

Scene Two

START:

(**BROOKLYN** is on a cell phone in the middle of a call. She's in costume for the party, dressed as Aphrodite, looking even more gorgeous and voluptuous than ever. We hear the sounds of the reception in the background.)

BROOKLYN. Morris! Oh, don't apologize you worm, just listen. You're my agent. You should be here. *Now.* Because it's going to be the hottest property since *The Ten Commandments* and it's a female lead and she doesn't have to be twenty-two years old. And this professor-type nearly had an orgasm trying to get me to agree, but now we've got to nail it down and get it signed.

(Nearby we see **ARES** putting champagne glasses on his shield so he can take them away and drink them.)

You. Waiter. Come over here. Bring me a martini.

ARES. What is martini?

BROOKLYN. Don't be cute. Straight up with a twist.

ARES. What is twist?

BROOKLYN. Listen, fly boy. I've had a long day. My feet hurt, my agent is AWOL, and this morning I fell off my Nordic Track Linear Motion Elliptical Cross-Trainer so get me a drink or I'll scratch your eyes out!

ARES. *You do not speak to a god this way or you will live to regret it!*

(He takes her phone, throws it on the ground and jumps up and down on it. She gasps and goes nuts, as only the loss of a cell phone can do to a mortal.)

BROOKLYN. Are you crazy?! If this thing's broken, you're paying for it, *do you understand me?!*

(They glare at each other. Then she feels his muscle.)

END: **BROOKLYN.** ...Are you with anybody?

(Dixieland music*; and the scene cross-fades to **DAPHNE** and **DIONYSUS** hard at work.)

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