

PERCY
MR. D
CHIRON

(PERCY steps up to the fire.)

PERCY. To my dad. Whoever he is!

(He scrapes the last of his food into the flames.)

[MUSIC 07A: THE TRIDENT APPEARS / THUNDER]

(Suddenly there's a rumbling. Everyone reacts.)

LUKE. Check it out! The stars!

PERCY. What's going on?

LUKE. I told you, sometimes the gods send a sign.

PERCY. Is that a...fork?

CHIRON. It's a trident. It seems your godly parent has claimed you after all. All hail Perseus Jackson, Son of the Sea God - Poseidon.

PERCY. My dad's Poseidon? Oh sweet!

(But everyone is staring at him in horror.)

...What?

(Thunder booms. Rain pours down. CAMPERS scatter to get away. LUKE goes to PERCY.)

Luke. What's going on?

LUKE. Mr. D. wants to kill you. I mean talk to you.

(PERCY enters the Big House [the administrative cabin] to find CHIRON and MR. D arguing.)

MR. D. I told you he was trouble! As soon as he showed up, I said, "Let's turn him into a dolphin!" But noooo. You wanted to let him in. To teach him. Like THAT'S ever worked!

CHIRON. Our purpose is to keep half-bloods safe. Turning children into dolphins is hardly an appropriate interpretation of that mission.

MR. D. I don't know, he'd be a lot safer as a dolphin. We all would! Hear that thunder? Zeus knows we've got him and he ain't happy!

PERCY. Wait, ZEUS? Like, the King of the Gods? I don't understand, why is he mad at me?

MR. D. You were born.

CHIRON. Mr. D...

MR. D. No, he needs to know. Haven't you noticed that there aren't any other little sea godlings running around? No sons of Hades or daughters of Zeus? *The Big Three gods aren't supposed to have kids!*

PERCY. The Big Three?

CHIRON. Kronos' most powerful sons. Zeus, Hades...

PERCY. ...and Poseidon.

MR. D. And you know why? *Because they're always trouble.* So where'd you stash it? Better 'fess up now, or I'll get the Hekatonkheires to pat you down. He's called the Hundred-Handed One so, y'know, THAT won't be fun.

PERCY. Stash what?

CHIRON. Look at the boy, he's clearly not a thief.

MR. D. You're right, you can't fake being that stupid, unless you're a brilliant actor and I'm also the god of drama so I can tell you: he's not. But as long as Zeus *thinks* he stole it, we're all gonna suffer. So: we're all agreed. One dolphin coming right up -

PERCY. *Braccas meas vescimini!*

(CHIRON and MR. D turn to PERCY in surprise. PERCY's surprised too.)

Did I just speak Latin?

CHIRON. It's been known to happen in moments of stress.

MR. D. You told me to eat my pants. *(To CHIRON.)* He's got more fire than I thought.

PERCY. Wait. What does Zeus think I stole?

(The ADULTS exchange a look.)

CHIRON. His lightning.

PERCY. His lightning. *(Beat.)* Sorry. *His lightning?*

MR. D. And not some crummy tin-foil zig-zag from a Broadway musical.* We're talking two feet of celestial bronze, capped with god-level explosives. Another god can't touch it. A mortal would be incinerated. Gee, I wonder who that leaves? A half-blood!

PERCY. I didn't take anything!

CHIRON. We know that. But Zeus is the "guilty until proven innocent" type of god, and your existence alone is suspicious.

PERCY. So what happens to me now?

CHIRON. There's only one thing we can do.

MR. D. *(Coughing.)* Dolphin.

CHIRON. One reasonable thing. But it could be dangerous.

You must go to the attic.

[MUSIC 08: THE ORACLE]

Speak to our mummy.

PERCY. When you say "mummy"... That's like Old Person for "mom," right?

*In the life of our original production, this line changed from "off-Broadway play" to "touring musical" to "Broadway musical" as our show moved up and on. Feel free to adapt it to refer to your own production, e.g. "high school musical" or "regional theatre musical."

CHIRON. Be brave, Percy. Because if you fail... All the gods will be at war.

(Thunder! CHIRON and MR. D exit.)

(Transition to: the attic. It's creepy.)

PERCY. Is anyone up here? Hello?

CHORUS. *(As ECHOES.) Hello...hello...hello...*

PERCY. Just an echo. Guess no one's here after - AAAH!!!

(A mummified woman appears: the ORACLE.)

ORACLE. *Approach, child. I am the spirit of Delphi, speaker of the prophecies of Phoebus Apollo. Approach, and face your destiny.*

PERCY. I have a destiny?

ORACLE.

YOU SHALL GO WEST AND FACE THE TREACH'ROUS LORD.

ECHOES.

WEST AND FACE THE TREACH'ROUS LORD.

ORACLE.

YOU SHALL FIND WHAT WAS STOLEN, AND SEE IT
RESTORED.

ECHOES.

SAFELY RESTORED...

PERCY. Really? Okay, that's great! That's -

ORACLE.

YOU SHALL BE BETRAYED BY ONE WHO CALLS YOU
FRIEND.

PERCY.

WAIT, WHAT?

ORACLE.

AND YOU SHALL FAIL