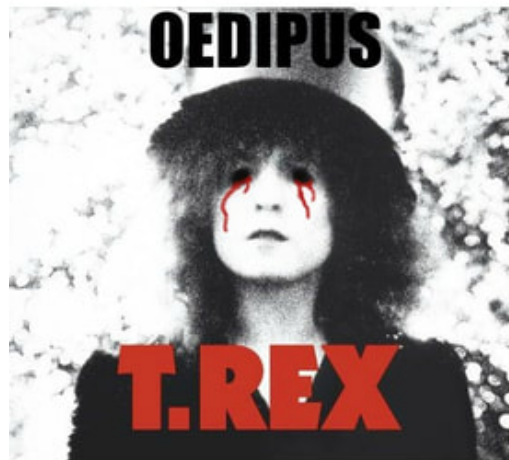
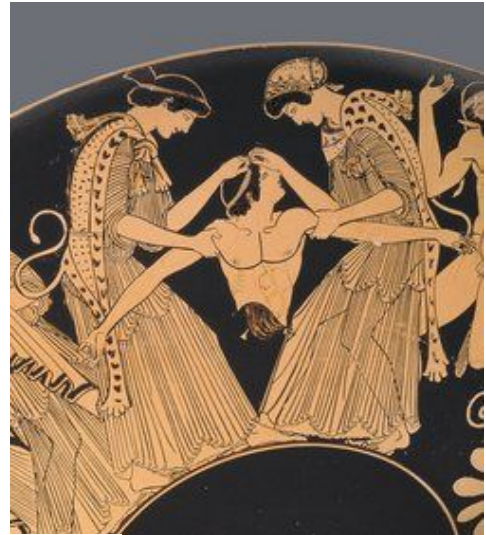
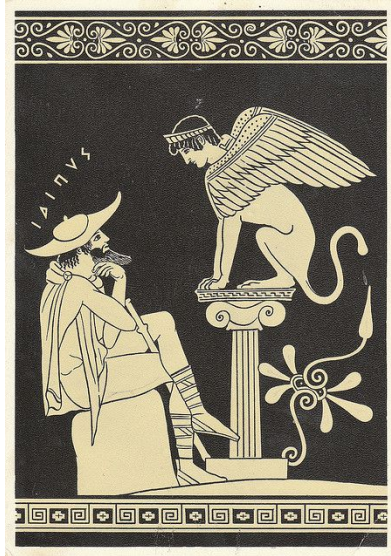


THE RISE AND FALL OF OEDIPUS T-REX AND THE GOAT SONG OF THEBES

A Glam Rock Travesty
Book, Lyrics, and Music
John J King
September 2019



Dramatis Personae

- TYRA Tiresias, Advisor and Seer, Advocate and Rebel. Black. Ageless. Genderqueer.
- JOCASTA Queen, White, 40's – 50's. Strong and fierce but dutiful.
- CREON Regent. White, 40's. Yes-Man. Bi.
- OEDIPUS Upstart, outsider, man of reinvention. Stubborn and violent. 20's/30's, white.
- TIGGY Daughter, stubborn and poppy like her dad, with ideas from Tyra. 20's.
- THEO Son. Selfish. Also plays BOLAN and LAIUS' SOLDIER.
- POLLY Son. Selfish. Also plays POLYBUS and LAIUS' SOLDIER.
- THUNDERTHIGHS Three Birds, Tyra's Conscience, Visions, and Back Up Singers. BLACK.
- MESSENGER Dude with important messages. Also plays LAIUS.
- DIONYSUS The God of Chaos, Wine, Fertility. Also plays SPHINX, BIG BUFF BEAR, and HELEN OF TROY. Super Queer. Not white.
- CHORUS The Citizens of Athens. Variously play THEBANS, STREET FOLK, CRETANS, GUARDS, and anyone else in script not listed above. Spot light on THEBAN POTTER, STREET HAG, and PUPPETEERS.

SETTING

Thebes, Boetia, Greece, 429BC. The city Palace, Streets, and the hills surrounding the city. Occasionally the mystic place of Tyra's visions.

But it's 429BC Thebes in that way that Jesus Christ Superstar is 1BC Palestine. Because this is myth, this is out of time, this is god-licked and genderfucked, there is glitter, disco balls, latex and leather and wigs. Lots of Wigs. And Glitter – did we mention Glitter?

