fate's cruel pen. And you... you would be no different. A pawn, playing your part, believing yourself righteous.

ORPHEUS

You speak of liberation, yet your hands are slick with the blood of fate itself! You sever what was meant to be!

THEMIS

What was meant to be? Ah...there it is. The hypocrisy of Orpheus, hero, poet, and obedient dog. You spit in fate's eye when it suits you...pleading with the Fates, bargaining, groveling to bring back your lost love. But when another would shatter fate's chains... suddenly, destiny is sacred?

LEBRONIUS

Ohhh, She's got you there man. Big contradiction. Big. Huge.

ORPHEUS

Cease Lebronius! You are not helping!

(Lebronius throws his hands up and
nods his head.)

ORPHEUS

You claim righteousness, yet the alternative you seek to bring about is darkness and destruction. A world that exists no longer. For severing the threads of fate, shall sever reality as we know it.

THEMIS

And who told you that? The Moirai? The three Fates? The ones who weave, twist, and sever at their whim, blind and indifferent? They've lied to you, for they fear a world that they cannot control.

ORPHEUS

This... can't be.

LEBRONIUS

I knew those creepy old ladies were shady. Never trust anyone who knits that much!

ORPHEUS

And yet... what will become of the world, unbound from its loom? Without fate, will there not be chaos? Will men not stumble into the dark?

THEMIS

They will. And they will rise. And fall. And rise again. To sever fate is not to promise ease, but to return choice. The burden of their path shall be theirs alone. As it should have always been.

(A long pause. ORPHEUS lowers his sword to his side and drops it to the ground.)

LEBRONIUS

(panicked)

Oh, no. No, no. I've seen this before! You're about to do something terribly noble, aren't you?

ORPHEUS

(handing the shears to Themis)

Sever them all.

(Themis grabs her shears and approaches the golden threads of fate and splits the final remaining strands. The ground shakes, lightning flashes around them. The world around them begins to dissolve.)

LEBRONIUS

So this is it...we're gonna die now aren't we?

ORPHEUS

(smiling)

No, my friend. We are finally going to live.

LEBRONIUS

So, uh... do we still get, like, some kind of reward for this? Or are we just—

ORPHEUS

I'm glad we met, Lebronius. Throughout our journey, you've become a dearest friend to me. After I lost Eurydice, I didn't think I could possibly love anyone ever again, but...I was wrong. Thank you.

LEBRONIUS

Woah, Orph. I'm flattered, really, but I only see you as a friend—

(Orpheus hugs Lebronius.)

CURTAIN.

SCENE FIVE

*PAST, PRESENT, and FUTURE
stand together in the forest
where Orpheus sits in front of
a pond playing his harp
inaudibly.*

(Past stomps her feet in place.)

PRESENT

Behold, the tragedy! Time stretches endlessly before us, vacant and void! No one's fate to weave, no one left to call upon for our own advantage!

FUTURE

How dare Orpheus defy us!? Now the gods will think us weak fools. Without our design they will be at the mercy of disorder.

(beat)

They'll learn they have nothing without fate, we gave them a warm purpose in the vastness of the cruel universe.

(Orpheus's harp playing becomes audible.)

PAST

Orpheus, the once lowly bard grieving over his lost love, and Lebronius, a dimwitted Satyr that left the comfort of the forest to join a great voyage, now deemed Heros of the Stars by gods and humans alike.

(beat)

They don't deserve such a prestigious title!

FUTURE

I wonder what does Orpheus and Lebronius do now with their precious free will?

(Orpheus continues to play his
harp, it's a graceful sound.
Lebronius dances and sings
terribly.)

THE END

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