

PERUSAL SCRIPT

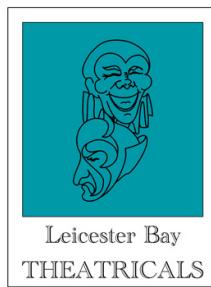
The Riddle
OF THE
Sphinx

and more of
history's mysteries revealed
a play by E. GRAY SIMONS III

from the

MYSTERY
SIDESHOW
THEATRE

SERIES



Leicester Bay
THEATRICALS

Newport, Maine

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THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX
And More of History's Mysteries Revealed

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CAST LIST

PROLOG -- Ringmaster, Actor1, Actor2, Actor3, Actor4 (actors possibly as puppets)
SCENE 1 -- Narrator1, Primitive Comedian, Sphinx, Primitive1, Primitive2, Wiseman
SCENE 2 -- Narrator2, Surfer Kid1, Surfer Kid 2, Mattang, Kamehameha,
SCENE 3 -- Narrator2, Teacher, Mattang
SCENE 4 -- Narrator2, Father, Mother, Mattang
SCENE 5 -- Narrator2, Teacher, Mattang, Conquistador, Surfer Kid1,
SCENE 6 -- Narrator2, Kamehameha, Mattang, Ringmaster
SCENE 7 -- Narrator3, Theseus, Heracles
SCENE 8 -- Antiope, Hippolyta, Amazon Guard, Theseus
SCENE 9 -- Amazon Guard, Theseus, Antiope, Hippolyta
SCENE 10 -- Ring Announcer, Heracles, Theseus, Antiope, Hippolyta, Amazon Guard, Narrator3, Ringmaster
SCENE 11 -- Narrator4, Reporter, Hillary, Norgay
SCENE 12 -- Narrator4, Monk, Hillary, Norgay
SCENE 13 -- Narrator4, Hillary, Norgay
SCENE 14 -- Narrator4, Hillary, Norgay, Yeti
SCENE 15 -- Narrator4, Reporter, Hillary, Ringmaster, Actors 1-4

POSSIBLE DOUBLING (2male, 3 female)

ACTOR 1 (male) -- Primitive, Narrator1 / Surfer Kid1, Father / Theseus / Norgay
ACTOR 2 (male) -- Primitive, Sphinx / Narrator2 / Heracles / Hillary
ACTOR 3 (female) -- Primitive2 / Mattang / Narrator 3, Amazon Guard, Ring Announcer / Reporter, Monk
ACTOR 4 (female) -- Primitive1, Comedian / Surfer Kid2, Mother, Conquistador / Antiope / Narrator 4
ACTOR 5 (female) -- Ringmaster, Primitive, Wise Man / Kamehameha, Teacher / Hippolyta / Yeti

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX and More of History's Mysteries Revealed A Mystery Sideshow Theatre Play by E. Gray Simons III. Multiple roles can be played by a large cast of actors or be doubled to as few as 5 actors. About 1 hour. (*Suitable for professional, educational & amateur groups for young and family audiences.*) The show, written especially to fire up young imaginations, is like a three-ring circus with a banana-loving Yeti, an elusive Sasquatch, a riddle-demanding Sphinx and an Amazonian Queen...all kept in line by a wandering ringmaster. Kids love this globe-trotting tour in search of the truth about these fantastic legends. The setting is a Carnival Sideshow where fantastic stories have always been told in very theatrical ways! **Order # 3175**

Playwright **E. Gray Simons III** has worked for fourteen years as an Artist-in-Residence at the Berkshire Theatre Festival. In 2000, he became Artistic Director of BTF PLAYS! and has since written and directed more than a dozen original plays, among them *Aesop's Network*, *Nursery Rhyme Café*, *Mystery Sideshow 2: Strange Waves*, and *Mystery Sideshow 3: Way Out West*.