SCENE ONE

*Tyra's home: simply furnished, mystical. Candles, Sage, and Witchcraft. She Prays.
Three Black Birds – The THUNDERTHIGHS – perch nearby and watch.*

No. 1 BOETIAN RHAPSODY

TYRA

SING IN ME MUSE.
GUIDE MY SIGHT, DON'T REFUSE.
LIFE IN THEBES COULD NOT GET ANY DIRER.

OUR THRONE'S AN EMPTY CHAIR.
LAIUS GONE! AND NO HEIR.
THAT GOLD CHAIR, FITS THE DERRIERE OF WISE TYRA.

THUNDERTHIGHS

SEER! YOU GOT TO GO NOW!

TYRA

FOR SEVEN GENERATIONS, SEVEN MAJESTIES,
I HAVE HELD THESE WALLS TOGETHER THROUGH THE
VACANCIES.

THUNDERTHIGHS

TYRA! IT'S TIME!

TYRA

I SEE INTO THE FUTURE; I'VE LIVED THROUGH ALL OUR PAST,
SO WHY SHOULD NOT THE PRESENT BE MY GIFT AT LAST?

THUNDERTHIGHS

DO-WOP!
DOO-DOO DOO-DOO DOOT DOOT, DOO.

*TYRA exits her house to the streets, full of Thebans, bustling.
She crashes into a THEBAN POTTER, hoisting a bag of goods.*

THEBAN POTTER

Watch out, *Kuna*. [“bitch”] What, are you blind, seer?

TYRA

Es Korakas [“I curse you”], I curse you. Thunderthighs, alight!
*The THUNDERTHIGHS swirl around POTTER, chasing him away.
He Drops his bag and many clay phalloi and small tight vases tumble out.*

THEBAN POTTER

Ah! Nasty Witch! I dropped my bag of dicks!

*TYRA walks the streets. She passes the Stoa, and a public fountain.
Mothers gather water. Beggars, sex workers, the ill and elderly seek help and food.
Two indifferent soldiers walk through.*

*As TYRA sings, the street people morph into her visions and bring each verse to life,
using the dropped pottery.*

TYRA

AT THE BIRTH OF THEBES,
CADMUS KILLED THE DRAGON OF ARES – THE GOD OF WAR–
SEVEN TEETH HE BURIED – THEY GREW INTO BOORS.
THEN THEY FOUGHT TO THE DEATH;
VIOLENCE WAS OUR FIRST BREATH.

NOW CADMUS CAME TO ME:
“TYRA, TYRA, TELL ME WHAT TO DO? I’VE MADE ARES MAD!”
I SAID: “WANT TO DODGE HIS WRATH? THEN FOLLOW MY
PATH.”
BUT WHEN I PROPHESED, CADMUS JUST CRIED AND CRIED.

THUNDERTHIGHS

BUT CADMUS IGNORED YOU!
VICIOUS ARES CAME FOR REVENGE.
LIKE A LIONESS ROARING.

TYRA

CADMUS MADE HIS FIRST MISTAKE, HE GOT TURNED INTO A
SNAKE. OH!

THUNDERTHIGHS

DO-WOP!
DOO-DOO DOO-DOO DOOT DOOT, DOO.

ThunderThighs fly at Chorus, who bring to life this next vision.

TYRA

OH, SWEET PENTHEUS...
WHO LET THIS CHILD NEAR A SCEPTER?
HIS BRAIN WENT AWOL
HE HAD THE GALL, TO SKIP THE BACCHANAL.
A KING SHOULD NOT DECLINE
A DRINK WITH THE GOD OF WINE.

THUNDER THIGHS
 BUT THE BOY DID NOT BOTHER!
 THE DIONYSIAN' CULT CAME FOR HIM
 EVEN PENTHEUS' MOTHER!

TYRA
 OH, SHE GAVE HIM SWEET SPARAGMOS, TORE HIM LIMB
 FROM LIMB! OH!

THUNDERTHIGHS
 DO-WOP! DOO-DOO DOO-DOO DOOT DOOT, DOO.

The Birds and TYRA play catch with Pentheus' head.

TYRA
 LAIUS FELL IN LOVE,
 SAW YOUNG CHRYSIPUS AND KIDNAPPED HIM,
 KEPT THE BOY AS A TOY.
 RAPED HIM TWO TIMES OR THREE, THAT'S NOT HOSPITALITY.
 AND FOR HIS RETRIBUTION: ZEUS SAID "NO KIDS FOR YOU,
 SON."