Simons made his BTF directorial debut in 2000 with *The Wind in the Willows* and in 2001 he became director of the *Summer Performance Stories*, *The Odyssey*, *The Magic Flute*, *Arabian Nights*, and *Monkey*. Other directorial credits include *The Wizard of Oz*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Oliver!* and *Peter Pan*(2009) on BTF's Main Stage, *Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?* and *Holiday Memories* in the Unicorn Theatre, *Robin Hood* at the Berkshire Museum, *The Who's Tommy* at Brandeis University with co-director Eric Hill, and *Big Love* at Brandeis University. His BTF acting credits include *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Peter Pan*, *Moby Dick-Rehearsed*, and *Wilder, Wilder*.

Berkshire Theatre Festival's year-round education program, BTF PLAYS! serves area students from kindergarten through high school. At the heart of BTF PLAYS! is a passionate commitment to bring live theatre and all its inherent excitement and creativity to children in our region. Each year, more than 10,000 students in underserved rural and inner city schools throughout Berkshire Country are reached through in-school residency programs, vacation camps, and our touring production. Over the course of the summer, BTF PLAYS! hosts vacation camps for students from grades K-6, providing opportunities to learn about acting, improvisation, storytelling, and working behind the scenes in the theatre.

MUSIC:

A song AT THE SIDESHOW has been written for use with this and other Mystery Sideshow Theatre Series titles. The music is at the end of this playscript. There is no additional charge for the use of this music.

Transition music is used during scene changes. This can be anything, including improvised, or music composed by someone with your group. If pre-recorded music is used be sure to obtain the necessary permissions and give the proper credit to authors and music companies.

PROLOGUE — SETTING: A RUSTIC, YET COLORFUL, CARNIVAL-LIKE TENT, THE PRESENT.

*(An optional song **AT THE SIDESHOW** is available to sing as an introduction to this installment of the Mystery Sideshow Theatre series. Actors stand on stage in various positions in front of the tent as if they are puppets at rest. The ringmaster enters and gets the attention of each of the actors/puppets and they all come to life and walk around the stage as if they have just discovered they can move. The Ringmaster helps the actors/puppets to synchronize their movement and find positions of readiness and the Ringmaster turns to the audience.)*

RINGMASTER: Greetings to all people! Friendly neighbors and distant relatives, far-flung strangers and courteous cohorts, dangerous outcasts and affable acquaintances! We greet each and every one of you gladly because we are the devoted servants of that which binds us all...a story. You may be thinking, why serve a story...

(Puppets/Actors move into “thinking” positions and all give a thoughtful “Hmm...”)

And our response to your query is – a story can both inform and entertain. It can transport you to a time and place that is completely new and once you’re there, it can answer the questions that have mystified people all during the span of human consciousness.

ACTOR 1: Why is the Great Sphinx in the desert of Egypt?

ACTOR 2: And what is its riddle?

ACTOR 3: Why are there so many funny statues on Easter Island?

ACTOR 4: What happened to the people that made them?

ACTOR 1: Were Amazon Women really fierce warriors?

ACTOR 2: Did they live in the Amazon Jungle?

ACTOR 3: Is there really such a thing as Bigfoot?

ACTOR 4: Or Bigfeet?

RINGMASTER: And that’s just to name a few of the questions already swirling in your collective intellects – questions to which we will soon pose answers. My companions and I will take you on a journey that will brighten the shadowy corners of your world. Like a twinkling point of light from a distant star that seeks to illuminate the deepest darkest cavern we will bring to you the enlightenment of the ages. And, not only will we give you possible solutions to a few of times most enduring puzzles, but during our expedition we will help you to create imaginative power that the world did not know existed before now. I’m sure you are probably wondering, “What will I need for such a voyage?” Well the answer to that question is simple. We are the postulating porters of this train of thought and we have taken care of all the necessary baggage – a handbag of history, a grab bag of geography, and of course a very large sleeping bag overflowing with mythology. All we ask that you bring is a small shopping bag of consideration and remember that these stories are one part fact, one part fiction and three part harmonies

(Three actors harmonize briefly.)

Now we reveal... History’s Mysteries!

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(The actors break out of their puppet like movements to become more human and all, except Narrator 1, exit.)

SCENE 1 — SETTING: GIZA, EGYPT, SOME TIME BEFORE THE DAWN OF THE EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION. Narrator 1 enters holding a bone.