THUNDERTHIGHS
 BUT LAIUS LIKED HIS LIQUOR!
 TOOK JOCASTA TO BED AGAIN.
 WE HAD TO KILL THAT CURSED BABY.

TYRA
 NOW THAT LAIUS IS GONE, ALL THEBES IS PAYIN FOR HIS
 SINS, OH!

*TYRA climbs the Walls surrounding Thebes – her look out, private moment, thinking spot,
 just her and the birds and Pentheus' head.*

TYRA
 WE GOT THE DROUGHT! NO FRUIT FOR JAM, AND,
 WE GOT THE POVERTY, PROPERLY FAMINE.
 NO FOOD, NO RAIN, AND THE WATER ISN'T CLEAN.
 WE HAVE OUR SEVEN WALLS, IMPREGNABLE AS THE QUEEN!

THUNDERTHIGHS
 TYRA! LISTEN!

CHORUS OF MEN IN THE STREETS
 KOPROS, WE HAVE NO KING.
 AND WE NEED SOMEONE TO REIGN,

CHORUS OF MEN IN THE STREETS (*CONT'D*)
 TO MAKE THEBES FEEL GREAT AGAIN.
 FAMINE, WAR AND POVERTY
 ARE KNOCKING AT OUR SEVEN RUSTED WALLS.

HELP US, ZEUS.
 WE'VE GONE FROM BAD TO WORSE!
 THE SPHINX HAS COME AND GROWLS OUTSIDE THE GATE,
 KILLING ALL MEN WHO TEMPT FATE.
 PLEASE ZEUS, SEND US A SAVIOR?

TYRA
 THUNDER THIGHS! MY TIME HAS COME.
 I'VE ADVISED KINGS FOR DECADES,
 WHILE OUR SEVEN GATES DECAYED.

THEBAN (from below)
 So's your face!

TYRA
 C'MON, EVERYBODY, IT'S TYRA'S TURN!
 BUT THEBES HAS NEVER LET A WOMAN RULE.
 QUEEN ME, OOOH!

THUNDERTHIGHS (*BACK UP*)
 WILL THEY EVER LISTEN?

TYRA
 I JUST WANNA RULE,
 I'VE SEEN THE FUTURE AND I'VE LIVED THE PAST,
 IT'S MY TIME, AT LAST,
 TO PUT THE TYRA BACK IN TYRANT.

TYRA goes back down into the streets among the people. ROCK RIFF

TYRA
 HOW'D YOU DO, THERE?
 MY NAME'S TYRA.
 I HEAR YOU NEED A LEADER FOR THE JOB.
 SO I THOUGHT I'D COME DOWN,
 TO THE STREETS, MAKE THE ROUNDS.
 A TYRANT'S GOT TO MAKE NICE WITH THE MOB.

STREET PLEBE
 Leader, not bleeder, lady-boy!

TYRA
 DON'T GET CHOLERIC
 'BOUT THE WAY I LOOK.
 DON'T JUDGE A GIRL BY THE TUNIC
 YOU NEED A KING,
 WHO'S NOT DISTRACTED BY HIS 'THING' –
 IT'S EITHER ME OR A EUNUCH

 I'M JUST A GREEK TRANSVESTITE.

THUNDERTHIGHS
 GREEK TRANSVESTITE.

TYRA
 FROM DIONYSIAN BOETIA.

STREET PLEBE

Go back to your cave, freak.

TYRA
 I'VE BEEN AROUND SINCE, BEFORE THIS TOWN
 HAD ANY WALLS OR A NAME.
 SO IF YOU WANT KNOW-HOW, QUEEN ME BABY, I'LL SHOW
 HOW
 TO BRING BACK OUR CITY STATE'S FAME

PLEBE IN THE STREET
 LISTEN LADY, NO OFFENSE. I'M SURE YOU'VE GOT SENSE.
 SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE GOT A SWEET PLAN.
 BUT THERE'S A LION-HEADED BEAST, PROWLING OUT THERE
 IN THE EAST.
 I'M SORRY BUT THEBES NEEDS A REAL MAN!