NARRATOR 1: To begin our adventure lets go back near the beginning of time, as far as human beings are concerned. The place is what we now know to be ancient Egypt, but it was some time before the Egyptians showed up. In fact, it was before recorded human history. It was the Stone Age and as you'll see in our first story a more primitive kind of human made its bumbling, comical entrance onto the world stage.

(Narrator 1 places the bone one stage and a primitive comedian enters like a monkey and examines the bone on the floor. Two other primitives enter and they all behave like monkey's fighting over the bone for a moment. Suddenly, the Primitive comedian stands and the other primitives sit and applaud.)

PRIMITIVE COMEDIAN: Thank you, thank you... Yeah, you know, it is tough living in the Stone Age. Take shopping for example... Every time my mate needs a new pair of pants we have to hunt down and skin a saber tooth tiger. I've gone through thirty-seven mates and still, no new pants...

(Looks of confusion from the primitive audience)

My mates always get eaten...by the tigers.

(The primitive audience finally gets it and laughs.)

Yeah, you know what I'm talking about. But seriously, it's great to see so many people out here today. I guess that means most of us have gotten over our fear of the sun.

(The two primitive audience members look up, scream and exit.)

Or maybe not. Thanks, I'll be here all week.

(Comedian exits)

NARRATOR 1: Life was hard for these primitive people and they created many gods to worship in the hope that they would get answers to all of life's confusing questions. They were mostly concerned with the worship of the gods of laughter and entertainment. Not only did having a good time make all of life's problems much easier, but there was a creature within their midst that required constant amusement. It was called the Great Sphinx.

(The Sphinx enters.)

The Sphinx had the body of a giant lion and the head of an equally big and frightening man. It was the guardian of the beginning of time and as you can imagine this wasn't the most exciting job in the world, so the Sphinx was often grumpy and sometimes violent if it wasn't given a distraction.

SPHINX: Someone! Show me something delightful.

(Two primitives enter. The Primitives, who are otherwise simple cavemen, have Primitive 1 start to juggle stones.)

Boring. Next.

PRIMITIVE 2: Knock, Knock

SPHINX: Who's there?

PRIMITIVE 2: Howie.

SPHINX: Howie, who?

PRIMITIVE 2: I'm fine. How are you?

SPHINX: Try again.

PRIMITIVE 1: Hey, what did the tie say to the hat?

PRIMITIVE 2: I don't know. What did the tie say to the hat?

PRIMITIVE 1: You go on a head. I'll hang around.

(They turn smiling to see if the Sphinx has gotten the joke. He has not.)

SPHINX: One more chance.

PRIMITIVE 2: So, what nationality are you?

PRIMITIVE 1: Well, my mother was born in Iceland and my father was born in Cuba.

PRIMITIVE 2: So... you're an ice cube!

(They again look hopefully at the Sphinx who growls and advances upon them. The primitives cower together.)

NARRATOR 1: Luckily, there was a very wise man among the primitives and he seemed to know things that would keep the Sphinx occupied. In fact, what the Sphinx liked the most were riddles.

(Wise Man enters and interrupts the Sphinx in mid-growl)

WISE MAN: What is something you can break without touching it?

(The Sphinx ponders this.)

SPHINX: Hmm...hmm.

(The primitives heave a sigh of relief and exit.)

NARRATOR 1: After a good bit of deliberation the Sphinx would always figure out the riddle...

SPHINX: A promise! I can break a promise without touching it.

NARRATOR 1: Most days went on in this manner.

(The primitives enter and shamble obliviously past the Sphinx.)

The Sphinx threatened and terrified the primitives.

SPHINX: Hey!

(Primitives, startled, commence their comedy routine)

PRIMITIVE 1: What are the smaller rivers that flow into the Nile called?

PRIMITIVE 2: I don't know. What are the smaller rivers that flow into the Nile called?

PRIMITIVE 1: The juve-niles!

(The Sphinx growls with contempt as the Wise Man enters.)