TYRA
 WELL YOU'RE SCARED OF THE SPHINX! OH, BABY THAT
 STINKS.
 FOR A MAN, YOU'RE SURE LOOKING GREEN.
 WHEN IT'S TYRA'S TURN, I'LL SHOW YOU ASS, YOU'LL
 LEARN,
 TO TAME A PUSSY, YOU NEED A QUEEN!

I'M JUST A GREEK TRANSVESTITE

THUNDERTHIGHS
 GREEK TRANSVESTITE

TYRA
FROM DIONYSIAN BOETIA.

TYRA
AND YES, I HAVE PROPHETIC SIGHT!

THUNDERTHIGHS
PROPHETIC SIGHT!

TYRA
I SEE YOUR FUTURE'S LONG AND HARD!

STREET PLEBE throws donkey shit at TYRA.

STREET PLEBE
Didn't see that comin'! Did ya sweetheart?

TYRA
SO, YOU WISH THAT THIS WITCH WOULD STAND SILENTLY
BY?
WHEN THERE'S NO HEIR APPARENTLY, YOU'D RATHER DIE?
OH, THEBANS, YOU FOOLS DON'T STOP BELIEVIN'.
THIS CITY STINKS. SUFFER THE SPHINX AND GOODBYE.

CHORUS
WHAT AN ERRATIC WITCH.
SO INAPPROPRIATE.
WHO'D DRINK AMBROSIA
WITH SUCH A DRAMATIC BITCH?

THUNDERTHIGHS sing the riff and spin and swirl to save Tyra

TYRA
COME, MY THUNDERTHIGHS
WITH YOUR SIGHT, FILL MY EYES.
HAD ENOUGH OF THIS MASS MASTURBATING.

WE'VE GOT THINGS TO DO
A SPHINX TO SHRINK, MEN TO RULE.
FOR OUR FUTURE AND FATE ARE NOT WAITING

A CAPELLA.

TYRA
SING IN ME MUSE.
GUIDE MY SIGHT, DON'T REFUSE.
LIFE FOR TYRA COULD NOT GET ANY DIRER.

SCENE TWO

*The Palace [Propylaea](#), Overlooking Thebes' Main Gate, and the BRIDGE outside.
 JOCASTA and CREON Pace. JOCASTA drinks large quantities of wine.*

War and Diseases and Drought!	JOCASTA
Oh my!	CREON
Poverty, Hunger, and Krauts!	JOCASTA
Oy veh!	CREON
Now this riddling beast devours our Theban men by the hour.	JOCASTA
Same.	CREON
This Sphinx Stinks! How many Thebans have died, Crayon?	JOCASTA
Creon. MMXVD.	CREON
Not: VD?!	JOCASTA
Yes: VD.	CREON
And no one and nothing gets in or out of our city while The Sphinx stands guard.	JOCASTA
Quite a cuntndrum.	CREON
Can't we just solve the Sphinx's riddle and send out an answer?	JOCASTA
We don't know what the riddle is, sister. Every man who's gone out has been...eaten alive...meat sucked off to the bone...it's quite heinous.	CREON

TYRA Enters, unseen.

JOCASTA

Oh Zeus! Oh Gods! Rid us of the Sphinx!

CREON

It stinks.

(seeing Tyra)

Ah!

(sniffing)

Ohhh.

JOCASTA

Tyra! Oh, Tyra, Seer: you have news?

TYRA

Jocasta. Crayon.

CREON

Creon.

TYRA

My Thunderthighs tell me salvation approaches.

CREON

I thought I heard chub rub.

TYRA

What was that, Crayon?

CREON

Creon. Nothing. Such visions are for the birds!

TYRA

Those Birds and I have guided Thebes these seven generations. I tell you salvation is near.

JOCASTA

But I want it now!

TYRA

Patience. The sun will rise when night is darkest.

JOCASTA

Well it's pretty fucking dark now! What would you have me do, wait until this Sphinx kills every last property-owning man in Thebes?

Patriarchy ain't gonna purge itself. TYRA (*aside*)

Seer? Please. What good is a Seer who can't SEE the Sphinx coming? CREON

I saw you bent over in the Stoa last night. TYRA

Witch. CREON

Sphinxter says what? TYRA

What? CREON

Stop bickering! Gods! You're like children. JOCASTA

She started it. CREON He started it. TYRA

Gloutos! I miss Laius. No King. No heir. We need a true leader to take charge. To dominate. JOCASTA

Mmm. CREON

A master. JOCASTA

Yes... CREON

Who'll rule Thebes fair and square, then take me to bed and make an heir. Zeus, send us a King!
Wine, wine, I need wine.
(She pours and drinks) JOCASTA

Your highness – dare I suggest. What if our savior were...a woman? TYRA

A woman!