NARRATOR 1: Until the Wise Man would show up and ask a riddle that contented the Sphinx

WISE MAN: What room has no floors, no walls and no windows?

SPHINX: *(sits and ponders)* Hmm...hmm.

PRIMITIVES: Phew!

NARRATOR 1: A riddle a day kept the Sphinx away, as they say.

SPHINX: A mushroom! A mushroom has no floors, walls or windows.

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NARRATOR 1: And so it was the same pattern day in and day out.

(The Primitives, the Sphinx and the Wise Man develop a broad series of movements and exclamations that illustrate the pattern of their daily lives. The pattern repeats several times getting faster each time.)

NARRATOR 1: On and on it went until one day the Wise Man was eaten by a saber tooth tiger.

(The Wise Man screams, drops his cloak and glasses, and exits.)

It was not uncommon for people to be eaten by tigers in the Stone Age and normally the community managed to grieve and move on, but the Wise Man was the only thing standing between the primitives and the uncontrollable Sphinx. The riddles of the Wise Man were beyond the intellect of the primitives so they were forced to use what they thought was their most entertaining material.

(The Sphinx advances on the Primitives.)

PRIMITIVE 1: What did one wall say to the other wall?

PRIMITIVE 2: I don't know. What did one wall say to the other wall?

PRIMITIVE 1: Meet you at the corner.

SPHINX: *(still advancing)* Grr...

PRIMITIVE 2: *(holding up a large pack of cards)* Look! A jumbo-sized pack of cards!

PRIMITIVE 1: Jumbo-sized cards...big deal!

SPHINX: *(getting closer)* Argh!

PRIMITIVE 2: Knock, knock.

SPHINX: Who's there?

PRIMITIVE 1: Interrupting cow.

SPHINX: Interrupt—

PRIMITIVES: Moo!

SPHINX: *(menacingly)* If you do not have a charming riddle for me in one day you will suffer the consequences!

(Exits)

NARRATOR 1: The primitives were beside themselves with anxiety. They knew no riddles and failed miserably when they tried to come up with a good one of their own.

PRIMITIVE 1: How do we know the ocean is friendly?

(Primitive 2 shrugs.)

It waves!

PRIMITIVE 2: What kind of bird is always out of breath?

(Primitive 1 shrugs.)

A puffin!

PRIMITIVE 1: I have three eyes, seven ears and half a nose. What am I?

PRIMITIVE 2: Ugly.

(The primitives have a moment of utter despair.)

NARRATOR 1: The primitives were desperate so they decided to check the Wise Man's cave to see if he had written down any of the riddles that he hadn't used.

(Primitives cross to cave area.)

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They found many stone tablets with riddles engraved upon them scattered about the cave, but they all seemed familiar.

(Primitives pull out tablets until they find one large one.)

Finally, they found a freshly carved tablet that had a riddle that they had never heard the Wise Man ask the Sphinx. The riddle didn't have an answer, but they didn't care. As long as they had something that pleased the monster.

(Sphinx enters.)

The next day they nervously approached the Sphinx and asked their riddle.

PRIMITIVE 1: What goes on four legs at dawn...

PRIMITIVE 2: Two legs in the fullness of the day...

PRIMITIVE 1: And three legs at twilight?

SPHINX: Hmm...hmm.

(The Sphinx settles into its iconic position. After a moment of doubt the primitives examine the Sphinx. They wave fingers in front of the Sphinx's face and snap. When they are satisfied they do a funny handshake, say "Ug" and exit.)

NARRATOR 1: The Sphinx was not only satisfied with the riddle, but he was completely stumped. He thought and he hmm-ed and he hmm-ed and he thought. He thought for days, weeks, months, years, centuries...until he sat and thought so long that he turned to stone. Meanwhile, the primitives were evolving and they eventually figured out the answer on their own.

(Primitives enter talking on cell phones. They look at the Sphinx, make some funny faces then shush each other.)

PRIMITIVES: *(do the same funny handshake)* Darwin.

(Primitives exit.)

NARRATOR 1: But they decided to keep it to themselves. They liked the Sphinx right where it was and so there it has stayed for thousands of years.

(Narrator 1 starts to exit, then turns and taps the Sphinx on the shoulder. The Sphinx follows Narrator 1 off as Ringmaster enters.)

RINGMASTER: And there you have it, the riddle of the Sphinx. In case you don't know, the answer to the riddle is "a human". We crawl on all fours as infants, walk on two legs as youngsters and adults and we lean on a cane as elders – three legs. But, please, don't tell the Sphinx. Our next flight of fancy is all the way on the other side of the world in a place so remote that it's a thousand miles from any other habitable land. Far out in the Pacific Ocean sits a small island crowded, not with people, but with enormous statues. The original inhabitants, who are all but a memory, referred to their island home as the "navel of the world", but because it was discovered on Easter Sunday, we know it as "Easter Island"!

SCENE 2 — SETTING: EASTER ISLAND, ON THE BEACH, CIRCA 1860. Narrator 2 enters.

NARRATOR 2: In 1860, about the same time we here in America were about to enter into civil war, a small island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean was the sight of many unusual architectural wonders. On

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Easter Island was a culture of people devoted almost entirely to the building of stone monuments. The statues that they erected had very large heads, some of them close to sixty feet tall. There were over one thousand of them and most were thought to have been representational of Gods or revered ancestors. Whatever they were, the islanders spent much of their time carving and admiring these odd monoliths. The rest of their time some of them spent surfing.

(Three young Islanders enter. Two of the islanders are carrying surfboards and wear sunglasses.)

SURFER KID 1: Hey, Mattang, like you were right. This side of the island does have like the best waves.

MATTANG: Yeah, but only during the winter season when the upper atmosphere air disturbances create more storms that push the swells in from the south.

SURFER KIDS: Uh... what?

MATTANG: It's all about understanding the environment. The earth has its own rhythms and if you're sensitive enough you can learn all sorts of stuff.

SURFER KID 2: Okay... whatever, Mattang. You are the bang-diggity when it comes to spottin' a gnarly break.

MATTANG: Thanks. Umm...do you think you guys could take me out and show me a few moves on the surfboard?

SURFER KID 1: Oh, sorry little sis'. If we have to like watch out for you, we might like miss a set or something... maybe some other time.

SURFER KID 2: Yeah, besides it's dangerous out there. Those are some sick barrels.

SURFER KID 1: Yeah, let's get like busy in the green room!

SURFER KID 2: Hey, don't mack all the waves!

(Surfer kids exit.)

MATTANG: Always some other time.

(Mattang takes out a jumble of sticks and starts tying them together.)

NARRATOR 2: Mattang was a bright young island girl with many dreams, surfing the turquoise waves of the ocean among them. Unlike all of the other islanders, who were consumed with carving and admiring statues, Mattang spent much of her time studying the ecological wonders around the island. She especially liked the sea and often found herself on the shore trying to envision what lay beyond the horizon. Even during head sculpting and shaping class, which all of the young people of the island had to attend, her mind was always floating over the ocean to marvelous distant lands.

SCENE 3 — SETTING: HEAD SCULPTING AND SHAPING CLASS, LATER. *(A teacher, two students and Mattang enter. They all have small scale "Easter Island" heads in various stages of completion.)*

TEACHER: *(pointing to a finished model "head")* As you can see class, the delicate line of the elongated forehead and the protruding brow are the most distinguishable features of this particular model. And remember, children, the statues you are sculpting now are small-scale models of the enormous statues you will soon be building. I'm actually on my fourteenth, but I'll always remember the first. It was twenty-one feet tall with a strong chin and the slightest hint of a quizzical smile on it's... Mattang, what

are you doing?

(Mattang, who has been bending and tying several sticks together, quickly hides her project behind her back.)

MATTANG: Nothing.

TEACHER: What do you have there?

(Mattang holds up the jumble of sticks.)

MATTANG: Just this.

TEACHER: Does that have anything to do with head sculpting and shaping?

MATTANG: No, it's a map that can be used to read the waves...

TEACHER: I don't care what it is. This is the third time this week that I have not had your full attention.