JOCASTA (*SPIT TAKE*)

A woman?

CREON (*SIPS just to SPIT TAKE*)

We've never had a woman king!

JOCASTA

There's no law against it.

TYRA

The people would not go for it.

CREON

A woman can't be king.

JOCASTA

She would be Queen.

TYRA

But we need an heir! How would a woman impregnate me with an heir?

JOCASTA

The Queen could have her own lovers, as Kings take their own?

TYRA

I will NOT not be Queen! Is this what your "birds" tell you? That I will not be queen?

JOCASTA

My visions tell me Man will be Thebes' downfall.

TYRA

Gods! I never felt such weight on my perfectly sloping, ivory-white, delicate shoulders. What do I do?

JOCASTA

Sister, we must send in: the Cretan Contingent.

CREON

The Cretans, shall be Beaten.

TYRA

What do you suggest, Tyra? Tell me what to do?

JOCASTA

TYRA

Send an offer through the land: whichever man – or woman – saves Thebes from the Sphinx, wins the throne, your hand in marriage, and a fresh jar of our local organic Thirsty Theban Extra Virgin Olive Oil, available at an agora near you. Thirsty Theban: Deflower Your Thirst.

In the meantime: send in the Cretan Contingent. And we shall see what we shall see.

JOCASTA

Yes. Crayon –

CREON

Creon.

JOCASTA

Dispatch messengers to spread the word.

CREON

But sister...you would give up your...hand? So freely?

JOCASTA

I give my whole body to save Thebes. And provide an heir.

CREON

But the hero could be...anyone? What if he –

TYRA

Or she –

CREON

Is...is...unsavory?

JOCASTA

Then I shall close my eyes and think of Thebes.

No. 1.5: THE OFFER WENT FORTH

THUNDER THIGHS sing, and spread news over the whole of GREECE.

THUNDERTHIGHS

THE OFFER WENT FORTH TO EVERY CREVICE OF THE NATION,
INVITING EVERY SPARTAN, CRETAN, ARGONAUT AND
THRACIAN.

COME DEFEAT THE SPHINX' RIDDLE, IF YOU CAN OUTLAST
HER.

BRING US HER HEAD AND YOU CAN BED JOCASTA.

No 2: SPHINX SONG

The Bridge Outside Thebes.

THE SPHINX is a large beast with a woman's body, head of a Lion, and wings.

The SPHINX riddles and eats Men for fun, but her diet consists of drums and guitar. She comes alive at the sound of them: wild, orgiastic, desirous, licking the sound.

A Line of Soldiers – the CRETANS – march out from the city to take her on, one by one. Scared but courageous, one steps forward to be the first.

SPHINX

I'M A AFRICAN HARPY WITH A HEART PUMPING NECTAR.

I'M A CRETAN EATIN' UNBEATEN CHUMP COLLECTOR.

I PUZZLE YOU AND IF YOU'RE STUMPED,

I GUZZLE BLOOD BONE TO YOUR STUMP.

BABY, BABY, RIDDLE ME –

YOU REALLY WANT TO DIE FOR THEBES?

IF YOU DON'T SOLVE THIS MYSTERY –

(THE SPHINX EATS a Cretan, blood pours from her mouth)

BELCH!

(A Spray of Belched Blood covers the soldiers.*

** Can we talk about a Glitter Budget? Because I'm a little worried you didn't bring it up yet. You're going to need lots.*

Glitter and Oil.

And feathers and Wigs.

Did I mention this is Camp? I'm not sure if that was clear.

SPHINX

LOOK OUT, BABY, I'M A GOBBLIN' GOBLIN.

AIN'T NO SOLDIER WHO CAN SOLVE THIS PROBLEM.

(Guitar Solo. Soldiers continue marching towards The Sphinx. An assembly line of Gore.)

BELCH!

LOOK OUT BABY, I'M FULFILLING THE PROPHECY.

THE DIONYSIAN RECIPROCITY.

The SPHINX dances in blood and juggles skulls.