And this time you're fiddling with sticks. I don't talk about sculpting and shaping all day just to hear my own voice. This is a skill that you are going to need to know to get along in this world. I mean what else is there?

MATTANG: Well, sir, we spend so much time shaping and sculpting... I think we forget about our environment...

TEACHER: I'm going to have to write a note to your parents.

(Quickly "chisels" a note.)

MATTANG: Do you realize how many trees we have cut down just to make room for all of our statues?

TEACHER: This pattern of behavior simply must change. You're falling behind the rest of the class.

MATTANG: And it's not just the trees... Sir, I feel that our way of life could be damaging all of the living things on this island, including ourselves.

TEACHER: I have no idea what you are talking about.

(Hands the note to Mattang.)

Have your parents sign that and bring it to me tomorrow. And no more sticks in class.

MATTANG: Yes, sir.

TEACHER: All right, that's it for today. Tomorrow we will meet for class at the beach.

(The class approves, highly.)

The class will focus on choosing an appropriate sight for your full size statues.

(Kids all exit, talking excitedly.)

Make sure you keep working on your models.

(Exits.)

SCENE 4 — SETTING: MATTANG'S HOUSE, A SHORT TIME LATER. Mattang's mother enters with a feather duster and after setting the house area begins to tidy. Mattang enters followed shortly by her father. She gives her father the note from her teacher and he reads it.

NARRATOR 2: When Mattang got home her father was not pleased to hear what had been going on in class.

FATHER: This says you've barely started on your statue and that most of the time you daydream. What

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have you been thinking about?

MATTANG: This.

(She holds up the sticks which have been tied together in the shape of a four armed cross with several curved sticks arching through the middle.)

FATHER: (Taking the sticks) What's this?

MATTANG: I made it. It's for navigating the ocean. The patterns of the sticks represent all of the different shapes that waves can take when they reflect off of other islands.

FATHER: This is nonsense!

(Hands back instrument.)

MATTANG: No, Papa, it will work. It can be used to teach children how to be more aware of the ocean waves...

FATHER: You listen here, young lady. I don't want you playing with these sticks in class again. You are in school to learn something practical, so you better pay attention.

MATTANG: What about our environment?

FATHER: That's the last I want to hear about it!

(He exits.)

MOTHER: Your father just wants you to find your place, dear.

MATTANG: But I don't care about shaping and sculpting... that's all people ever do around here.

MOTHER: It's what we've always done.

MATTANG: It's not right. While we obsess about oversized statues we ignore the damage we're doing to our island. A dozen trees must be cut down just to move one statue to the beach... pretty soon there won't be any trees left!

MOTHER: It amazes me how one so young can have so many concerns.

MATTANG: It's important, Mama.

MOTHER: I believe you. May I see this?

(Mattang hands Mother her navigating instrument.)

How did you come up with this?

MATTANG: I've been studying the waves all around the island.

MOTHER: You really are something special, my dear. I believe that you are destined for a life bigger than your father and I understand. But I am glad because I know when you are faced with difficult choices you will meet your destiny.

(Hands instrument back to her.)

For now, try not to make too many waves in class.

MATTANG: All right, Mama. Thanks.

(They exit as Narrator 2 enters.)

SCENE 5 — SETTING: ON THE BEACH, THE NEXT DAY. Teacher, two students and Mattang enter.

NARRATOR 2: The next day all of the students were very excited to be on the beach for class. It was a

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beautiful sunny day and the view across the ocean was spectacular. Mattang's attention was already drifting when something very strange happened.

(*Exits*)

TEACHER: All right class, listen up. What you are looking for is a flat, relatively hard plot of ground that will support your... Mattang, stay with me. You are not going to find any ground out in the ocean. What are you looking at?

MATTANG: A very large boat... and someone who has just come ashore... and is walking up the beach.

(*A Spanish conquistador enters, wearing a helmet and carrying a spear.*)

TEACHER: Hello, and who, may I ask, are you?

CONQUISTADOR: Buenos Dias. I am here to claim this island in the name of the Peruvian Viceroy.

MATTANG: What's he saying?

TEACHER: Well, I'm not sure, but maybe he wants to see the island.

(*Very deliberately to the Conquistador.*)

I could show you some of our more dramatic and beautiful sculptures. There just over here. Right this way. Come along children.

(*As Teacher exits, the conquistador notices Mattang's navigational instrument. He stops, takes it, and examines it.*)

MATTANG: I made it.

CONQUISTADOR: (*hands back instrument*) Do you people have any gold? Because now it belongs to Peru.

MATTANG: (*holds up instrument*) It's for measuring waves.

CONQUISTADOR: In addition to your belongings, all of the people of this island belong to Peru and will be put to work in the name of the Viceroy.

TEACHER: (*offstage*) Yoo-hoo, over here.

(*Conquistador exits.*)

SURFER KID 1: Come on, Sis'. Let's like catch up with the class. I can't understand a word that dude says, but his clothes are like the bang-diddity.

(*He exits*)

NARRATOR 2: It was true. None of the islanders could understand a word of the Conquistador's language, but Mattang got the feeling he wasn't friendly, so she ran in the opposite direction to warn her parents.

(*Mattang exits*)

But, when she got home she found that her parents had already been rounded up by the Peruvian soldiers. So she quickly gathered up a small bag of her belongings and some food and water and made her way to the side of the island where she knew a few fishing canoes were docked.

(*Mattang enters with her belongings and a small canoe paddle. She acts some of the following in pantomime.*)

She had only been in the canoe a few times, but her father had given her lessons and she had a natural ease in handling a boat. So, with a few necessities, her new navigational device and a great deal of fear, she escaped the island and paddled for the open ocean.

(*Two actors enter with fabric to create the movement of the ocean.*)

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She was quite resourceful for her youth and she survived by fishing and catching rainwater. She was confident that her device would work, but she was lonely and sad beyond imagination. She felt terrible for leaving her family, but she remembered what her mother told her about her destiny and held onto that thought.

SCENE 6 — SETTING: THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, WEEKS LATER. *The Actors holding the fabric exit.*

NARRATOR 2: She spent weeks paddling on the ocean and just as she was starting to have doubt, a small bump of land appeared on the horizon. Like a single green jewel on the undulating, watery desert of the Pacific Ocean.

(Young Hawaiian man enters carrying a surfboard.)

She paddled past the breaking waves and onto shore where she found a young man sitting on the beach next to a surfboard. He saw her and when he spoke she found his language was very similar to hers.

KAMEHAMEHA: Aloha, who are you?

MATTANG: I am Mattang and I have come from over the ocean...using this.

(She holds up the instrument.)

KAMEHAMEHA: I am Kamehameha and I usually just use a canoe when going over the ocean.

(Points to instrument)

What is that?

MATTANG: I don't know...I made it. I use it to measure the waves.

(Mattang notices the surfboard on the sand.)

KAMEHAMEHA: Cool. Can you surf?

(Mattang shakes her head.)

Would you like me to show you how?

MATTANG: Yes.

(Narrator 2 takes the instrument. Kamehameha and Mattang exit.)

NARRATOR 2: In 1862, missionaries in the Marshall Islands were the first Europeans to encounter the stick maps of the South Pacific. Not long after, experienced naval officers from around the world would marvel at these ancient, yet sophisticated navigational devices; one of which came to be known as the "Mattang" and was used to teach young Polynesians how to find their way across the wide expanses of the Pacific Ocean.

(Narrator 2 exits.)

RINGMASTER: *(enters)* The population of Easter Island or Rapanui, as the Polynesians call it, was diminished substantially by the Peruvian slave trade, but over time declined mainly as a result of their environmental ignorance. However, their legacy lives on in the unusually large number of curious statues that still stand on the island, like sentinels watching over a time forgotten. We now turn from distant memories to questions of truth. The people of Easter Island were real, but the existence of our next culture of people is still in debate. There are many accounts of a culture of fierce warrior women who could go toe-to- toe with any bunch of the toughest men. They were known as "the Amazons"!

There are 11 more pages that conclude this script